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THE

WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

THE WORKS OF

Jonathan Swift

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL LETTERS, TRACTS, AND POEMS

NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED

WITH NOTES AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Second Edition

IN NINETEEN VOLUMES

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SWIFT'S
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

SWIFT'S
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Kensington, Sept. 30, 1712.

My Lord,

I HAVE two or three times begun letters to your grace, and have torn what I writ, hoping I might send you something decisive about the peace. But all still continues to lie very loose, and I continue to be very desponding, although the people in affairs laugh at me for it. I have one plain maxim in dealing with those, who have more cunning, and less honesty than myself, which is, what we call keeping the staff in my own hand, and contriving that they shall trust me rather than I them. A man may reason until he is weary upon this proceeding of the Dutch. The soldiers tell me that the Duke of Ormond could not possibly take possession of

Dunkirk, since the foreign troops have refused to march, and that the States will not suffer us to go through their towns. But I had a whisper from one who should know best, "that Dunkirk might now have been ours, if right methods had been taken." And another great man said to a friend of mine, about a fortnight ago, "that the least wrong step on that side the water might have very ill consequences at this juncture." Meantime, the discontented party seems full of hopes, and many of the court side, beside myself, desponding enough. The necessity of laying the proposals before the parliament drew us into all this; for now we are in a manner pinned down, and cannot go back an inch with any good grace; so that if the French play us foul, I dread the effects, which are too visible to doubt.* And on the other side, if the peace goes smoothly on, I cannot but think that some severe inquiries will be made; and I believe, upon very manifest grounds. If there be any secret in this matter of Dunkirk, it must be in very few hands; and those who most converse with men at the helm, are, I am confident, very much in the dark. Some people go so far as to think that the Dutch will hinder even the English forces, under the Duke of Ormond, from going by the French country to Dunkirk; but I cannot be of that opinion. We suppose a few days will decide this matter; and I believe, your grace will agree, that there was never a more nice conjuncture of affairs; however, the court appears to be very resolute: several changes have been made, and more are daily expected. The Dutch are grown so unpopular, that, I believe, the queen might have addresses to stand by her against them with lives and fortunes.

I had your grace's letter of May 29, written in

* It should be—"Too visible to *be doubted of.*"—S.

the time of your visiting; from which, I hope, you are returned with health and satisfaction.

The difficulties in the peace, by the accidents in the Bourbon family, are, as your grace observes, very great, and what indeed our ministers chiefly apprehended. But we think Philip's renouncing to be an effectual expedient; not out of any regard he would have for it, but because it will be the interest of every prince of the blood in France to keep him out, and because the Spaniards will never assist him to unite the two kingdoms.

I am in hopes yet that your grace may pay your treat; for it is yet four weeks to November, at least I believe we shall be happy, or ruined, before that time.

It is certain that there is something in what people say. . . . . But the court is so luckily constituted at present, that every man thinks the chief trust cannot be anywhere else so well placed; neither do I know above one man that would take it, and it is a great deal too soon for him to have such thoughts.*

I humbly thank your grace for your concern about my health: I have still the remainder of some pains, which has partly occasioned my removing hither about three weeks ago. I was recommended to country air, and chose this, because I could pass my time more agreeably near my friends at court. We think the queen will go to Windsor in three weeks; and, I believe, I shall be there most of the time I stay in England, which I intend until toward the end of summer.

My lord-treasurer has often promised he will advance my design of an academy; so have my lord-keeper, and all the ministers; but they are now too

---

* This certainly alludes to some possibility even then appearing, that Bolingbroke might supplant the lord-treasurer.

busy to think of anything beside what they have upon the anvil. My lord-treasurer and I have already pitched upon twenty members of both parties; but perhaps it may all come to nothing.

If things continue as they are another session, perhaps your grace may see the bill of resuming the grants* carried on with a great deal more rigour than it lately was. It was only desired that the grantees should pay six years' purchase, and settle the remainder on them by act of parliament, and those grants are now worse than other lands by more years' purchase than six; so that, in effect, they would have lost nothing. I am, with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY,† AND MRS. RAMSAY.

Clifden, Monday.‡

I HAVE had great satisfaction in the favour of your letter, though disappointed, since not occasioned by yourself. When one is too quick, misjudging commonly follows. At first I feared Mr. Collier was

---

* This bill was thrown out.

† Lady Elizabeth Villiers. This lady had been mistress to King William. Swift had a high opinion of her talents, and often mentions her in his Journal.

‡ Indorsed "1712, I suppose." Probably in September. See Journal to Stella, Sept. 18, 1712.

taken with a fit of an apoplexy : the next line I read, I wished he had one. If I did not apprehend, by your knowing me but a little, that I might grow troublesome where I distinguished, you should not want any conveniency to bring you hither to Mrs. Ramsay and me, who are both, without compliment, truly mortified, intending ever to be, Sir,

Your sincere humble servants.

E. Orkney.
Eliz. Ramsay.

We design to be at Windsor on Wednesday, where I hope you will meet with me in the drawing-room, to tell me when you can dine with us.

—o—

FROM THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

Monday Morning.*

I am sure you are very ill-natured, (I would not have been so cross to you,) to have known Mr. Lewis and me so long, and not have made us acquainted sooner, when you know too that I have been in search of a reasonable conversation. I have no way to excuse you but doubting his to be so agreeable at a second meeting, which I desire you will make when it is most convenient to both. It is not from custom I say I am extremely, Sir,

Your humble servant,

E. Orkney.

---

* Indorsed "1712, I believe."—N.

When you read this, I fancy you will think, why does she write to me? I hate a letter as much as my lord-treasurer does a petition.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

My Lord, London, Oct. 21, 1712.

Since I had the honour of your grace's letter of July 29, which found me at Windsor, I have been extremely out of order with a giddiness in my head, which pursued me until very lately; but, by an uneasy course of physic, I hope I have in some sort overcome it.

We are now in very near expectation of a peace; and your grace, I hope, will believe it as good a one as the circumstances of things would allow. I confess I agree with your grace, that the great difficulty was about the danger of France and Spain being united under one king. To my knowledge all possible means have been taken to secure that matter: and yet, after all, the weakest side will be there. Renunciations by France have very justly so little credit, that I do not wonder so little weight is laid on them. But Spain, we are sure, will for their own sakes, enter into all securities to prevent that union; and all the allies must be guarantees. If you still object that some danger still remains, what is to be done? Your grace is altogether misinformed, if you think that this is at all the difficulty which so long made the Dutch untractable. It was nothing less: neither have they once mentioned, during all the negotiation at Utrecht, one syllable of

getting Spain out of the Bourbon family, or into that of Austria, as the chief men have assured me not three days ago. Buys offered last winter to ease us immediately of the trouble we were in by Lord Nottingham's vote, if we would consent to let them share with us in the advantages we had stipulated with France; which advantages, however, did by no means clash with Holland, and were only conditional, if peace should ensue. But, my lord, we know farther, that the Dutch made offers to treat with France, before we received any from thence; and were refused, upon the ill-usage they gave Mr. Torcy at the Hague, and the Abbé de Polignac afterward at Gertruydenberg: and we know that Torcy would have been forced to apply to them again, if, after several refusals, we had not hearkened to their overtures. What I tell your grace is infallibly true; and care shall be taken very soon to satisfy the world in this, and many other particulars at large, which ought to be known: for, the kingdom is very much in the dark, after all the pains hitherto taken to inform it. Your grace's conjectures are very right, that a general peace would not be for our interest, if we had made ours with France. And I remember a certain great man used to say two months ago, "Fight on, fight on, my merry men all." I believe likewise, that such a peace would have happened, if the Dutch had not lately been more compliant: upon which our ministers told those of France, that since the States were disposed to submit to the queen, her majesty must enter into their interests; and I believe they have as good conditions as we ever intended they should. Tournay, I hope, will be yielded to them: and Lisle we never designed they should have. The emperor will be used as he deserves; and having paid nothing for the war, shall get nothing by the peace. We are most concerned

(next to our regard to Holland) for Savoy, and France for Bavaria. I believe we shall make them both kings, by the help of Sardinia and Sicily. But I know not how plans may alter every day. The queen's whole design, as your grace conjectures, is to act the part of a mediator; and our advantages, too many to insert here, must be owned very great.

As for an academy to correct and settle our language, lord-treasurer talks of it often very warmly; but I doubt, is yet too busy, until the peace be over. He goes down to Windsor on Friday, to be chosen of the garter, with five more lords.

I know nothing of promises of anything intended for myself; but, I thank God, I am not very warm in my expectations, and know courts too well to be surprised at disappointments; which, however, I shall have no great reason to fear, if I give my thoughts any trouble that way, which, without affectation, I do not; although I cannot expect to be believed when I say so.

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

London, Nov. 21, 1712.

THIS key will open treasures; but vain in me to know them.* Your convenience is my satisfaction. If I can or may read what will be in this table, it ought and shall be my happiness. You must dis-

* Indorsed thus: "Sent with a present of a writing-table, seal, paper, wax, &c." The writing-table, as appears from Swift's Journal, was upon a plan contrived by the countess herself.

cern this comes from the most interested joiner that ever made a thing of this nature. Peruse narrowly; and what faults you find, they shall be mended in every particular, to the utmost capacity of, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

—o—

TO THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

MADAM, Nov. 21, 1712.

WHEN, upon parting with your ladyship, you were pleased to tell me I should find your present at home, natural justice prompted me to resolve, that the first use I made of it should be in paying acknowledgments to my benefactor. But, when I opened the writing-table which I must now call mine, I found you had neither sent pens, ink, nor paper, sufficient for such an undertaking. But I ought to tell your ladyship in order, that I first got there a much more valuable thing: and I cannot do greater honour to my scrutoire, than to assure your ladyship that your letter is the first thing I have put in it, and shall be the last I will ever take out. I must tell your ladyship, that I am at this moment under a very great concern. I was fully convinced that I should write with a new spirit by the influence of the materials you sent me; but it is quite otherwise; I have not a grain of invention, whether out of the confusion which attends us when we strive too much to acquit ourselves, or whether your pens and ink are sullen, and think themselves disgraced,

since they have changed their owner. I heartily thank your ladyship, for making me a present that looks like a sort of establishment. I plainly see, by the contrivance, that if you were first minister, it would have been a cathedral. As it is, you have more contributed towards fixing me, than all the ministry together: for it is difficult to travel with this equipage, and it will be impossible to travel or live without it. You have an undoubted title, to whatever papers this table shall ever contain, (except your letter,) and I desire you will please to have another key made for it; that when the court shall think fit to give me a room worth putting it into, your ladyship may come and search it whenever you please.

I beg your ladyship to join in laughing with me, at my unreasonable vanity, when I wished that the motto written about the wax was a description of yourself. But, if I am disappointed in that, your ladyship will be so in all the rest; even this ink will never be able to convey your ladyship's note as it ought. The paper will contain no wonders, but when it mentions you; neither is the seal any otherwise an emblem of my life, than by the deep impression your ladyship has made, which nothing but my death can wear out. By the inscription about the pens, I fear there is some mistake; and that your ladyship did not design them for me. However, I will keep them until you can find the person you intended should have them, and who will be able to dispose of them according to your predictions. I cannot find that the workman you employed and directed has made the least mistake: but there are four implements wanting. The two first I shall not name, because an odd superstition forbids us to accept them from our friends; the third is a sponge, which the people long have given so ill a reputation

to, that I vow it shall be no gift of your ladyship: the last is a flat ivory instrument, used in folding up letters, which I insist you must provide.

See, madam, the first-fruits this unlucky present of yours has produced. It is but giving a fiddle to a scraper, or a pestle and mortar to an apothecary, or a Tory pamphlet to Mrs. Ramsay. Nothing is so great a discouragement to generous persons as the fear of being worried by acknowledgments. Besides, your ladyship is an unsufferable kind of giver, making every present fifty times the value, by the circumstances and manner. And I know people in the world, who would not oblige me so much at the cost of a thousand pounds, as you have done at that of twenty pounds; which, I must needs tell you, is an unconscionable way of dealing, and whereof, I believe nobody alive is so guilty as yourself. In short, you deceive my eyes, and corrupt my judgment: nor am I now sure of anything, but that of being, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

Nov. 22, 1712.

YOU are extremely obliging to write how well you take my whim, in telling my true thoughts of your mind; for I was ashamed when I reflected, and hoped I should see you soon after expressing the value I have of you in an uncommon way. But this I write with assurance that I am, very sincerely, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

FROM MR. HARRISON.*

Utrecht, Dec. 16, 1712.

YOUR thanks of the 25th of November, sir, come before their time; the condition of the obligation being, that you should receive twelve shirts, which number shall be completed by the first proper occasion. Your kind letter, however, is extremely seasonable; and (next to a note from the treasury) has proved the most vivifying cordial in the world. If you please to send me now and then as much of the same as will lie upon the top of your pen, I should be contented to take sheets for shirts to the end of the chapter.

Since you are so good as to enter into my affairs, I shall trouble you with a detail of them, as well as of my conduct since I left England; which, in my opinion, you have a right to inspect, and approve or condemn as you think fit. During my state of probation with the Earl of Strafford, it was my endeavour to recommend myself to his excellency rather by fidelity, silence, and an entire submission, than by an affectation to shine in his service: And, whatever difficulties, whatever discouragements, fell in my way, I think it appears that they were surmounted in the end; and my advancement followed upon it sooner than I expected; another would say,

---

* William Harrison, who conducted for some time a Continuation of the Tatler, under the auspices of Swift, and was, by his interest, sent out as secretary to Lord Raby, afterwards Earl of Strafford, while the peace of Utrecht was negotiated. He returned to London with the Barrier Treaty, and died there 14th February, 1712–13, much regretted by Swift.

much sooner than I deserved, which I should easily agree to, were it not that I flatter myself there is some merit in the behaviour I kept when the hopes and temptation of being preferred glittered in my eyes. All the world knows upon what foot Mr. Watkins* thought himself with my Lord Strafford;† and, though all the world does not know what I am going to tell you, yet Mr. Watkins does, on one hand, and my Lord Strafford, on the other, that all the credit I had with either was heartily, and without reserve, employed to make matters easy, and to cultivate, in my humble station, that good understanding which our court desired should be between them. I had my reasons for this, and such, perhaps, as flowed from an inclination to promote my own interest. I knew as well as any man living almost, how much Mr. Watkins was valued by my Lord Bolingbroke and others. I foresaw the danger of standing in competition with him, if that case should happen; and, to tell you the truth, I did not think myself ripe, in regard of interest at home, or of any service I could pretend to have done abroad, to succeed Mr. Watkins in so good an employment. Above all, I protest to you, sir, that, if I know my own heart, I am capable of suffering the utmost extremities, rather than violate the infinite duty and gratitude I owe my Lord Bolingbroke, by doing an ill office to a person honoured with such particular marks of his lordship's esteem. I might add to this that I really loved Mr. Watkins; and I beg you, sir, to urge him to the proof, whether my whole behaviour was not such as might justify the warmest professions I can make of that kind. After all this

---

* Henry Watkins, Esq., late secretary.—H.

† Thomas, Earl of Strafford, ambassador-extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States-General.—H.

how comes it that he, either in raillery or good earnest, accuses me of having any resentment against him? By word of mouth when he left us, by letters so long as he allowed me to correspond with him, and by all the people that ever went from Utrecht to Flanders, have I importuned him for the continuance of his friendship; and, perhaps, even in his absence, (if he pleases to reflect,) given him a very essential proof of mine. If anybody has thought it worth their while to sow division between us, I wish he thought it worth his while to let me into the secret; and nothing, he may be sure, shall be wanting on my side to defeat a stratagem which, for aught I know, may end in the starving of his humble servant.

Which leads me naturally to the second thing proposed to be spoken to in my text; namely, my circumstances; for, between you and me, sir, I apprehend the treasury will issue out no money on my account, till they know what is due on that of Mr. Watkins.* And if he has any pretensions, I have none, that I know of, but what are as precarious to me as a stiver I gave away but now to a beggar was to him. Is it possible that Mr. Watkins can demand the pay of a commission, which is, by the queen herself, actually superseded, during his absence from his post? Or is it not as plainly said in mine, that I am her majesty's secretary during such his absence, as in his that he was so, while he resided here? If I must be crushed, sir, for God's sake let some reason be alleged for it;

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* From various passages in Swift's Journal, it appears that the government suffered Harrison, though in a post of such confidence, to be reduced to great distress for want of regular payment of his appointments; a specimen of inhumanity and impolicy not peculiar to the reign of Queen Anne, for it long continued to embarrass the operations of our Corps Diplomatique.

or else an ingenuous confession made, that *stat pro ratione voluntas.* If you can fix Mr. Watkins to any final determination on this subject, you will do me a singular service, and I shall take my measures accordingly. Though I know your power, I cannot help distrusting it on this occasion. Before I conclude, give me leave to put you in mind of beating my thanks into my Lord Bolingbroke's ears for his late generosity, to the end that his lordship may be wearied out of the evil habit he has got, of heaping more obligations and goodness on those he is pleased to favour, than their shoulders are able to bear. For my own part, I have so often thanked his lordship, that I have now no more ways left to turn my thoughts; and beg, if you have any right good compliments neat and fine by you, that you will advance the necessary, and place them, with the other helps you have given me, to my account; which I question not but I shall be able to acknowledge at one and the same time, *ad Græcas calendas.*

In the meantime, I shall do my best to give you just such hints as you desire by the next post; though I cannot but think there are some letters in the office which would serve your turn a good deal better than anything I can tell you about the people at the Hague. Your access there abundantly prevents my attempting to write you any news from hence. And I assure you, sir, you can write me none from England (however uneasy my circumstances are) which will be so agreeable as that of your long-expected advancement. It grieves me to the soul, that a person who has been so instrumental to the raising of me from obscurity and distress, should not be yet set above the power of fortune, and the malice of those enemies your real merit has created. I beg, dear sir, the continuance of your kind care and inspection over me; and that you

would in all respects command, reprove, or instruct me as a father; for I protest to you, sir, I do, and ever shall, honour and regard you with the affection of a son.

—o—

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

Dec. 20, 1712.

MADAM,

ANY other person, of less refinement and prudence than myself, would be at a loss how to thank your grace, upon the surprise of coming home last night, and finding two pictures * where only one was demanded. But I understand your grace's malice, and do here affirm you to be the greatest prude upon earth. You will not so much as let your picture be alone in a room with a man, no not with a clergyman, and a clergyman of five-and-forty; and therefore resolved my lord duke should accompany it, and keep me in awe, that I might not presume to look too often upon it. For my own part, I begin already to repent that I ever begged your grace's picture; and could almost find in my heart to send it you back; for, although it be the most beautiful sight I ever beheld, except the original, yet the veneration and respect it fills me with, will always make me think I am in your grace's presence; will hinder me from saying and writing twenty idle things that used to divert me; will set me labouring upon majestic, sublime ideas, at which I have no manner

* "The Duchess of Ormond promised me her picture; and coming home to-night, I found hers and the Duke's both in my chamber."—*Journal to Stella*, Dec. 18, 1712.

of talent; and will make those who come to visit me, think I am grown, on the sudden, wonderful stately and reserved. But in life we must take the evil with the good; and it is one comfort, that I know how to be revenged. For the sight of your grace's resemblance will perpetually remind me of paying my duty to your person; which will give your grace the torment, and me the felicity, of a more frequent attendance.

But, after all, to deal plainly with your grace, your picture, (and I must say the same of my lord duke's,) will be of very little use, farther than to let others see the honour you are pleased to do me: for all the accomplishments of your mind and person are so deeply printed in the heart, and represent you so lively to my imagination, that I should take it for a high affront, if you believed it in the power of colours to refresh my memory; almost as high a one, as if your grace should deny me the justice of being, with the most profound respect and gratitude, Madam,

Your grace's, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, London, Jan. 3, 1712–13.

SINCE I had the honour of your grace's letter, we have had a dead time of news and politics; and I make a conscience of writing to you without something that will recompense the trouble of reading. I cannot but grant that your grace, who are at a distance, and argue from your own wisdom and general

observations and reading, is likely to be more impartial than I, who, in spite of my resolutions and opinion to the contrary, am forced to converse only with one side of the world, which fastens prejudices to me, notwithstanding all I can do to avoid them. Your grace has certainly hit upon the weak side of our peace; but I do not find you have prescribed any remedies.* For, that of limiting France to a certain number of ships and troops, was, I doubt, not to be compassed. While that mighty kingdom remains under one monarch, it will be always in some degree formidable to its neighbours. But we flatter ourselves it is likely to be less so than ever, by the concurrence of many circumstances too long to trouble you with. But, my lord, what is to be done? I will go so far with your grace as to tell you, that some of our friends are of opinion with the other party, that if this last campaign had gone on with the conjunction of the British troops, France might have been in danger of being driven to great extremes. Yet I confess to you, at the same time, that if I had been first minister, I should have advised the queen to pursue her measures toward a peace.

Some accidents and occasions have put it in my way to know every step of this treaty better, I think, than any man in England. And I do assert to your grace, that if France had been closely pushed this campaign, they would, upon our refusal, have made offers to Holland, which the republic would certainly have accepted; and in that case the interests of England would have been wholly laid aside, as we saw it three years ago at the Hague and Gertruydenberg. The Marshal d'Uxelles and Mesnager,

* The risk of France and Spain being incorporated under one monarch.

two of the French plenipotentiaries, were wholly inclined to have begun by the Dutch; but the third, Abbé de Polignac, who has most credit with Monsieur Torcy, was for beginning by England.

There was a great faction in France by this proceeding; and it was a mere personal resentment, in the French king and Monsieur Torcy, against the States, which hindered them from sending the first overture there. And I believe your grace will be convinced, by considering that the demands of Holland might be much more easily satisfied, than those of Britain. The States were very indifferent about the article of Spain being in the Bourbon family, as Monsieur Buys publicly owned when he was here, and among others to myself. They valued not the demolition of Dunkirk, the frontier of Portugal, nor the security of Savoy. They abhorred the thoughts of our having Gibraltar and Minorca, nor cared what became of our dominions in North America. All they had at heart was the sovereignty of Flanders, under the name of a barrier, and to stipulate what they could for the emperor, to make him easy under their encroachments. I can farther assure your grace, before any proposals were sent here from France, and ever since, until within these few months, the Dutch have been endeavouring constantly, by private intrigues with that court, to undermine us, and put themselves at the head of a treaty of peace; which is a truth that perhaps the world may soon be informed in, with several others that are little known.* Besides, my lord, I doubt whether you have sufficiently reflected on the condition of this kingdom, and the possibility of pursuing the war at that ruinous rate. This argument is not the weaker for being

* Alluding to the historical work which he himself then projected.

often urged. Besides, France is likely to have a long minority; or, if not, perhaps to be engaged in a civil war. And I do not find that in public affairs, human wisdom is able to make provisions for futurity, which are not liable to a thousand accidents. We have done all we can; and for the rest, *curent posteri.*

Sir William Temple's Memoirs, which you mentioned, is his first part, and was published twenty years ago; it is chiefly the treaty of Nimeguen, and was so well known, that I could hardly think your grace has not seen it.

I am in some doubt whether a fall from a horse be suitable to the dignity of an archbishop. It is one of the chief advantages in a great station that one is exempt from common accidents of that kind. The late king * indeed got a fall; but his majesty was a fox-hunter. I question whether you can plead any precedent to excuse you; and therefore, I hope you will commit no more such errors; and in the meantime, I heartily congratulate with your grace that I can rally you upon this accident.

I am in some fear that our peace will hardly be concluded in several weeks, by reason of a certain incident that could not be foreseen; neither can I tell whether the Parliament will sit before the conclusion of the peace; because some persons differ in their politics about the matter. If others were no wiser than I, your session should not be deferred upon that account.

I am, with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most dutiful and humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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* King William III. was killed by a fall from his horse.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Thursday Morning, Two o'Clock, Jan. 5, 1712–13.

THOUGH I have not seen, yet I did not fail to write to lord-treasurer. *Non tua res agitur*, dear Jonathan. It is the treasurer's cause;* it is my cause; it is every man's cause, who is embarked on our bottom. Depend upon it, that I never will neglect any opportunity of shewing that true esteem, that sincere affection, and honest friendship for you, which fill the breast of your faithful friend,

BOLINGBROKE.

—o—

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.†

MY LORD, January 20, 1712–13.

I WOULD myself have delivered the answer I sent yesterday to your grace at court by Dr. Arbuthnot,

* About this time it would seem Swift was soliciting some preferment; and also that he thought the lord-treasurer negligent of his interest. On the 26th December, he informs Stella, "he dined with the lord-treasurer, who chid him for being absent three days—Mighty kind with a p—! less of civility and more of interest." Bolingbroke always insisted that Oxford was backward in assisting Swift's promotion. Probably the treasurer was unwilling to own how little the queen's prejudice against our author left it in his power to serve him. Swift, however, began to turn impatient of the state of dependence in which he was kept, and mortified by repeated disappointments.

† That the Duke of Argyll and Swift were once upon an excel-

if I had not thought the right of complaining to be on my side; for I think it was my due, that you should have immediately told me whatever you had heard amiss of my conduct to your grace. When I had the honour to be first known to those in the ministry, I made it an express condition, "that whoever did me ill offices, they should inform me of what was said, and hear my vindication; that I might not be mortified with countenances estranged of the sudden, and be at a loss for the cause." And I think, there is no person alive, whose favour or protection I would purchase at that expense. I could not speak to the disadvantage of your grace without being ungrateful, (which is an ill word,) since you were pleased voluntarily to make so many professions of favour to me for some years past; and your being a duke and a general would have swayed me not at all in my respect for your person, if I had not thought you to abound in qualities, which I wish were easier to be found in those of

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lent footing, appears from various passages in Swift's Journal. The breach between them was brought to a climax, by Swift's pamphlet, entitled the "Public Spirit of the Whigs," in which the Scottish nation were treated in such derogatory terms, that the whole Scottish peers went in a body to court, with the Duke of Argyll at their head, to demand the exemplary punishment of the author; and a reward of £300 was offered by the queen to any person who would make him known. But the difference alluded to in this letter is of a prior date. The Duke of Argyll had already quarrelled with ministers, and even supported a bill which was brought into Parliament for dissolving the union, under pretence it had been infringed by the English. The cause, therefore, of the Duke of Argyll's dissatisfaction with Swift, a warm supporter of administration, and no friend to Scotland, is very obvious; nor does it appear that they were ever afterwards reconciled. In his remarks on the characters drawn by Mackay or Davies, Swift stigmatizes the duke as an "ambitious, covetous, cunning Scot, who has no principle but his own interest and greatness. A true Scot in his whole conduct."

your rank. I have, indeed, sometimes heard what your grace was told I reported; but as I am a stranger to coffeehouses, so it is a great deal below me to spread coffeehouse reports. This accusation is a little the harder upon me, because I have always appeared fond of your grace's character; and have, with great industry, related several of your generous actions, on purpose to remove the imputation of the only real fault,* (for I say nothing of common frailties,) which I ever heard laid to your charge. I confess, I have often thought that Homer's description of Achilles bore some resemblance to your grace, but I do not remember that ever I said so. At the same time, I think few men were ever born with nobler qualities to fill and adorn every office of a subject, a friend, and a protector, &c.

—o—

FROM ROBERT HUNTER, Esq.†

New-York, March 1, 1712–13.

I THINK I am indebted to you for two letters, and should have continued so, had it not been for the apprehension of your putting a wrong construction upon my neglect. My friends being few in number, I would not willingly, or by my own fault, neglect nor lose those I have. The true cause is this. My

* Probably his impetuous ambition, as would appear from comparing him to Achilles.

† Brigadier Hunter, governor of New-York and New-Jersey, who was afterwards appointed governor and captain-general of Jamaica, in the room of the Duke of Portland, who died there, July 4, 1726.—H.

unhappy circumstances have so soured me, that whatever I write must be vinegar and gall to a man of your mirth. For the better understanding of which, be pleased to read them in the words of one of my most renowned predecessors.* *Quando pensè venir a este govierno a comer caliente, y a bever frio, y a recrear il cuerpo entre sabanas de Olanda, sobre colchones de pluma, he venido a hazer penitencia, como se fuera Ermetanno, y como no la hago de me volontad, penso que al cabo, me ha de uevar el diablo.* This worthy was indeed but a type of me, of which I could fully convince you by an exact parallel between our administrations and circumstances, which I shall reserve to another opportunity.

The truth of the matter is this: I am used like a dog, after having done all that is in the power of man to deserve a better treatment, so that I am now quite jaded. *Male vehi malo alio gubernante, quàm tam malis rectoribus bene gubernare.*

The approaching peace will give leisure to the ministry to think of proper remedies for the distracted state of all the provinces: but of this more particularly, the importance of it by its situation being greater, and the danger by their conduct more imminent than that of the rest. I have done my duty in representing their proceedings, and warning them of the consequences; and there I leave it. *Neque tam me* ενελπιστια *consolatur ut antea quam* αδιαφορια, *quâ nullâ in re tam utor quàm in hâc civili et publicâ.* I have purchased a seat for a bishop, and by orders from the society have given direction to

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* The sapient Sancho Panza. "When I thought, as being a governor, to have a bellyful of good hot victuals and cool liquor, and to refresh my body in Holland sheets, and on a soft featherbed, I am come to do penance like a hermit; and, as I do it unwillingly, I am afraid the devil will have me notwithstanding." —*Motteux's translation.*

prepare it for his reception. You once upon a day gave me hopes of seeing you there. It would be to me no small relief to have so good a friend to complain to. What it would be to you to hear me when you could not help me, I know not. *Cætera desunt*—for the post cannot stay. Adieu.

I am, very sincerely, yours,

R. HUNTER.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

New-York, March 14, 1712–13.

QUONORGH quaniou diadadega generoghqua aguegon tchitchenâgareé; or, lest you should not have your Iroquoise Dictionary at hand, "Brother, I honour you and all your tribe;" though that is to be taken *cum grano salis;* for one of them has done me much harm. God reward him, &c. For that, and what you want to know besides relating to me, I refer you to the bearer, Mr. Sharp, our chaplain; a very worthy, ingenious, and conscientious clergyman. I wrote to you some time ago by a merchant-ship, and therein gave you some hints of my sufferings, which are not diminished since that time. In hopes of a better settlement, I wished for your company. Until that comes, I can contribute to nothing but your spleen. Here is the finest air to live upon in the universe; and if our trees and birds could speak, and our assemblymen be silent, the finest conversation too. *Fert omnia tellus*, but not for me. For you must understand, according to the custom of our country, the sachems are of the poorest of the people. I have got the wrong side of Sir Polidore's office; a

great deal to do and nothing to receive. In a word, and to be serious at last, I have spent three years of life in such torment and vexation, that nothing in life can ever make amends for it. *Tu interim sis lætus, et memor nostrûm. Vale.*

R. H.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, March 28, 1713.

My Lord,

Although your humour of delaying, which is a good deal in fashion, might serve me for authority and example in not sooner acknowledging your grace's letter, I shall not make that use of it; but naturally tell you, that the public delay has been the cause of mine. We have lived almost these two months past by the week, expecting that the parliament would meet, and the queen tell them that the peace was signed. But unforeseen difficulties have arisen, partly by some mistakes in our plenipotentiaries, as well as of those of France, too long to trouble your grace with, since we now reckon all will be at an end; and the queen has sent new powers to Utrecht, which her ministers there must obey, I think, or be left without excuse. The peace will be signed with France, Holland, the Emperor, Savoy, Portugal, and England: but Spain has yet no minister at Utrecht, the Dutch making difficulties about the Duke D'Ossune's passports; but the Marquis de Montellion will soon begin his journey: at least he tells me so. However, it is of no great moment whether Spain comes in now, or a month hence; and the Parliament will be satisfied with the rest. People

here have grumbled at those prorogations until they are weary: but they are not very convenient considering how many funds are out, and how late it is in the year. They think of taking off two shillings in the pound from the land-tax; which I always argued earnestly against; but the court has a mind to humour the country gentlemen, and the thing is popular enough; but then we must borrow upon new funds, which it will be of the last difficulty to invent or raise. The other party are employed in spreading a report most industriously, that the lord-treasurer intends, after the peace, to declare for the Whigs. They have spread it in Scotland, to prepare people for the next election; and Mr. Annesley told me the other day at my lord steward's, that he had heard I writ the same to my friends in Ireland; which, as it is wholly without ground, so the fact is what I never had the least belief of, although your lordship is somewhat of his grace's mind, in not refusing to converse with his greatest enemies: and therefore he is censured, as you say you are, upon the same account. And to those who charge him with it, (as some are free enough to do it,) he only says, his friends ought to trust him; and I have some reason to believe, that after a peace, the direct contrary will appear. For my own part, I entirely agree with your grace, that a free man ought not to confine his converse to any one party; neither would I do so, if I were free; but I am not, and perhaps much less is a great minister in such a juncture as this. Among the many qualities I have observed in the treasurer, there is one which is something singular, that he will be under an imputation, how wrong soever, without the pains of clearing himself to his nearest friends, which is owing to great integrity, great courage, or great contempt of censure. I know he has abun-

dance of the two last, and I believe he has the first.*

Your grace's observations on the French dexterity in negotiation, as well as their ill faith, are certainly right; but let both be as great as possible, we must treat with them one time or other; and if ministers will not be upon their guard against such notorious managers, they are altogether inexcusable. But I do assure your grace, that as it has fallen in my way to know more of the steps of this whole treaty, than perhaps any one man beside, I cannot see that anything in the power of human prudence, under many difficult conjunctures, has been omitted. We have been forced to conceal the best side, which I agree has been unfortunate and unpopular; but you will be pleased to consider that this way of every subject interposing their sentiments upon the management of foreign negotiations, is a very new thing among us; and the suffering it has been thought, in the opinion of wise men, too great a strain upon the prerogative; especially giving a detail of particulars, which, in the variety of events, cannot be ascertained during the course of a treaty.—I could easily answer the objection of your grace's friends in relation to the Dutch, and why they made those difficulties at the Hague and Gertruydenberg. And when the whole story of these two last intriguing years comes to be published, the world will have other notions of our proceedings.† This perhaps will not be long untold, and might already have been, if other people had been no wiser than I. After all, my lord, I grant that from a distant view

* Reserve and *retenue*, under all modifications, were the leading features of Oxford's political character.

† He was now meditating that vindication of the peace of Utrecht, which is to be found in the "History of the Four last Years of the Queen."

of things, abundance of objections may be raised against many parts of our conduct. But the difficulties which gave room to these objections are not seen, and perhaps some of them will never appear; neither may it be convenient they should. If in the end it appears that we have made a good bargain for you, we hope you will take it without entering too nicely into the circumstances. I will not undertake to defend our proceedings against any man who will not allow this postulatum, that it was impossible to carry on the war any longer; which whoever denies, either has not examined the state of the nation with respect to its debts, or denies it from the spirit of party. When a friend of mine objected this to Lord Nottingham, he freely confessed it was a thing he had never considered. But, however, he would be against any peace without Spain; and why? because he was not privy seal. But then, why does he vote with the Whigs in everything else, although peace has no concern? because he was not privy seal. I hope, my lord, we shall in time unriddle you many a dark problem, and let you see that faction, rage, rebellion, and revenge, and ambition, were deeply rooted in the hearts of those who have been the great obstructors of the queen's measures, and of the kingdom's happiness; and if I am not mistaken, such a scene may open, as will leave the present age and posterity little room to doubt who were the real friends and real enemies of their country. At the same time I know nothing is so rash as predicting upon the events of public councils; and I see many accidents very possible to happen which may soon defeat all my wise conjectures. I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

And most humble obedient servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. PRIOR.*

Paris, April 8, 1713.

PRAY take this word writ after our packet is closed, and the messenger staying for it, as an equivalent for your dispatches at midnight when the writer was half asleep. Hang me if I know how to go on, though I am in a country where everybody does not only write letters but print them. Our great affair goes on very successfully. We transmit the Spanish treaty, concluded at Madrid, for your approbation in England, and transmission to Utrecht: after which I think, *pax sit* will become authentic Latin: after which I suppose, our society will flourish, and I shall have nothing to do but to partake of that universal protection, which it will receive. In the meantime, pray give my great respects to our brethren:† and tell them that, while in hopes of being favoured, they are spending their own money, I am advancing my interest in the French language, and forgetting my own mother tongue. But we shall have time enough to perfect our English when we have done with other matters. I want mightily to hear from lord-treasurer. Tell him so. I owe brother Arbuthnot a letter. Excuse my not writing to him, till I know what to say. I cannot find Vanhomrigh‡ since he brought me your letter. I have a rarity of a book to send you by the first fair

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* At that time plenipotentiary to France.—H.

† The sixteen. See note to a letter from Lord Harley to Swift, dated July 17, 1714.—H.

‡ One of the brothers of Vanessa. See the letter to Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, dated July 8, 1713.—H.

occasion. It makes but little of the English wit, "The Guardian;" but, possibly, I do not enter into his design. Let Lord Bolingbroke know I love him mightily; and pray do you as much for Dick Skelton. Adieu, my good friend.

I am, very truly,

Your obedient and faithful servant,

M. PRIOR.

—o—

FROM EARL POULETT.*

April, Sunday Afternoon.

I WAS called away presently after chapel upon some business which hindered my going up stairs at St. James's, and occasions Dr. Swift the trouble of this, to make my excuse for not returning the paper, which I here send you; and though it is not in my power to serve you in any proportion to my unfeigned respects for you, yet I would not be wanting, on my part, in any opportunity where I can, to express myself,

Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

POULETT.

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* Indorsed, "Lord-steward, 1713." This nobleman is described by Davies as very learned, virtuous, and honourable, generous to the gentry, and charitable to the poor; and the Dean, contrary to the usual purport of his annotations, seems to admit the justice of the applause such a character conveys. See vol. XII. p. 229.

TO THE REV. MR. WILLIAM DRAPER,

DEAN, NEAR BASINGSTOKE, HAMPSHIRE.*

SIR, London, April 13, 1713.

I AM ashamed to tell you how ill a philosopher I am, and that a very ill situation of my affairs for three weeks past, made me utterly incapable of answering your obliging letter, and thanking you for your most agreeable copy of verses. The prints will tell you that I am condemned again to live in Ireland; and all that the court and ministry did for me was to let me choose my situation in the country where I am banished.† I could not forbear shewing both your letter and verses to our great men, as well as to the men of wit of my acquaintance; and they were highly approved of by all. I am altogether a stranger to your friend Oppian; and am a little angry when those who have a genius lay it out in translations. I question whether "Res angusta domi" be not one of your motives. Perhaps you want such a bridle as a translation, for your genius is too fruitful, as appears by the frequency of your similes; and this employment may teach

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* First printed in Mr. Seward's Biographiana, 1799, from the original in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Valpy of Reading.

† From this Mr. Draper might infer, that Swift had his choice to be Bishop of Dromore, or Dean of St. Patrick's, and perhaps our author, who felt considerably mortified at the manner of his appointment, had no objection that a more favourable opinion of the way in which he had been treated should be entertained by the public. See the Journal.

you to write like a modest man, as Shakespeare expresses it.

I have been minding my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Harcourt, and Sir William Windham, to solicit my Lord Chancellor, to give you a living, as a business which belongs to our society, who assume the title of rewarders, of merit. They are all very well disposed, and I shall not fail to negotiate for you while I stay in England, which will not be above six weeks; but I hope to return in October, and if you are not then provided for, I will move heaven and earth that something may be done for you. Our society has not met of late, else I would have moved to have two of us sent in form to request a living for you from my Lord Chancellor; and, if you have any way to employ my services, I desire you will let me know it, and believe me to be, very sincerely, Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM DEAN ATTERBURY.

Chelsea, Tuesday Morning,
April 21, 1713.

MR. DEAN,

GIVE me leave to tell you, that there is no man in England more pleased with your being preferred than I am. I would have told you so myself at your lodgings, but that my waiting confines me. I had heard a flying report of it before; but my Lord Bolingbroke yesterday confirmed the welcome news to me. I could not excuse myself without saying

thus much; and I have not time to say more, but that I am

Your most affectionate and faithful servant,

FR. ATTERBURY.*

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, April 30, 1713.

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of the 14th, which at present I cannot answer particularly: I send this to welcome your grace to the Bath, where we conclude you are now arrived; and I hope the design of your journey is more for prevention than cure. I suppose your grace has heard that the queen has made Dr. Sterne bishop of Dromore, and that I am to succeed him in his deanery. Dr. Parnell, who is now in town, writ last post to your grace, to desire the favour of you that he may have my small prebend:† he thinks it will be some advantage to come into the chapter, where it may possibly be in my power to serve him in a way agreeable to him, although in no degree equal to his merits; by which he has distinguished himself so much, that he is in great esteem with the ministry, and others of the most valuable persons in this

* Indorsed by Dr. Swift, "Dr. Atterbury, April 21, 1713, about eleven in the morning. I believe all to no purpose." At the moment of receiving this congratulatory letter, Swift was uncertain of his appointment. The warrants were not signed until the 23d April. See Journal.

† Of Dunlaven.

town. He has been many years under your grace's direction, and has a very good title to your favour; so that I believe it will be unnecessary to add how much I should be obliged to your grace's compliance in this matter: and I flatter myself that his being agreeable to me, will be no disadvantage to him in your grace's opinion.

I am, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT.

May, 1731.

MY LORD,

I WONDER your lordship would presume to go out of town and leave me in fear that I should not see you before I go to Ireland, which will be in a week. It is a strange thing you should prefer your own health, and ease, and convenience, before my satisfaction. I want your lordship for my solicitor. I want your letter to your younger brother of Ireland,* to put him under my government: I want an opportunity of giving your lordship my humblest thanks, for a hundred favours you have done me: I wanted the sight of your lordship this day in York Buildings.† Pray, my lord, come to town before I leave it, and supply all my wants. My lord-treasurer

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* *i.e.* the chancellor of that kingdom.

† Lord-treasurer Oxford then lived there.—F.

uses me barbarously: appoints to carry me to Kensington, and makes me walk four miles at midnight. He laughs when I mention a thousand pounds which he gives me; though a thousand pounds is a very serious thing, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MR. ADDISON.

SIR, May 13, 1713.

I WAS told yesterday, by several persons, that Mr. Steele had reflected upon me in his Guardian; which I could hardly believe, until, sending for the paper of the day, I found he had, in several parts of it, insinuated with the utmost malice, that I was author of the Examiner;* and abused me in the grossest manner he could possibly invent, and set his name to what he had written. Now, sir, if I am not author of the Examiner, how will Mr. Steele be able to defend himself from the imputation of the highest degree of baseness, ingratitude, and injustice? Is he so ignorant of my temper, and of my style? Has he never heard that the author of the Examiner (to whom I am altogether a stranger) did, a month or two ago, vindicate me from having any concern in it? Should not Mr. Steele have first expostulated with

* In the Guardian, No. LIII., Mr. Steele says, "Though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time *talking to the Examiner;* others, who have rallied me for the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have *formerly lain with the Examiner*, I have carried my point; and it is nothing to me whether the Examiner writes in the character of an *estranged friend*, or an *exasperated mistress.*"—The allusion is to Swift and Mrs. Manley.

me as a friend? Have I deserved this usage from Mr. Steele, who knows very well that my lord-treasurer has kept him in his employment upon my entreaty and intercession? My lord chancellor and Lord Bolingbroke will be witnesses, how I was reproached by my lord-treasurer, upon the ill returns Mr. Steele made to his lordship's indulgence, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. STEELE.

May 19, 1713.

SIR,

MR. ADDISON shewed me your letter, wherein you mention me. They laugh at you, if they make you believe your interposition has kept me thus long in my office. If you have spoken in my behalf at any time, I am glad I have always treated you with respect; though I believe you an accomplice of the Examiner's. In the letter you are angry at, you see I have no reason for being so merciful to him, but out of regard to the imputation you lie under. You do not in direct terms say you are not concerned with him; but make it an argument of your innocence, that the Examiner has declared you have nothing to do with him. I believe I could prevail upon the Guardian to say there was a mistake in putting my name in his paper: but the English would laugh at us, should we argue in so Irish a manner. I am heartily glad of your being made Dean of St. Patrick's.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

TO MR. STEELE.

SIR,

* * * * * * * * * * * * *† I may probably know better, when they are disposed * * * * * The case was thus: I did with the utmost application, and desiring to lay all my credit upon it, desire Mr. Harley (as he was then called) to shew you mercy. He said, "He would, and wholly upon my account: that he would appoint you a day to see him: that he would not expect you should quit any friend or principle." Some days after, he told me, "He had appointed you a day, and you had not kept it:" upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could answer; and advised me to more caution another time. I told him, and desired my lord chancellor and Lord Bolingbroke to be witnesses, that I would never speak for or against you, as long as I lived: only I would add, that it was still my opinion, you should have mercy till you gave further provocations. This is the history of what you think fit to call, in the spirit of insulting, "their laughing at me:" and you may do it securely; for by the most inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a Christian, to do you the

† It has unluckily happened that two or three lines have been torn by accident from the beginning of this letter; and, by the same accident two or three lines are missing toward the latter part, which were written on the back part of the paper which was torn off. But what remains of this letter, will, I presume, be very satisfactory to the intelligent reader.—D. S.

least ill office. Next I desire to know, whether the greatest services ever done by one man to another, may not have the same turn as properly applied to them? And, once more, suppose they did laugh at me, I ask whether my inclinations to serve you, merit to be rewarded by the vilest treatment, whether they succeeded or not? If your interpretation were true, I was laughed at only for your sake; which, I think, is going pretty far to serve a friend. As to the letter I complain of, I appeal to your most partial friends, whether you ought not either to have asked, or written to me, or desired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were anyway concerned in writing the Examiner? And if I had shuffled, or answered indirectly, or affirmed it, or said I would not give you satisfaction, you might then have wreaked your revenge with some colour of justice. I have several times assured Mr. Addison, and fifty others, "That I had not the least hand in writing any of those papers; and that I had never exchanged one syllable with the supposed author* in my life, that I can remember, nor ever seen him above twice, and that in mixed company, in a place where he came to pay his attendance." One thing more I must observe to you, that a year or two ago, when some printers used to bring me their papers in manuscript, I absolutely forbid them to give any hints against Mr. Addison and you, and some others; and have frequently struck out reflections upon you in particular, and should (I believe) have done it still, if I had not wholly left off troubling myself about these kind of things.

I protest I never saw anything more liable to exception, than every part is of the letter you were

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* John Oldisworth, to whose management the Examiner had been for some time resigned by Swift.

pleased to write me. You plead, "That I do not in mine to Mr. Addison, in direct terms, say I am not concerned in the Examiner." And is that an excuse for the most savage injuries in the world a week before? How far you can prevail with the Guardian, I shall not trouble myself to inquire; and am more concerned how you will clear your own honour and conscience, than my reputation. I shall hardly lose one friend by what you † * * I know not any * * * * laugh at me for any * * * absurdity of yours. There are solecisms in morals as well as in languages; and to which of the virtues you will reconcile your conduct to me, is past my imagination. Be pleased to put these questions to yourself: "If Dr. Swift be entirely innocent of what I accuse him, how shall I be able to make him satisfaction? And how do I know but he may be entirely innocent? If he was laughed at only because he solicited for me, is that a sufficient reason for me to say the vilest things of him in print under my hand, without any provocation? And how do I know but he may be in the right, when he says I was kept in my employment at his interposition? If he never once reflected on me the least in any paper, and has hindered many others from doing it, how can I justify myself, for endeavouring in mine, to ruin his credit as a Christian and a clergyman?"

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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† Here the manuscript is torn.—D. S.

FROM SIR THOMAS HANMER.*

Tuesday.

SIR,

I KEEP only the last book,† which I shall have gone through before night. The rest I send you, with the very few observations I made upon them, which yet were as many as I could see any occasion for; though, I do assure you, I read with the same strictness and ill-nature as in the former part.

I am, your most humble servant, &c.

THO. HANMER.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, May 23, 1713.

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of a letter from your grace, the 18th instant, from Chester. I was confidently told, about three weeks ago, that your grace was expected every day at the Bath; and you will find a letter there as old as that, with a requisition in favour of Dr. Parnell, who, by his own merit, is in the esteem of the chief ministers here. I am very sensible, that the loss your grace has suffered in the removal of Dr. Sterne, will never be made up by me, upon a great many accounts: however, I shall not yield to

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* Indorsed, "Received about May, 1713."—H.

† Of the MS. History of the Peace of Utrecht.—B.

him in respect and veneration for your grace's character and person; and I return you my most grateful acknowledgments for the offer you make me of your favour and protection. I think to set out for Ireland on Monday sevennight, to be there before the term ends; for so they advise me, because the long vacation follows, in which I cannot take the oaths, unless at a quarter-sessions; and I had better have two chances than one. This will hinder me from paying my respects to your grace at the Bath; and indeed my own health would be better, I believe, if I could pass a few weeks there; but my remedy shall be riding, and a sea voyage. I have been inquiring, and am told your grace's cause will hardly come on this session; but indeed I have been so much out of order for these ten days past, that I have been able to do nothing.

As to the spire to be erected on St. Patrick's steeple,* I am apt to think it will cost more than is imagined; and I am confident that no bricks made in that part of Ireland, will bear being exposed so much to the air: however, I shall inquire among some architects here.

I hope your grace will find a return of your health in the place where you are. I humbly beg your blessing; and remain, with great respect, my Lord,

Your grace's

most dutiful and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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* Dr. Sterne (predecessor to Dr. Swift, as Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, afterward Bishop of Dromore, from whence he was translated to the see of Clogher) left £1200 to erect a spire on the top of that steeple, which was built a few years after his lordship's death. It is an octagon of many feet high, built of white hard mountain stone, with a gilt ball at the top of it, which may be seen at the distance of many miles.—F.

FROM MR. STEELE.

SIR, Bloomsbury, May 26, 1713.

I HAVE received yours, and find it impossible for a man to judge in his own case. For an allusion to you, as one under the imputation of helping the Examiner, and owning I was restrained out of respect to you, you tell Addison, under your hand, "you think me the vilest of mankind," and bid him tell me so. I am obliged to you for any kind things said in my behalf to the treasurer; and assure you, when you were in Ireland, you were the constant subject of my talk to men in power at that time. As to the vilest of mankind, it would be a glorious world if I were: for I would not conceal my thoughts in favour of an injured man, though all the powers on earth gainsaid it, to be made the first man in the nation. This position, I know, will ever obstruct my way in the world; and I have conquered my desires accordingly. I have resolved to content myself with what I can get by my own industry, and the improvement of a small estate, without being anxious whether I am ever in a court again or not. I do assure you, I do not speak this calmly, after the ill-usage in your letter to Addison, out of terror of your wit, or my lord-treasurer's power; but pure kindness to the agreeable qualities I once so passionately delighted in, in you. You know, I know nobody; but one that talked after you, could tell, "Addison had bridled me in point of party."

This was ill hinted, both with relation to him, and

Sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

I know no party; but the truth of the question is what I will support as well as I can, when any man I honour is attacked.

—o—

TO MR. STEELE.

SIR, May 27, 1713.

THE reason I give you the trouble of this reply to your letter, is because I am going in a very few days to Ireland; and although I intended to return toward winter, yet it may happen, from the common accidents of life, that I may never see you again.

In your yesterday's letter, you are pleased to take the complaining side, and think it hard I should write to Mr. Addison as I did, only for an allusion. This allusion was only calling a clergyman of some little distinction an infidel: a clergyman who was your friend, who always loved you, who had endeavoured at least to serve you; and who, whenever he did write anything, made it sacred to himself never to fling out the least hint against you.

One thing you are pleased to fix on me, as what you are sure of: that the Examiner had talked after me, when he said, "Mr. Addison had bridled you in point of party." I do not read one in six of those

papers, nor ever knew he had such a passage; and I am so ignorant of this, that I cannot tell what it means: whether that Mr. Addison kept you close to a party, or that he hindered you from writing about party. I never talked or writ to that author in my life; so that he could not have learned it from me. And in short, I solemnly affirm, that with relation to every friend I have, I am as innocent, as it is possible for a human creature to be. And whether you believe me or not, I think, with submission, you ought to act as if you believed me, till you have demonstration to the contrary. I have all the ministry to be my witnesses, that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party, whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them: for, I think, principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons. In these last you and I differ; but in the other, I think, we agree: for I have in print professed myself in politics, to be what we formerly called a Whig.

As to the great man * whose defence you undertake; though I do not think so well of him as you do, yet I have been the cause of preventing five hundred hard things being said against him.

I am sensible I have talked too much when myself is the subject: therefore I conclude with sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

You cannot but remember, that in the only thing I ever published with my name, I took care to celebrate you as much as I could, and in as hand-

* The Duke of Marlborough.—D. S.

some a manner, though it was in a letter to the present lord-treasurer.*

—o—

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq.†

Whitehall, June 2, 1713.

I HOPE this will meet you at Chester, and that your passage at sea will be favoured with as mild weather as your journey by land has been these two first days. The division yesterday, in the House of Lords, was fifty-four against fifty-four. Proxies were called for, and we had seventeen to thirteen. This is the greatest victory we ever had. The Duke of Argyll and the Scotch were against us to a man. Lords Weymouth and Carteret were with them. It was very comical to see the Tories, who voted with lord-treasurer against the dissolution of the Union, under all the perplexities in the world, lest they should be victorious; and the Scotch, who voted for a bill of dissolution, under agonies lest they themselves should carry the point they pretended to desire.‡ In all the time I have been conversant in business, I never before observed both sides, at the same time, acting parts which they

* Upon correcting, &c., the English tongue, Steele is distinguished as the "ingenious gentleman, who, for a long time, did thrice a-week divert or instruct the kingdom by his papers," and as an "author who has tried the force and compass of the language with much success."

† Secretary to Lord Dartmouth, and member for Lestwithiel. —B.

‡ See the introductory notice to "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

thought contrary to their interests. Let us hear from you sometimes, and believe there is nobody with more sincerity yours, than, &c.

—o—

FROM THE REVEREND MR. SHARPE.*

REVEREND SIR, London, June 4, 1713.

I WAS commanded by his excellency, Brigadier Hunter, governor of New-York, to deliver the enclosed with my own hand, had I been so happy, for his service and my own satisfaction, as to have seen you at London. I am persuaded your influence here might have contributed to create a better opinion of him, among some leading men in the society for propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, who have been much imposed on by the clamorous memorials of some indiscreet missionaries abroad. He has the just esteem of two-thirds of the clergy in his government, and the greatest part of the laity, who have either sense, probity, or honour; but his adversaries have made the church's cause a favourable handle for their repeated complaints, which, with the application of their friends here, makes them hopeful of success.

I have been twelve years abroad, in the service of the church in America: the last ten years were in the station of chaplain to her majesty's forces at New-York, where I had the opportunity of being

* Chaplain to Brigadier Hunter, governor of New-York, and mentioned as a very worthy, ingenious, and conscientious clergyman, in his letter to Swift, 14th March, 1712–13.

very near to the several governors; and do assure you, that if I had ever observed in him any inclination to weaken the interest of the church there, I could not in conscience offer to excuse him; but he is better known to you, than that I, who am altogether unknown, should presume to give his character.

What I beg leave to entreat of you, is, to recommend me, in my endeavours for his service, to the advice and assistance of your friends. The perplexity of all his affairs at this time, claims the good offices of all that wish him well. If, in favour to his excellency, you are pleased to honour me with the pardon of this, and what return the enclosed may require, direct for me to the care of Mr. James Douglas, merchant, in Fen-court, Fenchurch-Street, London. I beg leave to subscribe myself, with great respect, reverend Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN SHARPE.

—o—

FROM MR. LEWIS.*

Whitehall, July 9, 1713.

WE are all running headlong into the greatest confusion imaginable.† Sir Thomas Hanmer‡ is

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* Indorsed, "Mr. Lewis, about the divisions," &c.

† This summons announced the irreconcilable division between Oxford and Bolingbroke; and having been pressingly repeated, in the month following, at length brought Swift from Ireland, in the vain hope of acting as mediator between them.

‡ Speaker of the House of Commons.—B.

gone into the country this morning, I believe much discontented; and I am very apprehensive, neither Lord Anglesey* nor he will continue long with us. I heartily wish you were here; for you might certainly be of great use to us, by your endeavours to reconcile, and by representing to them the infallible consequences of these divisions. We had letters this morning from Ireland. What is the reason I had none from you? Adieu. I hope your want of health is not the cause.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Trim, July 16, 1713.

My Lord,

I have been about five weeks in this kingdom, but so extremely ill with the return of an old disorder in my head, that I was not able to write to your grace. I have been the greatest part of that time at my country parish, riding every day for my health. I can tell your grace nothing from Dublin, having spent the days I was there between business and physic, and paid no visits, nor received any but one day; and I reckon it no great loss, for I hear they are all party-mad; and it is one felicity of being among willows, that one is not troubled with faction. I hope you have as little of it at the Bath; for I cannot fancy it does well with the waters. If your grace goes to London from the Bath, I believe I may have the honour of waiting on you; although I

* Arthur, Earl of Anglesey, who was joint vice-treasurer of Ireland with Edward, Earl of Clarendon.—B.

shall do all in my power to save the trouble of such a journey; which neither my fortune nor my health will very well bear. I hope you feel the good effects of the place you are in; and I pray God continue your life, for the good of his church.

The other day, Mr. Thacker, prebendary of Sagard, and vicar of Rathcool, died; and it would be a great mark of goodness in your grace, as well as a personal favour to me, if you would please to dispose of his livings in favour of Mr. Thomas Warburton, who has been many years my assistant in the cure of Laracor, has behaved himself altogether unblameably, and is a gentleman of very good learning and sense. If I knew any one more deserving, I would not recommend him; neither would I do it, however, because I know your grace has a great many dependents, but that it will be a great use to me to have a vicar in one of my rectories, and upon my deanery, in whom I can confide. I am told the livings amount to a hundred and twenty pounds a-year, at most; and it may probably happen in my way to be able to oblige some friend of yours in a greater matter, which I shall very readily do. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. LEWIS.*

Whitehall, July 30, 1713.

THIS day se'nnight the queen goes to Hampton-Court, and the Monday following to Windsor. I fancy by that time Mr. Bromley † will be secretary of state, in the room of my lord.‡ Lord-treasurer was abroad this evening, for the first time after a fortnight's illness. I hear there came a dozen of letters from you by the same post to your friends here. My lord-treasurer desires you'll make all possible haste over; for we want you extremely.

—o—

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

The Country in Ireland, Aug. 3, 1713.

MY LORD,

IT is with the greatest pleasure I heard of your lordship's promotion: I mean that particular promotion,§ which, I believe, is agreeable to you, though it does not mend your fortune. There is but one other change I could wish you, because I

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* Indorsed, "Mr. Lewis, pressing me to come over."

† William Bromley, Esq., appointed secretary of state, Aug. 17, 1713, in the room of William, Earl of Dartmouth, made lord privy-seal.—B.

‡ Dartmouth, to whom Mr. Lewis had been secretary.

§ The Deanery of Westminster.

have heard that you prefer it before all the rest; and that, likewise, is now ready,* unless it be thought too soon, and that you are made to wait till another person has used it for a step to cross the water.† Though I am here in a way of sinking into utter oblivion; for

"*Hæ latebræ nec dulces, nec, si mihi credis, amœnæ:*" ‡

yet I shall challenge the continuance of your lordship's favour; and, whenever I come to London, shall with great assurance, cross the Park to your lordship's house in Westminster, as if it were no more than crossing the street at Chelsea.§ I talked at this threatening rate so often to you about two years past, that you are not now to forget it.

Pray, my lord, do not let your being made a bishop hinder you from cultivating the politer studies, which your heart was set upon when you went to govern Christ Church. Providence has made you successor to a person, who, though of much inferior genius, ‖ turned all his thoughts that way; and, I have been told, with great success, by his countenance to those who deserved. I envy Dr. Friend ¶ that he has you for his inspector; and I envy you for having such a person in your district, and whom you love so well. Shall not I have liberty to be sometimes a third among you, though I am an Irish dean?

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* The bishopric of London was then vacant, by the death of Dr. Compton, who died July 4, 1713.

† To Lambeth.

‡ Altered from Horace, lib. i. ep. 16.—N.

§ Where they lodged near each other some weeks.

‖ Dr. Sprat, whose works, though now seldom read, make part of the collection of British poets.

¶ Dr. Friend, then head-master of Westminster-school.—N.

"*Vervecum in patriâ, crassoque sub aëre natus.*"*

A very disordered head hindered me from writing early to your lordship, when I first heard of your preferment; and I have reproached myself of ingratitude, when I remembered your kindness in sending me a letter upon the deanery they thought fit to throw me into; to which I am yet a stranger, being forced into the country, in one of my old parishes,† to ride about for a little health. I hope to have the honour of asking your lordship's blessing some time in October. In the meanwhile, I desire your lordship to believe me to be, with very great respect and truth, my lord, your lordship's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. PRIOR.

Paris, Aug. 5–16, 1713.

As I did not expect, my good friend Jonathan, to have received a letter from you at Dublin, so I am sure I did not intend to write one thither to you; but Mr. Rosingrave‡ thinks it may do him a service,

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* "———————— land of bogs
With ditches fenced, a Heaven fat with fogs."
Juvenal, Sat. x. 75.

† Laracor and Rathbeggin.—N.

‡ Thomas Rosingrave, a celebrated performer in music. When he arrived in Ireland, he played a voluntary at St. Patrick's cathedral, Dr. Pratt, then provost of Dublin college, and the Dean, being present. The doctor, who happened to dine at the deanery the same day, was so extravagant in his encomiums on Rosingrave's voluntary, that several of the company said they wished they had heard it. "Do you?" said Swift, "then you

in recommending him to you. If so, I am very glad of it; for it can be of no other use imaginable. I have writ letters now above twenty-two years. I have taken towns, destroyed fleets, made treaties, and settled commerce in letters. And what of all this? Why, nothing; but that I have had some subject to write upon. But to write a letter only because Mr. Rosingrave has a mind to carry one in his pocket, to tell you that you are sure of a friendship, which can never do you threepence of good, and wish you well in England very soon, when I do not know when I am likely to be there myself: all this, I say, is very absurd for a letter; especially when I have this day written a dozen much more to the purpose. If I had seen your manuscript;* if I had received Dr. Parnell's poem; if I had any news of Landen being taken; why well and good; but as I know no more than the Duke of Shrewsbury designs for England within three weeks; that I must stay here till somebody else comes, and then—brings me necessarily to say, good Mr. Dean, that I am like the fellow in the Rehearsal, that did not know if he was to be merry or serious, or in what way or mood to act his part. One thing only I am assured of, that I love you very well; and am, most sincerely and faithfully, dear Sir, your servant and brother,† M. PRIOR.

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shall hear it still:" and he immediately sung out so lively, and yet so ridiculous an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter; except one old gentleman, who sat with great composure, and though he listened, yet neither shewed curiosity nor approbation. After the entertainment, he was asked by some of the company how it happened that he had been no more affected by the music? To which he answered, with gravity, "that he heard Mr. Rosingrave play it himself before."—D. S.

* Of the History of the Peace of Utrecht.—B.

† He was one of the sixteen.—H.

Lord and Lady Shrewsbury give their service to you. Vanhomrigh has run terribly here in debt, and, being in durance, has sent to his mother upon pecuniary concerns. Adieu, once more.

What we are doing, or what is to become of us, I know not.

> "*Prudens futuri temporis exitum*
> *Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus,*
> *Ridetque*———" HOR. lib. iii. od. 29.

This is all the Latin and writing I can at present spare you.

Pray give my service to your chancellor,* and be much acquainted with Judge Nutley, and love him very well for my sake. Adieu. Once more, find out my cousin Pennyfether and Nutley, (if he is not too grave for you;) and according to the laudable custom of your country, drink this louis out, for a token of my generosity and your sobriety. And now, I think, I have furnished out a very pretty letter.

—o—

FROM MR. LEWIS.†

Whitehall, Aug. 6, 1713.

I HAVE so often, and in so pressing a manner, desired you to come over, that, if what I have already said has no effect, I shall despair of better success by any farther arguments. If I were to recapitulate the several reasons you offer to the contrary, and answer them separately, I should grow peevish: which I

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* Sir Constantine Phipps.

† Indorsed, "Mr. Lewis, pressing me to come over."—N.

have no way to avoid, but by telling you in general, it is all wrong. You and I have already laid it down for a maxim, that we must serve lord-treasurer, without receiving orders or particular instructions; and I do not yet see a reason for changing that rule. His mind has been communicated more freely to you than any other;* but you will not understand it. The *desires* of great men are *commands;* at least the only ones I hope they ever will be able to use. You have a mind to stay in Ireland till October, and desire me to give my opinion whether you should come sooner? I answer, yes. Then you bid me consider again; that is, you would have me say I am of opinion you should stay till October. When judges would have a jury change their verdict, they bid them consider again: when a man is determined to marry a woman, and his friend advises him against it, he asks his opinion again; and if his friend is so silly as not to alter his advice, he marries without it. I am as much in the spleen, now I am answering your letter, as you were when you writ it. Come over; you will cure yourself and me too. Adieu.

—o—

LADY BOLINGBROKE TO LORD HARLEY.

My Lord, Bucklebury, Aug, 18, 1713.

I was extremely glad to hear that my lord-treasurer takes care of his health. I hope he will continue to do so; for, though I am a poor discarded

* By this it appears, that Lord Orrery was mistaken when he said that Swift was *employed*, not *trusted*.—H.

mistress, yet my best wishes shall always attend his lordship. I beg my most humble service to him and my lady; and am, my lord,

Your most faithful servant,

F, BOLINGBROKE.*

—o—

LADY MASHAM TO LORD HARLEY.

MY DEAR LORD, Windsor, Sept. 2, 1713.

THIS day we received the most welcome news of your being married;* and though it may be impertinent to rob you of a moment's time, yet I cannot omit telling you that I most heartily and sincerely wish you joy; and I am sure no one living can be more pleased at whatever contributes to your happiness than I am. My brother, Hill, is now with me, and most truly joins with me in wishing you the same. I hope we shall soon have the happiness of seeing you here. In the meantime, be assured I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, my dear lord, your most faithful brother,‡ and humble servant,

MASHAM.

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* Received at Wimple, Aug. 22, 1713.

† See Swift's congratulatory poem on the marriage of Lord Harley with Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, daughter and heiress of the Duke of Newcastle. This, as well as the preceding letter, shews that the divisions in the cabinet had not got so high as to supersede the forms of civility between the lord-treasurer on the one hand, and Lady Masham and Bolingbroke on the other.

‡ Lady Masham so signs herself, in consequence of her lord being one of the Club of Sixteen.—N.

I beg leave to send my most humble service to my lady, most heartily wishing her joy. I beg also the same to my lord-treasurer.

—o—

FROM DR. SMALRIDGE.*

MR. DEAN, Christ-Church, Sept. 27, 1713.

WHEN you was so kind as to favour the master of the Temple † and me with your company at the chaplain's table at Kensington, there dined with us one Mr. Fiddes,‡ a well-deserving clergyman, whose circumstances, we told you, were not at all suitable to his merits. You expressed on that occasion so generous a concern for him, and so great a readiness to do him any good offices which might lie in your way, that he seems to think he should be wanting to himself, if he did not endeavour to cultivate an interest with one so willing and so able to serve him. He has therefore made repeated instances to me, that I would remind you of him, which I should not have hearkened to, were I not well assured, that you would excuse, if not thank me, for furnishing you with an opportunity of doing a generous and good-natured thing. You will not, I fancy, think a formal application to any great man in his behalf either proper or requisite; but if you should, upon the perusal of one or two of his sermons, think as well

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* Afterward Bishop of Bristol.

† Dr. Sherlock, afterwards Bishop of London.—B.

‡ Richard Fiddes, afterwards D.D., author of "A Body of Divinity," "The Life of Cardinal Wolsey," &c.

of them as I do, and should in conversation with my lord-treasurer express a good opinion of the author, one kind word from you, seasonably dropped, might determine his fortune, and give you the satisfaction of having made him and his family as happy as they can wish to be.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

GEO. SMALRIDGE.

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS.

Windsor Castle, Oct. 1, 1713.

I HAD just now a letter from you, wherein you mention the design of making me prolocutor. I will confess to you, there are two reasons why I should comply with it; one is, that I am heartily weary of courts and ministers, and politics, for several reasons impossible to tell you; and I have a mind to be at home, since the queen has been pleased that Ireland should be my home: the other reason is, that I think somebody educated in Dublin college should be prolocutor; and I hear there are designs of turning it another way. But, if you find it will not do, I hope you will quit the design in proper season. I condole with you for the loss of your * companions this winter; and I was always of opinion they should be in town, unless they find their health better at Trim.

I am a little disappointed at Parvisol's † return.

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* Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.—F.

† The Dean's agent.—F.

I hoped it would have amounted to near five hundred pounds in the tithes; I doubt not the cause, and beg you will have no sort of tenderness for him, farther than in regards my interest; as to the land-rents, they are one hundred and seventy-four pounds a-year in the country, besides some small things in town; and I am in no pain about them, because they are sure; nor do I desire him to concern himself about them.

I hoped, and was told, my licence would be under six pounds, though all was paid, and I heard, if lord chancellor* had taken his fees, it would have been eight pounds. Tell Mr. Fetherston, I have spoken to Baron Scroup about his affair, who promises to dispatch it with the first opportunity. I am now with some ministers and lords, and other company, and withdrawn to a table, and hardly know what I write, they are so loud. My humble service to your Dorothy, and Alderman Stoyte,† his wife, and Cellarius; and duty to the Bishop of Dromore.

Yours,

J. S.

—o—

FROM LORD CHANCELLOR PHIPPS.

Dublin, Oct. 10, 1713.

SIR,

I HAD the favour of your kind letter of the twenty-second of September, and had sooner acknowledged

* Sir Constantine Phipps, a strenuous Tory, and, as such, much the object of attack by the opposite party.

† An alderman of Dublin, afterwards lord-mayor.—E.

it, if I had not been prevented by the constant hurry we have been in, with relation to the city and Parliament affairs.

I heartily congratulate your safe arrival in London, and return you, with all the gratitude imaginable, my thanks for the great trouble you have given yourself, as well on behalf of my son in particular, as of this kingdom in general; and I am sorry you should venture so far as to burn your fingers; but you know such misfortunes often happen to gentlemen who have a hearty zeal for the interest of their friends. But this comfort attends them, that the burning goes off soon; whereas the credit and honour of serving one's friend last always. The account you sent me of Mr. Worseley's being an envoy was new, and had not reached us before your letter came. I know not how sufficiently to acknowledge the obligations you have laid on me; but assure you, if you have any commands on this side the water, there is no one will be more proud of being honoured with them, than he, who is, with very great respect,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

—o—

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS.

London, Oct. 13, 1713.

I HAVE two letters of yours to acknowledge—No, I mistake, it is but one, for I answered the former, of September twenty-second, some time ago; your other is of the first instant, with an account of your

mayor squabble,* which we regard as much here as if you sent us an account of your little son playing at cherry-stones. I told your lord-chancellor, that the best thing the government there could do, would be never to trouble us with your affairs, but do the best you can, for we will neither support nor regard you. I have received the lords justices' representation, just now sent to the queen. I have said more upon it than anybody else would; and I hope my lord-lieutenant † will put a good end to the dispute. I am heartily sorry for poor Hawley: and doubt such a shake at his age will not be well recovered. Of your four candidates to succeed him, I dislike all but the first, which is Bolton. As to the chair of prolocutor, I said to you in my former all I thought necessary. I dislike the thing for myself; but I would keep a wrong man out, and would be glad of an honest excuse to leave courts and public thoughts; but it would vex me to be proposed and not succeed.

As for Williams, I am an old courtier, and will think of it; but, if we want a singer, and I can get a better, that better one shall be preferred, although my father were competitor.

I have spoken to Baron Scroup about Mr. Fetherston's affair, and I hope to get him a good account of it.

You very artificially bring in your friend, Mrs. South: I have spoke to her, and heard from her; and spoke to the Duke of Ormond: I will do her what service I can.

My service to gossip Doll, and God bless my god-daughter.

I think you need not inquire about the land-rents

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* Concerning Sir Samuel Cooke.—F.

† Duke of Shrewsbury.—F.

of the deanery, they are secure enough ; and I believe I shall not trouble Mr. Parvisol about them.

There is one farm set for one hundred and twenty pounds a-year, another for fifty-four pounds. Rents adjoining to the deanery, about two pounds ten shillings, and duties about eight pounds, or something under ; and a small lease of tithes, about four or five pounds: which last I would be glad you would ask Parvisol whether it be included among the tithes he has set. You see all the rents together are under two hundred pounds. I forgot five pounds a-year for the verger's house. Service to Stoyte and Manley,* and duty to Bishop of Dromore.†

—o—

TO THE SAME.

London, Oct. 20, 1713.

SIR,

I WROTE to you immediately upon receiving your former, as I do now upon your last of the tenth instant. As to the business of being prolocutor,‡ I will tell you the short of my story. Although I have done more service to Ireland, and particularly to the church, than any man of my level, I have never been able to get a good word ; and I incurred the displeasure of the bishops, by being the instrument, *sine qua non*, of procuring the first-fruits : neither

* Isaac Manley, Esq., deputy postmaster-general of Ireland.—F.

† Dr. John Sterne.

‡ The convocation did not meet in Ireland after the year 1710.—F.

had I credit to be a convocation-man in the meanest diocese of the kingdom, till poor Dean Synge, who happened to think well of me, got me to be chosen for St. Patrick's; so that I think there will be a great change if I am chosen prolocutor. And yet, at the same time, I am so very nice, that I will not think of moving toward Ireland till I am actually chosen: you will say, "What then must the clergy do for a prolocutor?" Why, I suppose they may appoint a vice-prolocutor, until my coming over, which may be in ten days. But this perhaps is not feasible: if not, you may be sure I shall not so openly declare my ambition to that post, when I am not sure to carry it; and if I fail, the comfort of *mecum certâsse feretur*, will not perhaps fall to my share. But I go on too fast; for I find in your next lines, that the archbishop says there will be an indispensable necessity that I should be there at the election. Why, if the bishops will all fix it, so as to give a man time to come over, with all my heart; but, if it must be struggled for at the election, I will have nothing to do with it. As for the bishops, I have not the least interest with above three in the kingdom: and unless the thought strikes the clergy in general, that I must be their man, nothing can come of it: we always settle a speaker here, as soon as the writs are issued out for a parliament: if you do so for a prolocutor, a man might have warning in time: but I should make the foolishest figure in nature, to come over hawking for an employment I nowise seek to desire, and then fail of it, Pray communicate the sense of what I say to the archbishop, to whom I will write by this post. As to my private affairs, I am sure they are in good hands: but I beg you will not have the least regard or tenderness to Parvisol, farther than you shall find he deserves. I am my gossip's very humble servant; and the like

to Mr. Stoyte, his lady, and Catharine, and Mr. Manley, and his lady and daughter. I am,

Your obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I wrote lately to Dr. Synge, twice in all.

I think you should force the St. Mary ladies* to town, toward Christmas.

My duty to the Bishop of Dromore.

Dr. Synge wrote me word a month ago, that Rosingrave, our organist, was at the point of death. Is he dead or alive ?

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, London, Oct. 20, 1713.

THE opportunity I had of a ship was so sudden, that I had not time to receive your grace's last commands, or pay my respects, which it was my duty and inclination to do ; and as for writing, I have always told your grace that I could not set about it with a good conscience, until I were provided with matter enough for your trouble of reading. We are outwardly pretty quiet during this interval of parliament ; but I will not answer what seeds are sowing to make the next spring produce bitter fruit. There are several reasons, impossible for me to tell at this distance, why I shall not be so good a correspondent as I have formerly been, but may probably serve to

* Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.—F.

entertain you a year or two hence: for the fashion of this world passes away; and there is nothing of so little consequence as the greatest court secrets when once the scene is changed. I said to somebody, when I was last in Ireland, who talked to me of the advantage and felicity I had in the familiarity of great ministers, that it was well enough while it continued a vanity; but as soon as it ceased to be a vanity, it began to be a vexation of spirit. I have some thought of passing this winter at the Bath, because my health requires it, and because I shall then be a pretty equal distance from the factions on both sides the water; for it is not impossible your grace may have a warm winter.

I have had some letters, particularly from Dr. Synge and Mr. Archdeacon Walls, about my being prolocutor. I have this post writ my thoughts upon that subject to Mr. Walls; and to save you the trouble, have desired him to communicate them to your grace. Our elections for the city still continue: I was this afternoon at Guildhall. I find three of the old members; and Withers, who is lowest, tells me he does not despair of carrying it for himself. There is abundance of artifice (to give it the softest word) used on both sides.*

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* The candidates put up by the High-Church party were Sir Richard Hoare, then lord-mayor, Sir William Withers, Sir John Cass, and Sir George Newland, being the four last members; in opposition to whom, those who were against the treaty of commerce with France put up four eminent merchants,—John Ward, Thomas Scawen, Robert Heysham, and Peter Godfrey, Esqrs. There was a vast appearance in the hall on both sides; but the sheriffs having declared the majority for the four old members, a poll was demanded for the other four; which was granted, and immediately proceeded upon for some small time. Many Quakers coming to poll, most of them for the four merchants, the opposite party insisted to tender them the abjuration oath, as the law

I came yesterday from Windsor, where I saw the queen in very good health, which she finds there more than anywhere else, and I believe will hardly remove until December. I believe my lord-lieutenant * will be landed before this letter comes to your hands: he is the finest gentleman we have, and of an excellent understanding and capacity for business: if I were with your grace, I would say more; but leave it to your own sagacity.

I will only venture to say one thing relating to Ireland, because I believe it will be of use that your grace should know it. If your house of commons should run into any violence disagreeable

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directs; which they refusing, occasioned some debate; and so the debate was adjourned till the next morning.

The merchants being like to lose a great number of voices by the Quakers not being permitted to poll, they bethought themselves of an expedient, and insisted that all that voted on either side should qualify themselves according to law, well knowing that not a few Roman Catholics, who appeared for the four old members, would not take the oaths, particularly that of abjuration. Hereupon the High-Church party thought it most for their advantage to compromise the matter; and so it was agreed that the oaths should not be tendered to any that polled on either side. Thus far the election proceeded in a fair and regular way, and continued so for some days; the effects of which appeared visibly to be in favour of the four merchants, who outstripped their competitors by several hundreds of voices. Hereupon those who supported the old members bestirred themselves with such indefatigable zeal and industry, that, what by the assistance both of present and absent friends, what by the help of persons confined for debt, whose liberty was procured to serve this critical turn, what by other methods, too tedious, and perhaps unsafe, to be mentioned, when the poll was closed, on Saturday the 24th of October, the voices stood thus:—

Sir Richard Hoare . .	3842	John Ward, Esq. . .	3730
Sir William Withers .	3763	Thomas Scawen, Esq.	3625
Sir John Cass . . .	3800	Robert Heysham, Esq.	3688
Sir George Newland .	3826	Peter Godfrey, Esq. .	3657

Political State, 1713, p. 287.

* The Duke of Shrewsbury.

to us here, it will be of the worst consequences imaginable to that kingdom: for I know no maxim more strongly maintained at present in our court, than that her majesty ought to exert her power to the utmost, upon any uneasiness given on your side to herself or her servants; neither can I answer, that even the legislative power here may not take cognizance of anything that may pass among you, in opposition to the persons and principles that are now favoured by the queen. Perhaps I am gone too far; and therefore shall end, without any ceremony.

Your grace's, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

Direct to me under cover to Erasmus Lewis, Esq., at Mr. Secretary Bromley's office at Whitehall.

—o—

FROM LORD CHANCELLOR PHIPPS.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, Oct. 24, 1713.

I AM indebted to you for your kind letters of the 8th and 10th instant, and I very heartily acknowledge the obligation. That of the 8th gave me a great many melancholy thoughts, when I reflected upon the danger our constitution is in, by the neglect and supineness of our friends, and the vigilance and unanimity of our enemies: but I hope your parliament proving so good will awaken our friends, and unite them more firmly, and make them more active.

That part of your letter of the 10th which related

to my son gave me great satisfaction; for, though the commissioners here have heard nothing of it, yet I believed Mr. Keightley might bring over full instructions in it; but he is arrived, and knows nothing of it; so that, whatever good intentions my lord-treasurer had in relation to my son, his lordship has forgotten to give any directions concerning him; for, with him, things are just as they were when you left Dublin. If you will be so kind to put his lordship in mind of it, you will be very obliging.

I cannot discharge the part of a friend, if I omit to let you know that your great neighbour * at St. Pulcher's is very angry with you. He accuses you for going away without taking your leave of him, and intends in a little time to compel you to reside at your deanery. He lays some other things to your charge, which you shall know in a little time.†

We hourly expect my lord-lieutenant. The Whigs begin to be sensible they must expect no great countenance from him, and begin to be a little down in the mouth, since they find Broderick is not to be their speaker.‡

I am, with very great truth,

Your most obedient humble servant.

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* The Archbishop of Dublin.—N.

† This is sufficient proof, among others, that, though there existed ceremony, respect, and perhaps even esteem, there was no cordiality between Swift and his constant correspondent Archbishop King.

‡ He was, however, chosen speaker by a majority of four voices.—B.

FROM DR. DAVENANT.*

SIR, Windsor, Nov. 3, 1713.

YOU have the character of employing in good offices to others, the honour and happiness you have of being often with my lord-treasurer. This use of your access to him is an uncommon instance of generosity, deserving the highest praises; for, most commonly, men are most apt to convert such advantages to their own single interest, without any regard of others; though, in my poor opinion, not so wisely. Acts of friendship create friends, even among strangers, that taste not of them; and, in my experience, I hardly ever knew a man friendly in the course of his proceedings, but he was supported in the world; ingratitude being the vice of which the generality of men are most ashamed to be thought guilty.

My son† and I have reasons to return you our thanks for what you have already done of this kind in his favour, and we beg the continuance of it. Ministers of state have such multiplicity of business, that it is no wonder if they forget low individuals; and, in such a case, private persons must be beholden to some good-natured man, to put those in power in mind of them; otherwise they may be forgotten,

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* Charles Davenant, LL.D., inspector-general of imports and exports. He was the son of the poet, and dabbled a good deal in politics, in which he shewed some versatility. He died Nov. 6, 1714.

† Henry Davenant, Esq., had been employed at Frankfort, from 1703 to 1707, or longer; but his father attempted in vain to get him to Florence. In 1718 he was resident at Genoa.

till old age overtakes them. Such well-disposed remembrancers deserve access, familiarity, and interest, with great men; and perhaps they are the most useful servants they can countenance in their hours of leisure.

I need not tell you, that, in point of time, he is above all pretenders to foreign business; that his affairs have now depended almost three years; that, in the interim, it has gone very hard with him; and that he gave a very early instance of his zeal to the present administration. But what he builds his hopes most upon, is the promise my lord-treasurer was pleased to make to the Duke of Shrewsbury, just as his grace left Windsor, that a provision should be made for Mr. Davenant. We must entreat you to find some lucky moment of representing to my lord, that the young man is pressed by a nearer concern than that of making his fortune, and that lovers can hardly be persuaded to be as patient as other men. The duke has carried his mistress from him, and will not consent to make him happy, till he sees him in some way of being settled: in which how anxious any delay must be (possession depending upon it) he leaves you to judge, who have so well studied mankind, and who know that love is a passion, in one of his age, much stronger than ambition. I beg your pardon for this long trouble, and am, Sir,

Your most humble,

and most obedient servant,

CHARLES DAVENANT.

—o—

EXTRACT FROM THE MS. DIARY OF BP. KENNET.*

"1713.—Dr. Swift came into the coffeehouse, and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the antichamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as a master of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my lord-treasurer, that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of £200 *per annum*, as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my lord-treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant to be sent abroad,† and took out his pocket-book and wrote down several things, as *memoranda*, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and telling him the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said, 'he was too fast.' 'How can I help it,' says the doctor, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go

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* Formerly in the library of the late Marquis of Lansdowne, and now in the British Museum. This is a very remarkable memorandum, and shews the extent of Swift's political importance at this moment. The Whig principles of the bishop seem to have been tolerably acrimonious.

† See the preceding letter.

right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope, (a Papist,)* who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which 'he must have them all subscribe;' 'for,' says he, 'the author *shall not* begin to print till I *have* a thousand guineas for him.' Lord-treasurer, after leaving the queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him: both went off just before prayers.

"Nov. 3.—I see and hear a great deal to confirm a doubt, that the Pretender's interest is much at the bottom of some hearts: a whisper that Mr. Nelson had a prime hand in the late book for hereditary right; and that one of them was presented to majesty itself, whom God preserve from the effect of such principles and such intrigues!"

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

DOCTOR, Nov. 3, 1713. Eleven at night.

I HOPE your servant has told you I sent to beg the favour of you to come hither to-night; but, since you could not conveniently, I hope you will not deny me the satisfaction of seeing you to-morrow morning. My lord joins with me in that request, and will see no company but you. I hope you will come before ten o'clock, because he is to go at that hour to Windsor. I beg your pardon for sending so early as I have ordered them to carry this; but the fear

* Nota bene.

of your being gone abroad, if they went later, occasioned that trouble given you, by, Sir,

Your most sincere,

and most faithful humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

—o—

TO LORD-TREASURER OXFORD.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER, THE MARCHIONESS OF CAERMARTHEN.*

MY LORD, Nov. 21, 1713.

YOUR lordship is the person in the world to whom everybody ought to be silent upon such an occasion as this, which is only to be supported by the greatest wisdom and strength of mind: wherein, God knows, the wisest and best of us, who would presume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind, and disturb the understanding. This, indeed, might be some pretence to us to administer our consolations, if we had been wholly strangers to the person gone. But, my lord, whoever had the honour to know her, wants a comforter as much as your lordship: because, though their loss is not so great, yet they have not the same firmness and prudence, to support the want of a friend, a patroness, a benefactor, as you have to support that of a

* The marchioness was married November 15, 1712; brought to bed of a son (afterwards Duke of Leeds) November 6, 1713; and died November 20, aged 28. The letter of consolation is beautifully and feelingly written.

daughter. My lord, both religion and reason forbid me to have the least concern for that lady's death, upon her own account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect stranger to her virtues, who would not wish himself, with all submission to God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your lordship, who has lost such a daughter, and we, who have lost such a friend, and the world, which has lost such an example, have, in our several degrees, greater cause to lament, than, perhaps, was ever given by any private person before: for, my lord, I have sat down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the composition of a lady, and could not single out one, which she did not possess in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of. But as to your lordship's own particular, as it is an unconceivable misfortune to have lost such a daughter, so it is a possession which few can boast of to have had such a daughter. I have often said to your lordship, "That I never knew any one by many degrees so happy in their domestics as you;" and I affirm you are so still, though not by so many degrees: from whence it is very obvious, that your lordship should reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have lost.

To say the truth, my lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is usual with the dispensations of Providence long to continue. You had been the great instrument of preserving your country from foreign and domestic ruin: you have had the felicity of establishing your family in the greatest lustre, without any obligation to the bounty of your prince, or any industry of your own: you have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies, by your courage and abilities: and by the steadiness of your temper, over the inconstancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your

lordship has felt too much complacency within yourself upon this universal success: and God Almighty, who would not disappoint your endeavours for the public, thought fit to punish you with a domestic loss, where he knew your heart was most exposed; and, at the same time, has fulfilled his own wise purposes, by rewarding in a better life, that excellent creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am sure it is not from any compliance with form; it is not from thinking that I can give your lordship any ease. I think it was an impulse upon me that I should say something: and whether I shall send you what I have written, I am yet in doubt, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM JUDGE NUTLEY.*

SIR, Dublin, Nov. 21, 1713.

I CANNOT help telling you that I think you do me great wrong in charging me with being too civil, and with want of plainness in my letters to you. If you will be abundant in your favours to me, how

* Mr. Richard Nutley went to Ireland as counsel to the commissioners of the forfeited estates in that kingdom; and acquired such practice as enabled him to allow Mr. William Nutley, a dissipated elder brother in England, £300 a-year out of his profits, in lieu of an estate of £140 a-year, which he was fearful would be alienated from the family. William was the author of a little poem, called "Dr. Radcliffe's Advice to Lady Dursley;" and, when his circumstances were much in the decline, received a most noble benefaction from that benevolent physician.

can I forbear thanking you? and if you will call that by a wrong name, that is your fault and not mine. I hope I shall be able to convince you of your mistake, by putting you in the place of the party obliged; and then I will shew you that I can be as ready as you are in doing good offices for a friend, and when I have done them, can treat you as you do me, as if you were the benefactor, and I had received the favour: I am sorry I did not keep a copy of my letter to you, that I might compare it with that which I shall have from you, whenever I shall be so happy as to receive one from you upon that subject; for I am thoroughly persuaded, you will then as much outdo me in civility of expression, as you do now in the power of conferring favours.

By this time I hope I have satisfied you, that it is fit for me (and I am resolved) to express the sense I have of your friendship in as high a manner as I can, until I have an opportunity of making a better return: but to shew you, that it is as uneasy to me to write civil things, as it can be to you to read them, I will, as often as I can, do you services, that I may not be at the trouble, or bear the reproach of being complaisant.

I am so much a philosopher as to know, that to be great, is to be, but not to be thought, miserable; and I am of the opinion of those among them, who allow retaliation; and therefore since you have declared your intention of loading me with cares, I will, as far as I can, make you sensible of the hurt you do me, by laying a like burden upon you.

I thank you most sincerely for the clear and full information you have given me of your grand church affair. It entirely agrees with my judgment; for I do think that what you propose will be the best service that has been done to this church and king-

dom since the Restoration, and the doing it soon will be of great advantage to the queen's affairs at this juncture. For, it has been given out among the party, that the ministry have an eye toward the Whigs, and that if they now exert themselves, they will soon have an open declaration in their favour: we have a remarkable proof of this; for Mr. Broderick has engaged a considerable number of the parliament men (many of them not of his party) to promise him their votes for speaker, by telling them he has the approbation of the ministry and lord-lieutenant; and since his grace has made known her majesty's pleasure, a new word is given out, that the liberties of the people are in the last danger, and that the crown is attempting the nomination of a speaker. I own I am no politician; but I think I understand the posture of affairs here, and I am assured that the church party is so strong, that if anything be done on your side to excite their zeal, and discourage their adversaries, there will be but a short struggle here. But if the Whigs are permitted to hope, or, what is as bad, to boast of their expectations, and nothing is done to enable others to confute them, they will, it is probable, be able to give trouble to the government; and what is now easy to be effected, will become difficult by delay: and I fear the want of doing this in time will occasion some uneasiness to the Duke of Shrewsbury; for to this is owing the doubtful dispute, who shall be speaker.

I have shewed your letter to the gentleman chiefly concerned in it: this I did, because I knew it would produce a full expression of his sentiments; and I can assure you, whatever occasion may have been given you to think what you say in your letter, he has a true sense of your friendship to him. I will be guarantee, that according to the power he has he will be ready to serve you, and that in kind.

My lord-chancellor will send you his own thanks. I am, most truly and sincerely,

Yours, &c.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.*

Binfield, Dec. 8, 1713.

SIR,

NOT to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you : your desire that I should write to you, and your proposal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion ; which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.

Sure no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. It is almost as many pieces of gold as an Apostle could get of silver, from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription, than a translation of Homer. And, to convince you how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content, if you can prevail with my lord-treasurer and the ministry to rise to

* This is the opening of the correspondence between these celebrated men, which began in favours on Swift's part, and gratitude on that of Pope, and ended in the most strict friendship on both. From the memorandum extracted from Bishop Kennet's Diary, the interest which Swift took in the subscription to Homer is fully proved ; and one would almost think Pope's ludicrous proposal to change his religion was calculated to meet Kennet's sagacious innuendo upon that subject.

the same sum each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good Christian; and I am very much straitened between the two, while the Whigs seem willing to contribute as much to continue me the one, as you would to make me the other. But, if you can move every man in the government, who has above ten thousand pounds a-year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert, as most men do, when the Lord turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good subject translated from Popery to the Church of England, than twenty Heathenish authors out of any known tongue into ours. I therefore commission you, Mr. Dean, with full authority to transact this affair in my name, and to propose as follows:—First, that as to the head of our church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the queen.

As to communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the ministry will allow me.

For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points; but there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as to my own; and I must crave leave, humbly to lay before them, that, though the subscriptions above-mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which

I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those, whose souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, schismatics, poets, painters, or persons of such lives and manners, as few or no churches are willing to save. The expense will therefore be the greater, to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

Old Dryden, though a Roman Catholic, was a poet; and it is revealed in the visions of some ancient saints, that no poet was ever saved under some hundreds of masses. I cannot set his delivery from purgatory at less than fifty pounds sterling.

Walsh was not only a Socinian, but (what you will own is harder to be saved) a Whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than a hundred.

L'Estrange being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, considering they never gave him sixpence to keep him from starving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy pounds.

In the next place, I must desire you to represent that there are several of my friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in consideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing shall be allowed, to save their souls who gave them.

There is one* * * * who will die within these few months; with* * * * * * * one Mr. Jervas, who hath grievously offended, in making the likeness of almost all things in Heaven above and earth below. And one Mr. Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service; whose case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he

should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I cannot pretend to have these people honestly saved under some hundred pounds, whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear them; which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able.

There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done; but indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The person I mean is Dr. Swift; a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, "That too much wit is dangerous to salvation," this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems on purpose that he might alter them, &c.

I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monsieur de Montaigne has assured me, "That the person who receives a benefit obliges the giver:" for since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who

administers both the matter and occasion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate, it is impossible Dr. Swift should be ever out of my debt, as matters stand already; and, for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from

His most faithful

and affectionate humble servant,

A. Pope.

I have finished the Rape of the Lock; but I believe I may stay here till Christmas, without hinderance of business.

—o—

TO BISHOP STERNE.

My Lord, London, Dec. 19, 1713.

I have two letters from you to acknowledge, one of the fifth, and another of the eleventh instant. I am very glad it lies in my way to do any service to Mr. Worral, and that his merits and my inclinations agree so well. I write this post to Dr. Synge to admit him. I am glad your lordship thinks of removing your palace to the old, or some better place. I wish I were near enough to give my approbation; and if you do not choose till summer, I shall, God willing, attend you. Your second letter is about Dr. Marsh, who is one I always loved, and have shewn it lately, by doing everything he could desire from a brother. I should be glad for some reasons that he would get a recommendation from the lord-

lieutenant, or at least that he be named. I cannot say more at this distance, but assure you, that all due care is taken of him. I have had an old scheme, as your lordship may remember, of dividing the bishoprics of Kilmore and Ardagh.* I advised it many months ago, and repeated it lately; and the queen and ministry, I suppose, are fallen into it. I did likewise lay very earnestly before proper persons the justice, and indeed necessity, of choosing to promote those of the kingdom; which advice has been hearkened to, and I hope will be followed. I would likewise say something in relation to a friend of your lordship's; but I can only venture thus much, that it was not to be done, and you may easily guess the reasons.

I know not who are named among you for the preferments; and, my lord, this is a very nice point to talk of at the distance I am. I know a person there better qualified, perhaps, than any that will succeed. But, my lord, our thoughts here are, that your kingdom leans too much one way; and believe me, it cannot do so long, while the queen and administration here act upon so very different a foot. This is more than I care to say. I should be thought a very vile man, if I presumed to recommend to ——† my own brother, if he were the least disinclined to the present measures of her majesty and ministry here. Whoever is thought to do so must shake off that character, or wait for other junctures. This, my lord, I believe you will find to be true; and I will for once venture a step farther, than perhaps discretion should let me; that I never saw so great a firmness in the court, as there

* These sees were then vacant, and were granted the month following to the lord-lieutenant's chaplain, Dr. Godwyn.—H.

† "A bishopric," doubtless.—N.

now is, to pursue those measures, upon which this ministry began, whatever some people may pretend to think to the contrary: and were certain objections made against some, persons we both know, I believe I might have been instrumental to the service of some, whom I must esteem. Pick what you can out of all this, and believe me to be ever, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LORD PRIMATE LINDSAY.

SIR, Dec. 26, 1713.

YOURS of December the 8th I have received, and have obeyed your commands; but am much troubled to find that the trade of doing ill offices is still continued. As for my part, I can entirely clear myself from either writing or saying anything to any one's prejudice upon this occasion; * and if others have wounded me in the dark, it is no more than they have done before; for Archbishop Tillotson formerly remarked, that if he should hearken to what the Irish clergy said of one another, there was not a man in the whole country that ought to be preferred.

We are now adjourned for a fortnight, and the commons for three weeks. I hear our lord-lieutenant is not well pleased that we have adjourned short

* There was at this time a great difference between the House of Lords and Commons in Ireland, about the Lord-Chancellor Phipps of that kingdom; the latter addressing the queen to remove him from his post, and the former addressing in his favour.—B.

of them; and I fancy the queen will not be well pleased that the commons have had so little regard to the dispatch of public business, as to make so long an adjournment as three weeks: and indeed they lately seem to intimate, that if the lord-chancellor * is not removed by that time, they will give her majesty no more money; and indeed some of them do not stick to say as much, and think it a duty incumbent on the crown, to turn out that minister (how innocent soever he be) whom the commons have addressed against.

I think it is plain to any who know the state of affairs here, that no party hath strength enough directly to oppose a money bill in this kingdom, when the government thinks fit to exert itself, as to be sure it always will do upon such occasions; and the half-pay officers, no doubt, will readily come in to that supply, out of which they are to receive their pay. But should all fail, yet the queen still may make herself easy, by disbanding two or three regiments, and striking off some unnecessary pensions.

Hobbes, in his Behemoth, talks of a height in time as well as place: and if ever there was a height in time here, it is certainly now; for some men seem to carry things higher, according to their poor power, than they did in England in 1641. And they now threaten, (and I am pretty well assured, have resolved upon it,) that if the chancellor is not discarded, they will impeach him before the lords in England. But if they have no more to say against him, than what their address contains, I think they will go upon no very wise errand.

I question not but that you will receive the votes, addresses, and representations of both houses from other hands, and therefore I have not troubled you

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* Sir Constantine Phipps.—H.

with them: but if the parliament should continue to sit, you may expect a great product of that kind; for the commons have taken upon themselves to be a court of judicature, have taken examinations out of the judges' hands about murder, (which is treason here,) without ever applying to the government for them; and before trial have voted the sheriffs and officers to have done their duty, and acquitted themselves well, when possibly the time may yet come, that some may still be hanged for that fact; which, in my poor opinion, is entirely destructive of liberty, and the freedom of elections.

I am your most humble servant, &c.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

My Lord, London, Dec. 31, 1713.

Your grace's letter, which I received but last post, is of an earlier date than what have since arrived. We have received the addresses for removing the chancellor, and the counter-addresses from the lords and convocation; and you will know, before this reaches you, our sentiments of them here. I am at a loss what to say in this whole affair. When I writ to you before, I dropped a word on purpose for you to take notice of; that our court seemed resolved to be very firm in their resolutions about Ireland. I think it impossible for the two kingdoms to proceed long upon a different scheme of politics. The controversy with the city I am not master of: it took its rise before I ever concerned myself in the affairs

of Ireland, farther than to be an instrument of doing some services to the kingdom, for which I have been ill requited. But, my lord, the question with us here is, whether there was a necessity that the other party should be a majority? There was put into my hands a list of your House of Commons by some who know the kingdom well: I desired they would (as they often do here) set a mark on the names of those who would be for the ministry, who I found amounted to one hundred and forty-three, which I think comes within an equality: twenty names besides they could not determine upon; so that, suppose eight to be of the same side, there would be a majority by one; but besides, we reckon that the first number, one hundred and forty-three, would easily rise to a great majority, by the influence of the government, if that had been thought fit. This is demonstration to us; for the government there has more influence than the court here: and yet our court carried it for many years against a natural majority, and a much greater one. I shall not examine the reasons among you for proceeding otherwise; but your grace will find that we are determined upon the conclusion, which is, that Ireland must proceed on the same foot with England. I am of opinion, my lord, that nothing could do more hurt to the Whig party in both kingdoms, than their manner of proceeding in your House of Commons. It will confirm the crown and ministry that there can be no safety while those people are able to give disturbance; and indeed the effects it has already produced here, are hardly to be believed: neither do we here think it worth our while to be opposed, and encourage our enemies, only for £70,000 a-year: to supply which it may not be hard to find other expedients; and when there shall be occasion for a parliament, we are confident a new

one may be called, with a majority of men in the interest of the queen and church; for, when the present majority pretends to regard either, we look upon such professions to signify no more than if they were penned by my Lord Wharton, or Mr. Molesworth. I have suffered very much for my tenderness to some persons of that party, which I still preserve; but I believe it will not be long in my power to serve those who may want it. It would be endless to recount to your grace the reproaches that have been made me, on account of your neighbour.

It is true, my lord, we do not care to be troubled with the affairs of Ireland; but, there being no war, or meeting of parliament, we have leisure at present: besides, we look upon ourselves as touched in the tenderest part. We know the Whig party are preparing to attack us next session, and their prevailing in Ireland would, we think, be a great strength and encouragement to them here: besides, our remissness would dishearten our friends, and make them think we acted a trimming game. There are some things which we much wonder at, as they are represented: the address for removing the chancellor is grounded upon two facts, in the former of which he was only concerned with several others. The criminal was poor and penitent; and a *noli prosequi* was no illegal thing. As to Moore's business, the chancellor's speech on that occasion has been transmitted hither, and seems to clear him from the imputation of prejudging. Another thing we wonder at, is, to find the commons in their votes approve the sending for the guards, by whom a man was killed. Such a thing would, they say, look monstrous in England.

Your grace seems to think they will not break on money matters; but we are taught another opinion,

that they will not pass the great bill until they have satisfaction about the chancellor: and what the consequence of that will be, I suppose you may guess from what you know by this time.

My lord, we can judge no otherwise here than by the representations made to us. I sincerely look upon your grace to be master of as much wisdom and sagacity, as any person I have known; and from my particular respect to you and your abilities, shall never presume to censure your proceedings, until I am fully apprised of the matter. Your grace is looked upon here as altogether in the other party, which I do not allow when it is said to me. I conceive you to follow the dictates of your reason and conscience: and whoever does that, will, in public management, often differ as well from one side as another.

As to myself, I take Ireland to be the worst place to be in while the parliament sits, and probably I may think the same of England in a month or two. I have few obligations (farther than personal friendship and civilities) to any party: I have nothing to ask for but a little money to pay my debts, which I doubt they never will give me; and wanting wisdom to judge better, I follow those who, I think, are most for preserving the church and state, without examining whether they do so from a principle of virtue or of interest.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LORD PRIMATE LINDSAY.

SIR, Jan. 5, 1713–14.

YOURS I received the 2d instant, and immediately got Mr. Justice Nutley to write to the Bishop of Killaloe,* at Kells, to know of him, whether, if he could get him translated to the Bishopric of Raphoe, he would accept of it: and this day we received his answer, that it was not worth his while to carry his family so far northward, for so little advantage as that bishopric would bring him; his own being upward of a thousand pounds a-year, and Raphoe not much above eleven hundred. The reason why I got Judge Nutley to write was, because I apprehended it might seem irksome to him to be persuaded by myself to accept of what I left: though at the same time I can assure you, I have done little more than saved myself whole by that bishopric; and he might, if he pleased, in a little time have received sixteen or seventeen hundred pounds for fines; so that if this comes time enough to your hands, you will prevent any farther motion that way. But if Meath drops, I believe it would be an acceptable post; and the truth is, he has always, in the worst of times, voted honestly, and behaved himself as a true son of the church. In the meantime, be assured, the judge knows not that you are concerned in this affair.

There is a gentleman, whom I believe you must

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* Dr. William Lloyd.—N.

have heard of, Dr. Andrew Hamilton,* Archdeacon of Raphoe, a man of good learning and abilities, and one of great interest in that country, whom I could wish you would move for (since the Bishop of Killaloe refuses) to succeed me in Raphoe, as one that is the most likely to do good in that part of the country, of any one man I know.

And now be pleased to accept my thanks for the great services you have done me: and as you have contributed much to my advancement, so I must desire you upon occasion, to give me your farther assistance for the service of the church.

The parliament is prorogued to the 18th instant; but the Whigs continuing obstinate, and deaf to all persuasions to carry on the queen's business with peace and gentleness, we conclude it must be dissolved.

If this should not come time enough to your hands, to prevent the Bishop of Killaloe's letter for a translation to Raphoe, I will labour all I can to make him easy.

—o—

FROM LORD CHANCELLOR PHIPPS.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, Jan. 15, 1713–14.

MANY of my letters from London tell me how much I am obliged to you for your friendly solicitation on my son's behalf, which will be always remembered by us both, with the same gratitude, as

* Though recommended by the primate to succeed him in the see of Raphoe, he was not preferred to it; Dr. Edward Synge being then advanced to that bishopric.—B.

if it had succeeded. I had congratulations from the Duke of Ormond, my Lord Bolingbroke, and others, on account of my son's having the place, for they sent me word it was actually done; and several other persons had letters of it, and our friends were extremely rejoiced at the well timing of it, and it was a great addition to the mortification of the Whigs; and the disappointment will be a cause of great joy to them. But in this, and in all other things, I submit to the judgment of my superiors, who know best what is fit to be done. As to looking out for anything else for my son, there is nothing else here, that I know is fit for him; and if anything worth his having falls in England, it will be disposed of before I can have notice of it.

We are told by everybody, that the rest of our vacant bishopics will be filled to our satisfaction; if they are, you must be one of them. But if you are resolved, that you will not yet *episcopari* here, give me leave to recommend to you an affair of my Lord Abercorn's, which is, that you would consent to the agreement the vicars choral have made him for renewing his lease.* I am informed there are some misunderstandings between you. It is very unhappy there should be any difference between two such sure and great friends to the common cause. I do assure you, we are very much obliged to my Lord Abercorn for his great service in these times of difficulty; he is as good a friend as any in the world, and as bad an enemy; and I am very sure, if you would make him a compliment, and oblige him in this matter, you would gain an entire true

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* This lease was for the greatest part of York Street, in which Lord Abercorn lived; and, by the terms of their charter, the vicars choral cannot make leases without the consent of the dean and chapter.—H.

friend of him for the future, and oblige a great many of your friends here, who have all a great value and esteem for him.

I heartily congratulate you on her majesty's recovery, and the good effect it has had in uniting our friends. That, together with the resolution that is taken to support the church interest, will, without doubt, in a little time render all things easy and quiet in both kingdoms; though as yet our Whigs here are as obstinate and perverse as ever. The Commons are resolved they will give no money till I am removed; and the aldermen will not own my lord-mayor, nor proceed to any election, notwithstanding the opinion of all the judges here, and of the attorney-general, and all the queen's counsel, (except Sir Joseph Jekyll,) in England.

I wish you many happy new years, and should be very proud to receive your commands here, being, with the utmost sincerity and esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

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FROM THE EARL OF ANGLESEY.

MR. DEAN, Dublin, Jan. 16, 1713–14.

YOU judged extremely right of me, that I should, with great pleasure, receive what you tell me, that my endeavours to serve her majesty, in this kingdom, are agreeable to my lord-treasurer, and the rest of the ministers. I have formerly so freely expressed to you the honour I must always have for his lordship, that I think I cannot explain my-

self more fully on that subject. But, what his lordship has already done for the church, and the church interest here, and what we have assurance will soon be done will give his lordship so entire a command in the affections of all honest men here, (which are not a few,) that I am persuaded he will soon find Ireland an easy part of the administration. For it is my firm opinion, that steady and vigorous measures will so strengthen the hands of our friends in both kingdoms, that after the efforts of despair, (which never last long,) are over, her majesty and her ministers will receive but little trouble from the faction, either on this or on your side of the water.

You are very kind to us in your good offices for Mr. Phipps, because a mark of favour so seasonably, as at this time, conferred on lord-chancellor's son, will have a much greater influence, and reach farther than his lordship's person. I am preparing for my journey, and I hope I shall be able to lay such a state of this kingdom before my lord-treasurer, as may prevent future disappointments, when it shall be thought necessary to hold a parliament. If this parliament is not to sit after the present prorogation, I do think, were I with you, I could offer some reasons why the filling the vacant bishoprics should be deferred for a little time. I praise God for his great goodness in restoring her majesty to her health; the blessing of which, if we had no other way of knowing, we might learn from the mortification it has given a certain set of men here.

I shall trouble you with no compliments, because I hope soon to tell you how much I am, dear sir, yours,

ANGLESEY.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

March 5, 1713–14.

QUERIES FOR DR. SWIFT, NEXT SATURDAY, AT DINNER.

WHETHER any great man, or minister, has favoured the Earl of Peterborow with one single line since he left England;* for, as yet, he has not received one word from any of them; nor his friend of St. Patrick's?

Whether, if they do not write till they know what to write, he shall ever hear from them?

Whether anything can be more unfortunate, than to be overcome when strongest, outwitted having more wit, and baffled having most money?

Whether betwixt two stools the bottom goes to the ground, (reverend dean,) be not a good old proverb, which may give subject for daily meditation and mortification?

I send the lazy scribbler a letter from the extremities of the earth, where I pass my time, admiring the humility and patience of that power heretofore so terrible; and the new scene which we see, to wit, the most Christian king waiting with so much resignation and respect, to know the emperor's pleasure as to peace or war.

Where I reflect with admiration upon the politics of those, who, breaking with the old allies, dare not make use of the new ones; who, pulling down the old rubbish and structure, do not erect a new fabric on solid foundations. But this is not so much to

* Indorsed, "Lord Peterborow, abroad on embassies."

the purpose; for, in the world of the moon, provided toasting continue, the church and state can be in no danger.

But, alas! in this unmerry country, where we have time to think, and are under the necessity of thinking, where impiously we make use of reason, without a blind resignation to Providence, the bottle, or chance, what opinion think you we have of the present management in the refined parts of the world, where there are just motives of fear? When neither steadiness nor conduct appears, and when the evil seems to come on apace, can it be believed, that extraordinary remedies are not thought of?

Heavens! what is our fate? What might have been our portion, and what do we see in the age we live in? France and England, the Kings of Spain and Sicily, perplexed and confounded by a headstrong youth;* one, who has lost so many kingdoms by pride and folly; and all these powerful nations at a gaze, ignorant of their destiny; not capable of forming a scheme, which they can maintain, against a prince, who has neither ships, money, nor conduct. Some of the ministers assisted and supported with absolute power, others with a parliament at their disposal, and the most inconsiderable of them with the Indies at their tail.

And what do I see in the centre, as it were, of ignorance and bigotry? The first request of a parliament to their king is to employ effectual means against the increase of priests; the idle devourers of the fat of the land. We see churches, shut up by the order of the Pope, set open by dragoons, to the general content of the people. To

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* Charles the Twelfth of Sweden.—H.

conclude, it fell out, that one of our acquaintance* found himself, at a great table, the only unexcommunicated person by his holiness; the rest of the company eating and toasting, under anathemas, with the courage of a hardened heretic.

Look upon the prose I send you. See, nevertheless, what a sneaking figure he makes at the foot of the parson. Who could expect this from him? But he thinks, resolves, and executes.

If you can guess from whence this comes, address your letter to him, "à Messieurs *Raffnel* et *Fretti Sacerdotti, Genoa.*"

—o—

FROM LORD-TREASURER OXFORD.†

Wednesday Night.

I HAVE heard, that some honest men, who are very innocent, are under trouble touching a printed pamphlet. A friend of mine, an obscure person, but charitable, puts the enclosed bill in your hands, to answer such exigencies as their case may immediately require. And I find he will do more, this being only for the present. If this comes safe to your hands, it is enough.‡

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* Probably the Rev. Mr. George Berkeley, Fellow of Dublin College, who went chaplain and secretary to the Earl of Peterborow to Sicily, at the recommendation of Dr. Swift.—B.

† Indorsed, "Lord-Treasurer Oxford's letter to me in a counterfeit hand, with the bill, when the printers were prosecuted by the House of Lords for a pamphlet. Letter with bill of £100. Received March 14, 1713–14."—N.

‡ This letter was sent to Dr. Swift, when the printer Barber was prosecuted by the House of Lords, for "The Public Spirit of the Whigs;" a pamphlet written in answer to a tract of Sir

TO LORD-TREASURER OXFORD.*

March 18, 1713–14.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,

PURSUANT to her majesty's proclamation of the fifteenth of this instant March, for discovering the author of a false, malicious, and factious libel, entitled, "The Public Spirit of the Whigs;" wherein her majesty is graciously pleased to offer a reward of three hundred pounds, to be paid by your lordship; which said discovery I can make. But your lordship, or some persons under your lordship, have got such an ill name in paying such rewards: Instance two poor men, *viz.*, John Greenwood and John Bouch, who took and brought to justice six persons, vulgarly Mohocks; which the said two poor men never received but twenty pounds, and the latter thirty; and they had no partners concerned with them, as appears by the attorney-general's reports to your lordship; which, if I should be so served, to cause any persons to be so punished, and be no better rewarded, will be no encouragement for me to do it; for these two poor men being so plain a precedent for me to go by. Your lordship's most humble and most obedient servant.

L. M.

Richard Steele's, called "The Crisis," and published on the second of March 1713–14. All the Scots lords then in London went to the queen, and complained of the affront put on them and their nation by the author; upon which a proclamation was published by her majesty offering a reward of £300 to discover him.—H.

* Indorsed, "A letter to lord-treasurer, offering to discover the author of the pamphlet, called, 'The Public Spirit of the Whigs.'"

HUMOROUS LINES,

BY LORD-TREASURER OXFORD,

SENT TO DR. SWIFT, DR. ARBUTHNOT, MR. POPE, AND MR. GAY.

April 14, 1714. Back Stairs, past Eight.

GAY.

In a summons so large, which all clergy contains,
I must turn Dismal's* convert, or part with my brains,
Should I scruple to quit the Back-stairs for your blind ones,
Or refuse your true juncto† for one of——

The following is their Answer to his Lordship, chiefly written by the Dean.

Let not the Whigs our Tory club rebuke,
Give us our earl,‡ the devil take their duke.§
Quædam quæ attinent ad Scriblerum,
Want your assistance now to clear 'em.
One day it will be no disgrace,
In Scribler to have had a place;

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* Dismal was Lord Nottingham.—H.

† Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Gay, were writing the History of Martinus Scriblerus; and these four wits, in conjunction, are styled by lord-treasurer a juncto.—H.

‡ Of Oxford.—B.

§ Of Marlborough.—B.

Come then, my lord, and take your part in
The important history of Martin.

THE DEAN.

A pox on all senders
For any pretenders,
Who tell us these troublesome stories
In their dull humdrum key,
Of *Arma virumque,*
Hanoniæ qui primus ab oris.*
A pox, too, on Hanmer,†
Who prates like his gran-mere,
And all his old friends would rebuke:
In spite of the carle,
Give us but our earl,

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* The duchy of Hainault.—H. The arrival of the Duke of Marlborough was generally expected, and it was supposed that his influence would completely revive amidst the dissensions of the Tory ministry.

† Just at this time, a celebrated debate took place in a committee of the whole house, upon the danger of the Protestant succession in the line of Hanover. Sir Thomas Hanmer, the speaker, who had hitherto acted with Oxford's administration, made, on this occasion, a memorable speech, importing, "That he was sorry to see that endeavours were used to wave that question and stop their mouths; but he was of opinion, that this was the proper, and perhaps the only time for patriots to speak. That a great deal of pains were taken to screen some persons; and in order to make them overlook the dangers that threatened the queen, the nation, and the Protestant succession. That, for his own part, he had all the honour and respect imaginable for her majesty's ministers; but that he owed still more to his country than to any minister. That, in this debate, so much had been said to prove the succession to be in danger, and so little to make out the contrary, that he could not but believe the first. He concluded with taking notice of Sir Patrick Lawless being suffered to come over, and admitted to an audience of her majesty. This speech had a great influence on the unbiassed and unprejudiced members."—TINDAL'S *Continuation of Rapin*, Lond, 1745, vol. IV. 354.

The devil may take their duke.
Then come and take part in
The memoirs of Martin;
Lay down your white staff and gray habit:
For trust us, friend Mortimer,
Should you live years forty more,
Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

—o—

MORE LINES OF HUMOUR.

BY THE LORD-TREASURER.

April 14, 1714.

I HONOUR the men, sir,
Who are ready to answer,
When I ask them to stand by the queen;
In spite of orâtors,
And blood-thirsty praters,
Whose hatred I highly esteem.
Let our faith's defender
Keep out every pretender,
And long enjoy her own;
Thus you four, five,
May merrily live,
Till faction is dead as a stone.

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

BROTHER,* April 24, 1714.

I SHOULD sooner have thanked you for your letter, but that I hoped to have seen you here by this time. You cannot imagine how much I am grieved, when I find some people I wish well to, run counter to their own interest, and give their enemies such advantages, by being so hard upon their friends as to conclude, if they are not without fault, they are not to be supported, or scarce conversed with. Fortune is a very pretty gentlewoman; but how soon she may be changed nobody can tell. Fretting her, with the seeing all she does for people only makes them despise her, may make her so sick as to alter her complexion; but I hope our friends will find her constant, in spite of all they do to shock her: and remember the story of the arrows,† that were very easily broke singly; but, when tied up close together, no strength of man could hurt them. But that you may never feel any ill consequences from whatever may happen, are the sincere wishes of, brother,

Yours, with all sisterly affection,

M. ORMOND.

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* The Duke of Ormond was one of the sixteen brothers; the duchess, therefore, calls Swift brother in her lord's right. Lady Masham occasionally did the same.—N.

† In this letter the duchess alludes to the division then subsisting among the ministers at court; and it is probable, that the hint about the story of the arrows produced the poem called "The

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

London, May 18, 1714.

My Lord,

I had done myself the honour of writing to your excellency, about a month before yours of March the 5th came to my hands. The Saturday's dinners have not been resumed since the queen's return from Windsor; and I am not sorry, since it became so mingled an assembly, and of so little use either to business or conversation: so that I was content to read your queries to our two great friends. The treasurer stuck at them all; but the secretary acquitted himself of the first, by assuring me he had often written to your excellency.

I was told, the other day, of an answer you made to somebody abroad, who inquired of you the state and dispositions of our court: "That you could not tell, for you have been out of England a fortnight." In your letter, you mention the world of the moon, and apply it to England; but the moon changes but once in four weeks. By both these instances, it appears you have a better opinion of our steadiness than we deserve; for I do not remember, since you left us, that we have continued above four days in the same view, or four minutes with any manner of concert. I assure you, my lord, for the concern I have for the common cause, with relation to affairs both at home and abroad, and from the personal love I bear to our friends in power, I never led a

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Fagot," which the Dean wrote about this time. It is said, under the title, to have been written in the year 1713, when the queen's ministers were quarrelling among themselves.—H.

life so thoroughly uneasy as I do at present. Our situation is so bad, that our enemies could not, without abundance of invention and ability, have placed us so ill, if we had left it entirely to their management. For my own part, my head turns round ; and, after every conversation, I come away just one degree worse informed than I went. I am glad, for the honour of our nation, to find by your excellency's letter, that some other courts have a share of frenzy, though not equal, nor of the same nature with ours. The height of honest men's wishes at present is, to rub off this session; after which nobody has the imprudence to expect that we shall not immediately fall to pieces : nor is anything I write the least secret, even to a Whig footman.

The queen is pretty well at present; but the least disorder she has puts all in alarm ; and when it is over we act as if she were immortal. Neither is it possible to persuade people to make any preparations against an evil day. There is a negotiation now in hand, which, I hope, will not be abortive ; the States General are willing to declare themselves fully satisfied with the peace and the queen's measures, &c., and that is too popular a matter to slight. It is impossible to tell you whether the Prince of Hanover intends to come over or not. I should think the latter, by the accounts I have seen ; yet our adversaries continue strenuously to assert otherwise, and very industriously give out, that the lord-treasurer is at the bottom : which has given some jealousies, not only to his best friends, but to some I shall not name ; yet I am confident they do him wrong. This formidable journey is the perpetual subject both of court and coffee-house chat.

Our mysterious and unconcerted ways of proceeding have, as is natural, taught everybody to be refiners, and to reason themselves into a thousand

various conjectures. Even I, who converse most with people in power, am not free from this evil: and, particularly, I thought myself twenty times in the right, by drawing conclusions very regularly from premises which have proved wholly wrong. I think this, however, to be a plain proof that we act altogether by chance, and that the game, such as it is, plays itself.

By the present enclosed in your excellency's letter, I find the Sicilians to be bad delineators, and worse poets. As sneakingly as the prince looks at the bishop's foot, I could have made him look ten times worse, and have done more right to the piece, by placing your excellency there, representing your mistress the queen, and delivering the crown to the bishop, with orders where to place it. I should like your new king very well, if he would make Sicily his constant residence, and use Savoy only as a *commendam*. Old books have given me great ideas of that island. I imagine every acre there worth three in England; and that a wise prince, in such a situation, would, after some years, be able to make what figure he pleased in the Mediterranean.

The Duke of Shrewsbury, not liking the weather on our side of the water, continues in Ireland, although he formally took his leave there six weeks ago. Tom Harley is every hour expected here, and writes me word, "he has succeeded at Hanover to his wishes." Lord Stafford writes the same, and gives himself no little merit upon it.

Barber the printer was, some time ago, in great distress, upon printing a pamphlet, of which evil tongues would needs call me the author:* he was

* "The Public Spirit of the Whigs." See the lord-treasurer's letter on this subject, under a feigned name, enclosing a bill to defray the expense of the publisher's defence.

brought before your house, which addressed the queen in a body, who kindly published a proclamation with three hundred pounds to discover. The fault was, calling the Scots "a fierce, poor northern people." So well protected are those who scribble for the government! Upon which, I now put one query to your excellency, What has a man without employment to do among ministers, when he can neither serve himself, his friends, nor the public?

In my former letter, which I suppose was sent to Paris to meet you there, I gave you joy of the government of Minorca. One advantage you have of being abroad, that you keep your friends; and I can name almost a dozen great men, who thoroughly hate one another, yet all love your lordship. If you have a mind to preserve their friendship, keep at a distance; or come over, and shew your power, by reconciling at least two of them; and remember, at the same time, that this last is an impossibility. If your excellency were here, I would speak to you without any constraint; but the fear of accidents in the conveyance of the letter, makes me keep to generals. I am sure you would have prevented a great deal of ill, if you had continued among us; but people of my level must be content to have their opinion asked, and to see it not followed; although I have always given it with the utmost freedom and impartiality. I have troubled you too much; and as a long letter from you is the most agreeable thing one can receive, so the most agreeable return would be a short one. I am ever, with the greatest respect and truth, my Lord,

Your excellency's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM CHIVERTON CHARLTON, Esq.,

CAPTAIN OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

May 22, 1714.

SIR,

HEARING from honest John,* that you still persist in your resolution of retiring into the country, I cannot but give you my thoughts of it, at the same time that I am sensible how intruding it may appear in me to trouble you with what I think; but you have an unlucky quality, which exposes you to the forwardness of those who love you: I mean good-nature. From which, though I did not always suspect you guilty of it, I now promise myself an easy pardon. So that without being in much pain as to the censure you may pass upon my assurance, I shall go on gravely to tell you I am entirely against your design.

I confess a just indignation at several things, and particularly at the return your services have met with, may give you a disgust to the court; and that retirement may afford a pleasing prospect to you, who have lived so long in the hurry, and have borne so great a share of the load of business; and the more so at this juncture, when the distraction among your friends is enough to make any one sick of a courtier's life. But on these very accounts you should choose to stay, and convince the world that

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* John Barber, then the Dean's printer; in 1722, an alderman, and in 1733, lord-mayor of London. This expostulation was written when the Dean, having failed in every effort to reconcile Oxford and Bolingbroke, retired into the country to avoid beholding the consequences of their disunion.

you are as much above private resentment, where the public is concerned, as you are incapable of being tired out in the service of your country; and that you are neither afraid nor unwilling to face a storm in a good cause.

It is true, you have less reason than any one I know, to regard what the world says of you; for I know none, to whom the world has been more unjust. Yet, since the most generous revenge is to make the ungrateful appear yet more ungrateful, you should still persecute the public with fresh obligations; and the rather, because some there are of a temper to acknowledge benefits; and it is to be hoped the rest may not always continue stupid. At least, (suppose the worst,) the attempt to do good carries along with it a secret satisfaction, with which if you are not sensibly affected, I am at a loss how to account for many of your actions. I remember very well, what you have sometimes said upon this subject; as if you were now grown useless, &c. To which I have this to answer, that though your efforts are in vain to-day, some unforeseen incident may make them otherwise to-morrow; and that, should you by your absence lose any happy opportunity, you will be the first to reproach yourself with running away, and be the last man in the world to pardon it. If I denied self-interest to be at the bottom of all I have said, I know you would think I lied villainously, and perhaps not think amiss neither; for I still flatter myself with the continuance of that favour you have on many occasions been pleased to shew me; and am vain enough to fancy I should be a considerable loser, if you were where I could have an opportunity of clubbing my shilling with you now and then at *good eating*. But as much as I am concerned on this account, I am not so selfish to say what I have done, if it were not my real

opinion; which whether you regard or not, I could not deny myself the satisfaction of speaking it, and of assuring you, that I am, with the utmost sincerity and respect, Sir, your most obliged, and most faithful humble servant,

CH. CHARLTON.

My Lady Duchess,* I can answer for her, is very much your servant, though I have not her commands to say so. She is gone to see the Duke of Beaufort, who is so ill it is feared he cannot recover. She went this morning so early, I have had no particular account how he is: but am told, he does nothing but doze. The messenger came to her at three in the morning; and she went away immediately afterward.

Lady Betty desires me to thank you for your letter, and would be glad, since the provost is graciously pleased to stay her majesty's time, to know where it is he designs to stay.

Honest Townshend and I have the satisfaction to drink your health as often as we do drink together. Whether you approve of your being toasted with the Bishop of London and such people, I cannot tell; but at present we have disposed you in the first list of rank Tories.

A servant is just now come from the Duchess of Ormond, and gives such an account of the Duke of Beaufort, that it is thought he cannot possibly recover.

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* Of Ormond.—H.

FROM MR. GAY.*

SIR, London, June 8, 1714.

SINCE you went out of the town, my Lord Clarendon was appointed envoy-extraordinary to Hanover in the room of Lord Paget; and by making use of those friends, which I entirely owe to you, he has accepted me for his secretary. This day, by appointment, I met his lordship at Mr. Secretary Bromley's office;† he then ordered me to be ready by Saturday. I am quite off from the Duchess of Monmouth.‡ Mr. Lewis was very ready to serve me upon this occasion, as were Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Ford. I am every day attending my lord-treasurer for his bounty, in order to set me out; which he has promised me upon the following petition, which I sent him by Dr. Arbuthnot:

The Epigrammatical Petition of John Gay.

I'm no more to converse with the swains,
  But go where fine people resort:
One can live without money on plains,
  But never without it at court.

If, when with the swains I did gambol,
  I array'd me in silver and blue:*

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* Indorsed "The Dean sent Gay abroad."—N.

† Bromley was joint secretary, with Bolingbroke.—H.

‡ Mr. Gay had been secretary or domestic steward, to the duchess, widow of the Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in the first year of King James II.—B.

§ Gay's finery was the subject of ridicule both to himself and

When abroad, and in courts, I shall ramble
Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

We had the honour of the treasurer's company last Saturday, when we sat upon Scriblerus.* Pope is in town, and has brought with him the first book of Homer.

I am this evening to be at Mr. Lewis's with the Provost,† Mr. Ford, Parnell, and Pope. It is thought my Lord Clarendon will make but a short stay at Hanover. If it was possible that any recommendation could be procured to make me more distinguished than ordinary, during my stay at that court, I should think myself very happy, if you could contrive any method to prosecute it; for I am told, that their civilities very rarely descend so low as to the secretary. I have all the reason in the world to acknowledge this as wholly owing to you. And the many favours I have received from you, purely out of your love for doing good, assures me you will not forget me in my absence. As for myself, whether I am at home or abroad, gratitude will always put me in mind of the man to whom I owe so many benefits. I am your most obliged humble servant,

J. GAY.

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his friends. In the preface to his pastorals he describes his equipment for court:

I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue.

And Pope, in his humorous letter to the Dean, describes Gay as an unhappy youth, who has miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

* Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.

† Of Dublin College, Dr. Benjamin Pratt.—H.

FROM MR. BARBER.

DEAR SIR, London, June 8, 1714.

I HAVE enclosed all the letters that have come to my hands. I saw my lord-treasurer to-day, who asked me where you were gone? I told his lordship you were in Berkshire. He answered, "It is very well; I suppose I shall soon hear from him." My Lord Bolingbroke was very merry with me upon your journey, and hoped the world would be the better for your retirement, and that I should soon be the midwife.* The schism bill was read the second time yesterday, and committed for to-morrow, without a division. Everybody is in the greatest consternation at your retirement, and wonders at the cause. I tell them, it is for your health's sake. Mr. Gay is made secretary to my Lord Clarendon, and is well pleased with his promotion. The queen is so well, that the Sicilian ambassador has his audience to-night. She can walk, thank God, and is well recovered. ******** consent, I will appoint the

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* Swift having in vain endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between the Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, retired about this time to the house of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Gery, at Letcombe, Berks; where he wrote "Free Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs;" which, through the medium of his friend Ford, he put to the press of Mr. John Barber. The printer, pleased with his pamphlet, but not knowing by whom it was written, communicated it to Lord Bolingbroke, who made in it some alterations not relished by the Dean, and which retarded the progress at the press so long, that in the interim the queen died, and the pamphlet was at that time suppressed.

happy day; as does, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

TYRANT.*

I forgot to tell you that I saw Mr. Harley, who told me he would instantly send for the horse from Herefordshire, but that being at grass, he had ordered his man not to ride hard; but that you should have him with all convenient speed.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.†

St. James's, June 12, 1714.

DEAR BROTHER,‡

I AM glad your proud stomach is come down, and that you submit to write to your friends. I was of opinion, that if they managed you right, they might bring you to be even fond of an article in the Post-Boy, or Flying Post. As for the present state of our court affairs, I thank God I am almost as ignorant as you are, to my great ease and comfort. I have never inquired about anything, since my Lady Masham told the dragon,§ that she would carry no more messages, nor meddle nor make, &c. I do not know whether things were quite so bad when you

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* Most persons who have had to do with the press, can assign good reasons for distinguishing its directors by the tremendous epithet assumed by Barber.

† At that time the queen's domestic physician.

‡ One of the sixteen.—H.

§ Lord-Treasurer Oxford.—B.

went. The dragon manages this bill * pretty well; for you know that it is his *forte:* and I believe, at the rate they go on, they will do mischief to themselves and good to nobody else.

You know that Gay goes to Hanover, and my lord-treasurer has promised to equip him. Monday is the day of departure; and he is now dancing attendance for money to buy him shoes, stockings, and linen. The duchess † has turned him off, which I am afraid, will make the poor man's condition worse instead of better.

The dragon was with us on Saturday night last, after having sent us really a most excellent copy of verses. I really believe, when he lays down, he will prove a very good poet. I remember the first part of his verses was complaining of ill usage; and at last he concludes,

"He that cares not to rule, will be sure to obey,
When summon'd by Arbuthnot, Pope, Parnell, and Gay."

Parnell has been thinking of going chaplain to my Lord Clarendon; but they will not say whether he should or not. I am to meet our club at the Pall-Mall coffeehouse, about one to-day, where we cannot fail to remember you. The queen is in good health; much in the same circumstances with the gentleman I mentioned, in attendance upon her ministers for something she cannot obtain. My Lord and my Lady Masham and Lady Fair, remember you kindly; and none with more sincere respect than your affectionate brother and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

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* "To prevent the growth of schism, and for the farther security of the Church of England, as by law established." It passed the House of Lords, June 13, 1714.—B.

† The Duchess of Monmouth, to whom he had been secretary. —H.

FROM MR. POPE.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance I know by experience a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing: if you are too busied in state affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form, to light a pipe; or, if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the country, and doubt not (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country: but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken, for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you, upon this score. I am told farther, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you.

My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went; but this perhaps may be only policy in him or you: and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit anything he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state treatise from your retirement; and a wit who affects to imitate Balzac, says, that the ministry now are like those heathens of old, who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender.* Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus.† This, indeed, must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I cannot name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun, and while men imagine you to be retired or

* This might have been a serious joke had Swift been fully confidential to the plans of Bolingbroke.

† This project (in which the principal persons engaged were Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr Swift, and Mr. Pope) was a very noble one. It was to write a complete satire in prose upon the abuses in every branch of science, comprised in the history of the life and writings of Scriblerus: the issue of which was only some detached parts and fragments, such as the "Memoirs of Scriblerus," the "Travels of Gulliver," the "Treatise of the Profund," the "Literal Criticisms on Virgil," &c.—WARBURTON.

absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation: it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper, and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent.

I am, with the truest affection,

Yours, &c.

—o—

FROM THOMAS HARLEY, Esq.*

June 19, 1714.

Sir,

Your letter gave me a great deal of pleasure. I do not mean only the satisfaction one must always find in hearing from so good a friend, who has distinguished himself in the world, and formed a new character, which nobody is vain enough to pretend to imitate.† But you must know, the moment after you disappeared, I found it was to no purpose to be unconcerned, and to slight (as I really have done) all the silly stories and schemes I meet with every day; the effects of self-conceit, and a frightened, hasty desire of gain. They asked me, "Has not the Dean left the town? Is not Dr. Swift gone into the

* This gentleman was cousin to the lord-treasurer. He died in January 1737; and left his estate to Edward Harley, Esq.—H.

† This is a judicious and well-merited compliment. For Swift, in his intercourse with the great, was so totally disinterested as to lay them under the necessity of treating him with distinction and respect, which are never paid to those whom a ministry know they have at command upon the usual terms of purchase and sale.

country?"—Yes; and I would have gone into the country too, if I had not learned one cannot be hurt till one turns one's back; for which reason I will go no more on their errands. But, seriously, you never heard such bellowing about the town of the state of the nation, especially among the sharpers, sellers of bear-skins,* and the rest of that kind; nor such crying and squalling among the ladies; insomuch, that it has at last reached the House of Commons; which I am sorry for, because it is hot and uneasy sitting there in this season of the year. But I was told to-day, that in some countries, people are forced to watch day and night, to keep wild beasts out of their corn. Do you not pity me, for yielding to such grave sayings, to be stifled every day in the House of Commons?

When I was out of England, I used to receive five or six letters each post, with this passage: "As for what passes here, you will be informed by others much better; therefore, I shall not trouble you with anything of that sort." You will give me leave to use it now, as my excuse to you for not writing news. I hope honest Gay will be better supplied by some friend or other. Before I received your direction, I had ordered my servant, who comes next Monday out of Herefordshire, to leave your horse at the Crown in Farringdon, where you can easily send for him. I hear he was so fat, they could not travel him till he was taken down; and I ordered he should go short journeys: he is of a good breed, and there-

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* Stock-jobbers. He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is said proverbially to sell the bear's skin, while the bear runs in the woods. And it being common for stock-jobbers to make contracts for transferring stock at a future time, though they were not possessed of the stock to be transferred, they are called sellers of bear-skins.—H.

fore I hope will prove well: if not, use him like a bastard, and I will choose another for you.

I am, Sir,
Your most faithful humble servant,
T. HARLEY.

—o—

FROM MR. THOMAS.*

REVEREND SIR, June 22, 1714.

IT was with some difficulty, that I prevailed with myself to forbear acknowledging your very kind letter. I can only tell you, it shall be the business of my life, to endeavour to deserve the opinion you express of me, and thereby to recommend myself to the continuance of your friendship.

My lord-treasurer does, upon all occasions, do justice to your merit; and he has expressed to all his friends the great esteem he has for so hearty and honest a friend, and particularly on occasion of the letter you mention to have lately writ to him. And all his friends can inform you with what pleasure he communicated it to them.

And now for business; I am to acquaint you, that last Thursday I received the £50 (which now waits your orders,) and dated your receipt accordingly, which I delivered to Mr. Wetham, who paid me the money.

I do not pretend to tell you how matters go. Our friend says very bad. I am sanguine enough to hope not worse.

I am, with all possible esteem, ever yours,
WILLIAM THOMAS.

* Secretary to lord-treasurer.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Kensington, June 26, 1714.

DEAR BROTHER,

I HAD almost resolved not to write to you, for fear of disturbing so happy a state as you describe. On the other hand, a little of the devil, that cannot endure anybody should enjoy a paradise, almost provoked me to give you a long and melancholy state of our affairs. For you must know, that it is just my own case. I have with great industry endeavoured to live in ignorance, but at the same time would enjoy Kensington garden: and then some busy discontented body or another comes just cross me, and begins a dismal story; and before I go to supper, I am as full of grievances as the most knowing of them.

I will plague you a little, by telling you the dragon dies hard. He is now kicking and cuffing about him like the devil: and you know parliamentary management is the *forte*, but no hopes of any settlement between the two champions. The dragon said last night to my Lady Masham and me, that it is with great industry he keeps his friends, who are very numerous, from pulling all to pieces. Gay had a hundred pounds in due time, and went away a happy man. I have solicited both Lord-treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke strongly for the Parnellian, and gave them a memorial the other day. Lord-treasurer speaks mighty affectionately of him, which you know is an ill sign in ecclesiastical preferments. Witness some that you and I know, when the contrary was the best sign in the world. Pray remem-

ber Martin,* who is an innocent fellow, and will not disturb your solitude. The ridicule of medicine is so copious a subject, that I must only here and there touch it. I have made him study physic from the apothecaries' bills, where there is a good plentiful field for a satire upon the present practice. One of his projects was, by a stamp upon blistering-plasters, and melilot by the yard, to raise money for the government, and to give it to Radcliffe and others to farm. But there was likely to be a petition from the inhabitants of London and Westminster, who had no mind to be flayed. There was a problem about the doses of purging medicines, published four years ago, shewing that they ought to be in proportion to the bulk of the patient. From thence Martin endeavours to determine the question about the weight of the ancient men, by the doses of physic that were given them. One of his best inventions was a map of diseases for three cavities of the body, and one for the external parts; just like the four quarters of the world. Then the great diseases are like capital cities, with their symptoms all like streets and suburbs, with the roads that lead to other diseases. It is thicker set with towns than any Flanders map you ever saw. Radcliffe is painted at the corner of the map, contending for the universal empire of this world, and the rest of the physicians opposing his ambitious designs, with a project of a treaty of partition to settle peace.

There is an excellent subject of ridicule from some of the German physicians, who set up a sensitive soul as a sort of a first minister to the rational.

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* Martinus Scriblerus. It is pity that Arbuthnot, whose humour was pointed, and whose learning was so extensive, had not executed the humorous plan here traced out.

Helmont calls him Archæus.* Dolæus calls him Microcosmetor. He has under him several other genii, that reside in the particular parts of the body, particularly Prince Cardimelech in the heart; Gasteronax in the stomach; and the Plastic Prince in the organs of generation. I believe I could make you laugh at the explication of distempers from the wars and alliances of those princes, and how the first minister gets the better of his mistress *anima rationalis.*

The best is, that it is making reprisals upon the politicians, who are sure to allegorize all the animal economy into state affairs. Pope has been collecting high flights of poetry, which are very good; they are to be solemn nonsense.†

I thought upon the following the other day, as I was going into my coach, the dust being troublesome;

> The dust in smaller particles arose,
> Than those which fluid bodies do compose:
> Contraries in extremes do often meet,
> 'Twas now so dry, that you might call it wet.

I do not give you these hints to divert you, but that you may have your thoughts, and work upon them.

I know you love me heartily, and yet I will not own, that you love me better than I love you. My Lord and Lady Masham love you too, and read your letter to me with pleasure. My lady says she will write to you, whether you write to her or not.—Dear friend, adieu.

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* A late worthy and ingenious physician (Dr. Hunter of York) introduced this supposed Genius of the Stomach as an interlocutor in his facetious work entitled *Culina.*

† The specimen of the Bathos.

TO LORD-TREASURER OXFORD.*

My Lord, July 1, 1714.

When I was with you, I have said more than once, that I would never allow quality or station made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten, I have changed my mind: you have a thousand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater, because I always loved you just so much the worse for your station; for, in your public capacity, you have often angered me to the heart, but, as a private man, never once. So that, if I only look toward myself, I could wish you a private man to-morrow; for I have nothing to ask; at least nothing that you will give, which is the same thing: and then you would see whether I should not with much more willingness attend you in a retirement, whenever you please to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windsor. From these sentiments I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwise than as to a private person, or allow myself to have been obliged to you in any other capacity.

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* This high-spirited and excellent letter, written to a minister in Oxford's situation, whether considered in reference to his immediate power, or to his approaching fall, does the greatest credit to Dean Swift's heart and understanding. It was dated, like the preceding letters, during his retreat to Letcombe.

The memory of one great instance of your candour and justice, I will carry to my grave; that having been in a manner domestic with you for almost four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy, to make you think ill of me, though malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, posterity shall know that, and more; which, though you, and somebody that shall be nameless, seem to value less than I could wish, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to say how I would desire to stand in your memory? As one, who was truly sensible of the honour you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it; as one, who was neither assuming, officious, nor teasing; who never wilfully misrepresented persons or facts to you, nor consulted his passions when he gave a character; and lastly, as one, whose indiscretions proceeded altogether from a weak head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is the highest compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have said enough; and, like one at your levee, having make my bow, I shrink back into the crowd.

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. BARBER.

HONOURED SIR, London, July 6, 1714.

I HAD yours of the 3d instant, and am heartily glad of your being in health, which I hope will continue.

Pray draw what bills you please; I will pay them on demand.

I will take care of Mrs. Rolt's affair. I wish you would write to her. I had a visit from Mrs. Brackley to-day; she gives her humble service, and desired my assistance with General Hill. I told her it was best to stay till there was a *master;** and I did not doubt but something would be done.

I fortunately met Bolingbroke yesterday, the minute I had your letter. I attacked him for some wine, and he immediately ordered you two dozen of red French wine, and one dozen of strong Aaziana white wine. The hamper will be sent to-morrow by Robert Stone, the Wantage carrier, and will be there on Friday. I am afraid it will cost you 5s. to George, my lord's butler; but I would do nothing without order. My lord bid me tell you this morning, that he will write to you, and let you know, that as great a philosopher as you are, you have had the pip; that the public affairs are carried on with the same zeal and quick despatch as when you was here; nay, that they are improved in several particulars; that the same good understanding continues; that he hopes the world will be the better for your retirement; that your *inimitable* pen was never more wanted than now; and more, which I cannot remember. I believe he expects you should write to him. He spoke many affectionate and handsome things in your favour. I told him your story of the spaniel, which made him laugh heartily.

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* *i.e.* A prime minister; for Oxford's dismission was now daily expected.

FROM MR. BARBER TO MR. FORD.*

Lambeth Hill, July 6, 1714.

SIR,

I THANKFULLY acknowledge the receipt of a packet† sent last Sunday. I have shewn it only to one person,‡ who is charmed with it, and will make some alterations and additions to it, with your leave. You will the easier give leave, when I tell you, that it is one of the best pens in England. Pray favour me with a line.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN BARBER.

—o—

FROM MR. THOMAS.

July 6, 1714.

REVEREND SIR,

I SHOULD not have presumed to break in upon your retirement, nor so much as inquire for your address, had not the enclosed given me a fair occasion to ask after your health. I need not add any-

* This letter was disguisedly directed "To Samuel Bridges, Esq., at St. Dunstan's coffeehouse, Fleet Street;" and is thus indorsed by the Dean, "John Barber's letter about the pamphlet."—N.

† "Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs."—B.

‡ This was Lord Bolingbroke. The communication and the alterations proposed in consequence, were alike disagreeable to Swift, and prevented the publication of the treatise.

thing to what the papers will inform you touching that affair. The person mentioned in the baron's letter has not yet called upon me. When you have indorsed the letter of attorney, please to return that and the baron's letter, that I may punctually follow his directions. I dare not mention anything of politics to one that has purposely withdrawn himself from the din of it. I shall only tell you, that your friends applaud your conduct with relation to your own ease; but they think it hard you should abdicate at a juncture your friendship seems to be of most use to them. I am sure some of them want your advice, as well as assistance. You will forgive this digression from business, when I tell you I shall not repeat this trouble, not having so much as kept a copy of your direction. You may direct your commands to me, under cover, to our common friends. I hope you believe me too sensible of obligations to need formal assurances of the sincere respect, wherewith I am, reverend Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM THOMAS.

—o—

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.*

SIR, Whitehall, July 6th, 1714.

YOU give me such good reasons for your desire of knowing what becomes of our grand affair, that to oblige you, and perhaps to give myself vent, I will

* Indorsed, "Lord-treasurer Oxford begins to decline at court." —N.

tell you what I think on it. The two ladies* seem to have determined the fall of the dragon,† and to entertain a chimerical notion, that there shall be no *monsieur le premier*, but that all power shall reside in one, and profit in the other. The man of Mercury‡ soothes them in this notion with great dexterity and reason, for he will be *monsier le premier* then of course, by virtue of the little seal. His character is too bad to carry the great ensigns; therefore he takes another method, and I think it very artful, *viz.*, to continue his present station, to which the power may altogether be as properly attached as to the wand. In this brangle I am no otherwise concerned, than that I must lose part of the pleasure I had in the conversation of my friends. And that I am really apprehensive the two ladies may suffer by the undertaking; for the man of Mercury's bottom is too narrow, his faults of the first magnitude; and we cannot find, that there is any scheme in the world how to proceed. Mercurialis§ complains that the dragon has used him barbarously; that he is in with the democraticals, and never conferred a single obligation upon him since he had the wand. *Le temps nous éclaircira.*

I propose to move on the 2d of August to Bath, and to stay there, or go from thence, according as our chaos settles here. I believe I shall not go to Abercothy, otherwise I would attend you. Shall not we meet at Bath? Before I began this paragraph, I should have added something to the former, which is, that the dragon is accused of having betrayed his friends yesterday upon the matter of the three explanatory articles of the Spanish treaty of

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* Lady Masham and Duchess of Somerset.—N.
† Lord-treasurer Oxford.—B. ‡ Lord Bolingbroke.—B.
§ Lord Bolingbroke.—B.

commerce, which he allowed not to be beneficial, and that the queen might better press for their being changed, if it was the sense of the house they ought to be so. The address then passed without a negative.

I thank you for the account you give me of the farm in Buckinghamshire. I could like the thing, and the price too very well; but when it comes to a point, I own my weakness to you. I can't work myself up to a resolution, while I have any hope of the £200 a-year I told you of in my own parish; it lies now at sale; if I miss, I would catch greedily at the other.

When I am at the Bath I will set down the hints you desire.

—o—

FROM CHARLES FORD, Esq.

London, July 6.*

If Barber be not a very great blockhead, I shall soon send you a letter in print, in answer to your last: I hope it may be next post, for he had it on Sunday. I took care to blot the *ee's* out of *onely*, and the *a's* out of *schaeme*, which I suppose is the meaning of your question, whether I corrected it? I do not know any other alteration it wanted; and I made none except in one paragraph, that I changed the present to the past tense four times, and I am not sure I did right in it neither. There is so great a tenderness and regard shewn all along to the

* The year is omitted, but it should be 1714. This letter is indorsed, "Affairs go worse."—H.

——,* that I could have wished this expression had been out ["the uncertain timorous nature of the ——*"] But there was no striking it out without quite spoiling the beauty of the passage: and, as if I had been the author myself, I preferred beauty to discretion. I really think it is at least equal to anything you have writ; and I dare say it will do great service, as matters stand at present.

The colonel † and his friends give the game for lost on their side; and I believe by next week we shall see Lord Bolingbroke at the head of affairs. The Bishop of Rochester is to be lord privy-seal. They talk of several other alterations, as that my Lord Trevor is to be president of the council; Lord Abingdon, chamberlain; Lord Anglesey, Lord-lieutenant of Ireland; that Mr. Bromley ‡ is to go out, and a great many more in lesser employments. I fancy these reports are spread to draw in as many as they can to oppose the new scheme. I can hardly think anybody will be turned out of the cabinet, except the treasurer and the privy-seal.§ Perhaps my Lord Poulett‖ may lay down. Certainly the secretary may continue in, if he pleases, and I do not hear that he is disposed to resign, or that he is so attached to any minister, as to enter into their resentments. What has John of Bucks¶ done? and yet the report is very strong, that he is

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* These blanks are thus in the original. Query, Should the word be *Queen?*—H. There seems little doubt in returning an affirmative answer to this query. But the passage alluded to is not now to be found in the tract. It probably occurred as a further exposition of what is called the queen's moderating scheme.

† Lord Oxford.—H.

‡ Secretary for the northern provinces.—H.

§ Lord Dartmouth.—H. ‖ Lord-steward.

¶ John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire.—B.

to be succeeded by my Lord Trevor.* The Duke of Shrewsbury was one out of eight or nine lords, that stood by my Lord Bolingbroke yesterday, in the debate about the Spanish treaty, and spoke with a good deal of spirit. Is it likely he is to be turned out of all? The lords have made a representation to the queen, in which they desire her to surmount the insurmountable difficulties the Spanish trade lies under by the last treaty. It is thought there was a majority in the house to have prevented such a reflection upon the treaty, if they had come to a division. The clamour of the merchants, Whig and Tory, has been too great to have passed a vote in vindication of it, as it stands ratified. But my Lord Anglesey and his squadron seemed willing to oppose any censure of it; and yet this representation was suffered to pass, nobody knows how. To-day they are to take into consideration the queen's answer to their address, desiring to know who advised her to ratify the explanation of the three articles. She sent them word she thought there was little difference between that and what was signed at Utrecht. When they rise I will tell you what they have done. The last money bill was sent up yesterday; so that in all probability the parliament will be up in two or three days, and then we shall be entertained with court affairs. I hope you got mine last post, and one a fortnight ago. Will the change of the ministry affect Elwood? He is in pain about it. I am told the people of Ireland are making a strong opposition against the present provost.

The consideration of the queen's answer is deferred till to-morrow. I am now with Lord Guildford and three other commissioners of trade, who were examined to-day at the bar of the House of

* Lord Chief-justice of the Common Pleas.—B.

Lords. They are prodigiously pleased with what has been done. But I do not understand it well enough to give you an account of it. For the rapture they are in hinders them from explaining themselves clearly. I can only gather from their manner of discourse that they are come off without censure.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

SIR, London, Friday, July 10, 1714.

WHAT answer shall I send? I am against any alteration: but additions, I think, ought by no means to be allowed. I wish I had called sooner at St. Dunstan's;* but I did not expect it would have come out till Thursday, and therefore did not go there till yesterday. Pray let me know what you would have done. Barber was a blockhead to shew it at all; but who can help that? Write an answer either for yourself or me; but I beg of you to make no condescensions.

Yesterday put an end to the session, and to your pain. We gained a glorious victory at the House

* It appears from a preceding letter, addressed to the feigned name of Samuel Bridges, at St. Dunstan's coffeehouse, that Barber, from whom the real author of the "Free Thoughts" had been kept secret, was directed to correspond with those who put the pamphlet into his hands according to that direction. Ford, who was Swift's confidant in the matter, was too late in calling for the printer's reply, so did not immediately learn what Barber there acquaints him with, namely, that he had shewn the manuscript to a person who recommended alterations, and whom he justly suspected to be Lord Bolingbroke.

of Lords the day before: the attack was made immediately against Arthur Moor,* who appeared at the bar, with the other commissioners of trade. The South Sea Company had prepared the way for a censure, by voting him guilty of a breach of trust, and incapable of serving them in any office for the future. This passed without hearing what he had to say in his defence, and had the usual fate of such unreasonable reflections. Those, who proposed the resolutions, were blamed for their violence: and the person accused, appearing to be less guilty than they made him, was thought to be more innocent than I doubt he is. The Whigs proposed two questions in the House of Lords against him, and lost both, one by twelve, and the other, I think, by eighteen votes.

Court affairs go on as they did. The cry is still on the captain's side.† Is not he the person Barber means by one of the best pens in England? It is only my own conjecture, but I can think of nobody else. Have you the queen's speech, the lords' address, &c., or shall I send them to you? and do you want a comment? Have Pope and Parnell been to visit you, as they intended?

I had a letter yesterday from Gay, who is at the Hague, and presents his humble service to you. He has writ to Mr. Lewis too, but his respect makes him keep greater distance with him: and I think mine is the pleasanter letter, which I am sorry for.

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* One of the commissioners of trade and plantations, who was accused of being bribed by the court of Spain, to favour that kingdom in the treaty of commerce made between it and England.—B.

† Lord Bolingbroke; alluding to his difference with Lord Oxford.—H.

We were alarmed by B.* two days ago: he sent Tooke word our friend was ill in the country, which we did not know how to interpret, till he explained it. It was Mrs. M.† he meant; but she is in no danger. Pray write immediately, that there may be no farther delay to what we ought to have had a week ago.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.‡

DEAR BROTHER, Kensington, July 10, 1714.

I HAVE talked of your affairs to nobody but my Lady Masham.§ She tells me, "That she has it very much at heart, and would gladly do it for her own sake, and that of her friends; but thinks it not a fit season to speak about it." We are indeed in such a strange condition as to politics, that nobody can tell now who is for who. It were really worth your while to be here for four-and-twenty hours only, to consider the oddness of the scene; I am sure it would make you relish your country life the better.

The dragon holds fast with a dead gripe the little machine.‖ If he would have taken but half so

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* John Barber.—H.

† Mrs. Manley, the writer of the Atalantis, who at this time lived with Mr. Barber.—H.

‡ Indorsed, "Affairs still worse."

§ This might refer to the Dean's anxious wish to be settled in England; or perhaps, to the wish the Dean had expressed to be historiographer. See on the latter proposal, the Dean's memorial, and a subsequent letter from Arbuthnot, dated 17th July, 1714.

‖ His treasurer's staff.—H.

much pains to have done other things, as he has of late to exert himself against the esquire, he might have been a *Dragon* instead of a *Dagon*. I would no more have suffered and done what he has, than I would have sold myself to the galleys. *Hæc inter nos*. However, they have now got rid of the parliament, and may have time to think of a scheme: perhaps they may have one already. I know nothing, but it is fit to rally the broken forces under some head or another. They really did very well the last day but one in the House of Lords; but yesterday they were in a flame about the queen's answer, till the queen came in and put an end to it.

The dragon shewed me your letter, and seemed mightily pleased with it. He has paid ten pounds for a manuscript, of which I believe there are several in town. It is a history of the last invasion of Scotland,* wrote just as plain, though not so well, as another history, which you and I know,† with characters of all the men now living, the very names, and invitation that was sent to the Pretender. This by a flaming Jacobite, that wonders all the world are not so. Perhaps it may be a Whig, that personates a Jacobite. I saw two sheets of the beginning, which was treason every line. If it goes on at the same rate of plain dealing, it is a very extraordinary piece, and worth your while to come up to see it only. Mr. Lockhart they say, owns it. It is no more his than it is mine. Do not be so dogged;

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* "Memoirs concerning the Affairs of Scotland, from Queen Anne's Accession to the Throne, to the commencement of the Union of the two Kingdoms of Scotland and England in May 1707." They were published in 1714, and, notwithstanding Arbuthnot's doubts on the subject, were really written by Mr. Lockhart of Carnwath.

† History of the Four last Years.

but after the first shower, come up to town for a week or so. It is worth your while. Your friends will be glad to see you, and none more than myself. Adieu.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.*

July 13, 1714.

I NEVER laughed, my dear Dean, at your leaving the town: on the contrary, I thought the resolution of doing so, at the time when you took it, a very wise one. But I confess, I laughed, and very heartily too, when I heard that you affected to find, within the village of Letcombe, all your heart desired. In a word, I judged of you, just as you tell me in your letter that I should judge. If my grooms did not live a happier life than I have done this great while, I am sure they would quit my service. Be pleased to apply this reflection. Indeed I wish I had been with you, with Pope and Parnell,† *quibus neque animi candidiores.* In a little time, perhaps, I may have leisure to be happy.‡ I continue in the same opinions and resolutions as you left me in; I will stand or fall by them. Adieu. No alteration in my fortune or circumstances can alter that sincere friendship with which I am, dear Dean, yours.

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* Indorsed, "Lord Bolingbroke, on my retiring."—N.

† Who had both visited Swift in his retirement at Letcombe.

‡ An odd hope to be expressed by one, who at that moment, conceived himself almost certain of becoming prime-minister.

I fancy you will have a visit from that great politician and casuist, the duke.* He is at Oxford with Mr. Clarke.†

—o—

FROM CHARLES FORD, Esq.

London, July 15, 1714.

You see I was in the right; but I could wish the booby‡ had not convinced me by naming my Lord Bolingbroke, and then I should have dealt well enough with him. Since it has happened so, the best remedy I could think of, was to write him a very civil answer; in which, however, I have desired to see the alterations: this is mentioned with great respect to my lord. Though he is promised to have it again to-morrow, it is probable he may be disappointed, and there may be time enough for me to receive your directions what I shall do, when I get it into my hands. If the alterations are material, shall I send it to some other printer as it was first written? Reflect upon everything you

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* Perhaps the Duke of Ormond.—H.

† George Clarke, doctor of laws, fellow of All Souls, who had been secretary to Prince George of Denmark as lord high-admiral, and was member of Parliament for the university of Oxford.—H.

‡ Barber. The whole letter regards the alterations proposed by Bolingbroke on the Dean's manuscript of the "Free Thoughts," which undoubtedly were calculated to make the tract serve his own interest against Lord Oxford's; whereas the purport of Swift's whole argument was to reconcile them if possible. Ford's meaning is obviously that if Mr. Barber had not named Lord Bolingbroke, which might render any scruple at adopting his amendments personally disrespectful to him, it might have been very easy to have rejected those of a nameless and unknown critic.

think likely to happen, and tell me beforehand what is proper to be done, that no more time may be lost. I hate the dog * for making his court in such a manner.

I am very sorry you have had occasion to remove your premier minister. We are told now, we shall have no change in ours, and that the Duke of Shrewsbury will perfectly reconcile all matters. I am sure you will not believe this any more than I do; but the dragon † has been more cheerful than usual for three or four days; and therefore people conclude the breaches are healed. I rather incline to the opinion of those who say he is to be made a duke, and to have a pension. Another reason given why there is to be no change is, because the parliament was not adjourned to issue new writs in the room of those who were to come in upon the new scheme, that they might sit in the house at the next meeting. But I cannot see why an adjournment may not do as well at the beginning, as at the end of a session; and certainly it will displease less in January or February, than it would have done in July. The Whigs give out the Duke of Marlborough is coming over, and his house is now actually fitting up at St. James's. We have had more variety of lies of late than ever I remember. The history we were formerly talking of, would swell to a prodigious size, if it was carried on. There was a fire last night on Tower-hill, that burnt down forty or fifty houses. You say nothing of coming to town. I hope you do not mean to steal away to Ireland without seeing us.

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* John Barber.

† The Earl of Oxford.—D. S.

FROM THE SAME.

London, July 17, 1714.

A SECOND to-morrow is almost past, and nothing has been yet left at St. Dunstan's.* Barber will lose by his prodigious cunning; but that is nothing to the punishment he deserves. Had it been only his fear, he would have chosen somebody else to consult with; but the rogue found it was well written, and saw the passages that galled. I am heartily vext at the other person,† from whom one might have expected a more honourable proceeding. There is something very mean in his desiring to make alterations, when I am sure he has no reason to complain, and is at least as fairly dealt with as his competitor.‡ Besides, a great part of it is as much for his service as if he had given directions himself to have it done. What relates to the Pretender is of the utmost use to him;§ and therefore I am as much surprised at his delay, as at his ungenerous manner of treating an unknown author, to whom he is so much obliged. But perhaps I

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* See the preceding letter. Ford doubtless had demanded the return of the manuscript, and that it should be sent by Barber to the same direction through means of which their correspondence was carried on. In the course of the letter, he expresses his doubts, whether Barber may not retain the manuscript, notwithstanding the hopes which Ford had given the printer that it should be restored to him.

† Lord Bolingbroke.—D. S.

‡ Lord Oxford.—D. S.

§ In another part of the work it will be seen that Swift vindicates the Tory ministry from any design to alter the succession, a suspicion of which attached chiefly to Bolingbroke.

may wrong him, and he would not desire to turn the whole to his own advantage. If it had come to me yesterday, or to-day, I was resolved to have sent it to some other printer without any amendment; but now I shall wait till I have your directions. I wish you had employed somebody else at first; but what signifies wishing now? After what Barber writ in his last, I can hardly think he will be such a —— as not to let me have it; and in my answer I have given him all manner of encouragement to do it. He has as much assurance as he can well desire, that the alterations shall be complied with, and a positive promise that it shall be returned to him the same day he leaves it at St. Dunstan's.

I cannot imagine why we have no mischief yet. Sure we are not to be disappointed at last, after the bustle that has been made. It is impossible they * can ever agree, and I want something to make my letters still entertaining. I doubt you will hardly thank me for them, now the parliament is up; but as soon as anything happens you shall know it.

The queen has not yet appointed the time for removing to Windsor. My Lord Chief Baron Ward is dead, and we have already named seven successors, among whom is our Lord Chancellor Phipps. Frank Annesley was to have had his place under my Lord Anglesey, so that it is well for him we have provided him with another for life.

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* Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke.—D. S.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq.

July 17, 1714.

I AM sorry to find, by those who have fresher advices from you than yours of the 11th to me, that Parvisol's * conduct puts you under a necessity of changing the administration; for it will probably draw you to Ireland whether you will or not. However, I hope to see you at Bath three weeks hence, whatever happens. I meet with no man or woman, who pretend upon any probable grounds to judge who will carry the great point. Our female friend [A] told the dragon [B] in her own house, last Thursday morning, those words: "You never did the queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any." He made no reply, but supped with her and Mercurialis [C] that night, at her own house. His revenge is not the less meditated for that. He tells the words clearly and distinctly to all mankind. Those who range under his banner call her ten thousand bitches and kitchen-wenches. Those who hate him do the same. And, from my heart, I grieve that she should give such a loose to her passion; for she is suspectible of true friendship, and has many social and domestic virtues. The great attor-

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* Dr. Swift's agent in Ireland. The Dean's observations on the names marked A, B, C, are thus written on the blank part of the original letter:—

[A] "Mrs. Masham, who was the queen's favourite, fell out in a rage, reproaching Lord Oxford very injuriously."

[B] "The dragon, Lord-treasurer Oxford, so called by the Dean by contraries; for he was the mildest, wisest, and best minister that ever served a prince."

[C] "Lord Bolingbroke, called so by Mr. Lewis."—H.

ney,* who made you the sham offer of the Yorkshire living, had a long conference with the dragon on Thursday, kissed him at parting, and cursed him at night. He went to the country yesterday; from whence some conjecture nothing considerable will be done soon. Lord Harley† and Lady Harriot‡ went this morning to Oxford. He has finished all matters with Lord Pelham,§ as far as can be done without an act of Parliament. The composition was signed by the auditor, and Naylor, brother-in-law to Pelham. This day se'ennight Lord Harley is to have the whole Cavendish estate, which is valued at ten thousand per annum, and has upon it forty thousand pounds worth of timber. But three out of this ten thousand a-year he had by the will. He remits to Lord Pelham the twenty thousand pounds charged for Lady Harriot's fortune on the Holles estate; and gives him some patches of land, that lie convenient to him, to the value of about twenty thousand pounds more. According to my computation, Lord Harley gets by the agreement (if the timber is worth forty thousand pounds) a hundred and forty thousand pounds; and, when the jointures fall in to him, will have sixteen thousand pounds a-year. But the cant is, twenty-six thousand. Lord Pelham will really have twenty-six thousand pounds a-year from the Newcastle family, which, with his paternal estate, will be twice as much as Lord Harley's. The estate of the latter is judged to be in the best condition; and some vain-glorious friends of ours say it is worth more than the other's; but let that pass. Adieu.

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* Perhaps Lord Chancellor Harcourt.—H.

† Edward, son to the Lord-treasurer Oxford.—B.

‡ Wife of Lord Harley.—B.

§ Afterwards Duke of Newcastle.—B.

FROM LORD HARLEY.

BROTHER SWIFT,* July 17, 1714.

YOUR sister† has at last got rid of her lawyers. We are just setting out for Oxford, where we hope to see you. I am your affectionate brother,

HARLEY.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR BROTHER, London, July 17, 1714.

I THOUGHT it necessary to speak to Lady Masham about that affair, because I believe it will be necessary to give her majesty the same notion of it which the memorial does,‡ and not that you are asking a little scandalous salary for a sinecure. Lewis despairs of it, and thinks it quite over since a certain affair. I will not think so. I gave your letter, with the enclosed memorial, *cavalièrement*, to Lord Bolingbroke. He read it, and seemed concerned at some part of it, expressing himself thus: "That it would be among the eternal scandals of the government to suffer a man of your character, that had so well deserved of them, to have the least uneasy

* As one of the Club of Brothers, so often mentioned.

† Lady Henrietta Harley, wife of Lord Harley.—H.

‡ Swift's memorial to the queen, humbly desiring her majesty to appoint him historiographer.

thought about those matters." As to the fifty pounds, he was ready to pay it; and, if he had had it about him, would have given it me. The dragon was all the while walking with the Duke of Shrewsbury. So my Lord Bolingbroke told me, "I would immediately stir in this matter, but I know not how I stand with some folks;" for the Duke of Shrewsbury has taken himself to the dragon in appearance.* "I know how I stand with that man, (pointing to the dragon,) but as to the other, I cannot tell; however, I will claim his promise:" and so he took the memorial.

Do not think I make you a bare compliment in what I am going to say; for I can assure you I am in earnest. I am in hopes to have two hundred pounds before I go out of town, and you may command all or any part of it you please, as long as you have occasion for it. I know what you will say; "To see a scoundrel pretend to offer to lend me money." Our situation at present is, in short, thus: —they have *rompu en visière* with the dragon, and yet do not know how to do without him. My Lady Masham has in a manner bid him defiance, without any scheme, or likeness of it in any form or shape, as far as I can see. Notwithstanding, he visits, cringes, flatters, &c., which is beyond my comprehension.

I have a very comical account of Letcombe, and the Dean of St. Patrick's, from Pope, with an episode of the burning-glass. I was going to make an epigram upon the imagination of your burning your own history with the burning-glass. I wish Pope or Parnell would put it into rhyme. The thought is this: Apollo speaks,—"that since he had inspired you to reveal those things which were hid,

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* Hopes had been entertained that the Duke of Shrewsbury might mediate between the contending ministers.

even from his own light, such as the feeble springs of some great events; and perceiving that a faction, who could not bear their deeds to be brought to light, had condemned it to an ignominious flame; that it might not perish so, he was resolved to consume it with his own—a celestial one." And then you must conclude with some simile. Thus, &c. There are two or three that will fit it.

Whiston has at last published his project of the longitude; the most ridiculous thing that ever was thought on. But a pox on him! he has spoiled one of my papers of Scriblerus, which was a proposal for the longitude, not very unlike his, to this purpose: that since there was no pole for east and west, that all the princes of Europe should join and build two prodigious poles, upon high mountains, with a vast light-house to serve for a pole-star. I was thinking of a calculation of the time, charges, and dimensions. Now you must understand his project is by lighthouses, and explosion of bombs at a certain hour.

Lewis invited me to dinner to-day, and has disappointed me. I thought to have said something more about you. I have nothing more to add, but, my dear friend, adieu.

DR. SWIFT'S MEMORIAL

TO

THE QUEEN.

APRIL 15, 1714.

THE change of ministry about four years ago, the fall of the Duke of Marlborough, and the proceedings since in relation to the peace and treaties, are all capable of being very maliciously represented to posterity, if they should fall under the pen of some writer of the opposite party, as they probably may.

Upon these reasons, it is necessary, for the honour of the queen, and in justice to her servants, that some able hand should be immediately employed to write the history of her majesty's reign; that the truth of things may be transmitted to future ages, and bear down the falsehood of malicious pens.

The Dean of St. Patrick's is ready to undertake this work; humbly desiring her majesty will please to appoint him her historiographer, not from any view of the profit, (which is so inconsiderable, that it will hardly serve to pay the expense of searching offices,) but from an earnest desire to serve his queen and country; for which that employment will qualify him, by an opportunity of access to those places where papers and records are kept, which will be necessary to any who undertake such an history.

TO THE DUKE OF ORMOND.*

My Lord, July 17, 1714.

I never expected that a great man should remember me in absence, because I knew it was unreasonable, and that your grace is too much troubled with persons about you, to think of those who are out of the way. But, if Dr. Pratt has done me right, I am mistaken; and your grace has almost declared that you expected a letter from me; which you should never have had, if the ministry had been like you: for then I should have always been near enough to have carried my own messages. But I was heartily weary of them: and your grace will be my witness, that I despaired of any good success, from their manner of proceeding, some months before I left town; where I thought it became me to continue no longer, when I could do no service either to myself, my friends, or the public. By the accounts I have from particular friends, I find the animosity between the two great men does not at all diminish; though I hear it is given out that your grace's successor† has undertaken a general reconcilement. If it be true, this will succeed like the rest of his late undertakings.

I must beg your grace's pardon, if I entreat you, for several reasons, to see Lady Masham as often as you conveniently can: and I must likewise desire

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* The Duke of Ormond was lord-lieutenant of Ireland in 1710. He succeeded the Duke of Marlborough in the command of the army; and his duchess was lady of the bed-chamber.—H.

† The Duke of Shrewsbury.—D. S.

you to exert yourself in the disposal of the bishoprics in Ireland. It is a scandal to the crown, and an injury to the church, that they should be so long delayed. There are some hot-headed people on the other side the water, who understand nothing of our court, and would confound everything; always employed to raise themselves upon the ruins of those characters they have blasted. I wish their intermeddling may not occasion a worse choice than your grace approved of last winter. However, I beg you will take care that no injury be done to Dr. Pratt, or Dr. Elwood,* who have more merit and candour than a hundred of their detractors. I am, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your grace's most obedient,

and most obliged humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 20, 1714.

WHO would ever do anything for them, when they are so negligent of their own interest? The captain must see what use it would be to him to have it published, and yet he has not returned it.† You have another copy by you: I wish you would send it; and if you do not care it should appear in

* Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin.—F.

† Still alluding to the "Free Thoughts," the manuscript of which was, it seems, yet in the hands of Bolingbroke, or of Barber, instead of being returned to the fictitious address with which the latter had been furnished.

your own hand, I will get it transcribed. My secretary is a boy of ten or eleven years old, and no discovery can be made by him. I do not know what my Lord Bolingbroke may do, but I dare say Barber does not suspect from whence it comes. However, I wonder he has not mentioned it to you.

I thought you had heard the historiographer's place had been disposed of this fortnight. I know no more of him who has it, than that his name is Madox.* It would be impudence in them to send for you; but I hope you will come. A reconcilement is impossible; and I can guess no reason why matters are delayed, unless it be to gain over some lords, who stick firm to the dragon, and others that are averse to the captain.† The Duke of Shrewsbury declares against him in private conversation; I suppose because he is against every chief minister, for it is known he has no kindness for the colonel.‡ Lord Anglesey rails at the chancellor, for some opinion the attorney and solicitor-general have given relating to Ireland. Who can act, when they have so much caprice to deal with?

Mr. Lewis says, "He will speak to Mr. Bromley for his part, and will engage it shall be paid as soon as Lord Bolingbroke has given his." But it was mentioned before my lord-treasurer, and he immediately took the whole upon himself. If they lived near one another, and a house between them was on fire, I fancy they would contend who should put it out, until the whole street were burned. Mr. Lewis goes into Wales the week after next. I shall have the whole town to myself. Now it is my own, I begin not to value it. Pope and Parnell tell me, you design them a visit. When do you go? If

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* Thomas Madox, Esq.—H. † Lord Bolingbroke.—H.
‡ Lord Oxford.—H.

you are with them in the middle of a week, I should be glad to meet you there. Let me know where you are to be in Herefordshire, and I will send you some claret. It is no compliment, for I am overstocked, and it will decay before I drink it. You shall have either old or new; I have too much of both.

I paid the woman for your handkerchiefs; but should not have given her so much, if she had not assured me you had agreed with her. I think you may very well shake off the old debt, and she will have no reason to complain. So I told her; but if you would have me, I will pay her.

Pray send me the other copy,* or put me in a way of recovering the former. I am, &c.

—o—

FROM THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

SIR, July 22, 1714.

I AM very glad to hear from you. I thought you had hid yourself from the world, and given over all thoughts of your friends. I am very sorry for the reason of your retirement. I am a witness to your endeavours to have made up, what I believe the great man† you mention will hardly compass. I am of your opinion, that it is shameful that the vacant bishoprics are not disposed of. I shall do all that lies in my power to serve the gentlemen

* Of the "Free Thoughts."—H.

† The Duke of Shrewsbury.

that I have already mentioned to the queen, and hope with good success.

For the lady you mention,* I shall endeavour to see her as often as I can. She is one that I have a great esteem for. I send you some Burgundy, which I hope you will like. It is very good to cure the spleen. Believe me, with great truth, sir, your most affectionate friend and humble servant,

ORMOND.

—o—

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

Whitehall, July 22, 1714.

SIR,

I RECEIVED a letter from you last Monday, for my lord-treasurer, in a blank cover. Last Friday lord-chancellor went into the country, with a design to stay there till the tenth of August; but last Tuesday he was sent for express by Lord Bolingbroke. Next Tuesday the queen goes to Windsor. What changes we are to have, will probably appear before she goes. Dr. Arbuthnot dines with me to-day, and in the evening we go to Kensington.

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* Lady Masham.—D. S.

—o—

FROM CHARLES FORD, Esq.

London, July 22, 1714.

Pray send me the other copy, and let us have the benefit of it, since you have been at the trouble of writing. Unless ————* be served against his will, it is not likely to be done at all; but I think you used to take a pleasure in good offices of that kind, and I hope you would not let the cause suffer; though I must own, in this particular, the person who has the management of it does not deserve any favour. Nothing being left for me at St. Dunstan's, I sent to Barber for an answer to my last. He says, it is not yet restored to him; as soon as it is, I shall have it. This delay begins to make me think all ministers are alike: and as soon as the captain is a colonel, he will act as his predecessors have done.

The queen goes to Windsor next Tuesday, and we expect all matters will be settled before that time. We have had a report, that my lord privy-seal is to go out alone: but the learned only laugh at it. The captain's† friends think themselves secure; and the colonel's‡ are so much of the same opinion, that they only drink his health while he is yet alive. However, it is thought he will fall easy, with a pension of four thousand pounds a-year, and a dukedom. Most of the staunch Tories are pleased with the alteration; and the whimsicals pretend the

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* The blank should probably be filled up with "Lord-treasurer."—N.

† Bolingbroke.—H.

‡ Oxford.—H.

cause of their disgust was, because the Whigs were too much favoured.

In short, we propose very happy days to ourselves as long as this reign lasts; and if the *uncertain timorous nature of* ———— * does not disappoint us, we have a very fair prospect. The dragon and his antagonist † meet every day at the cabinet. They often eat, and drink, and walk together, as if there was no sort of disagreement; and when they part, I hear they give one another such names, as nobody but ministers of state could bear, without cutting throats. The Duke of Marlborough is expected here every day. Dr. Garth says, he comes only to drink the Bristol waters for a diabetes. The Whigs are making great preparations to receive him. But yesterday I was offered considerable odds, that not one of those who go out to meet him, will visit him in half a year. I durst not lay, though I can hardly think it. My Lord Marr is married to Lady Frances Pierrepoint; and my Lord Dorchester, her father, is to be married next week to Lady Bell Bentinck. Let me know if you go to Pope's, that I may endeavour to meet you there. I am, &c.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

London, July 24, 1714.

We expected the grand affair would have been done yesterday, and now everybody agrees it will

* "The Queen," doubtless. † Bolingbroke.—H.

be to-night.* The Bishop of London, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Bridges, Sir William Wyndham, and Campion, are named for commissioners of the treasury; but I have not sufficient authority for you to depend upon it. They talk of the Duke of Ormond for our lord-lieutenant. I cannot get the pamphlet back. What shall I do? I wish you would send me the other copy. My Lord Anglesey goes next Monday to Ireland. I hear he is only angry with the chancellor, and not at all with the captain.

—o—

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq.

Whitehall, July 24, 1714.

I saw Lord Harley this morning. He tells me, that he left you horridly in the dumps. I wish you were here; for after giving a quarter of an hour's vent to our grief for the departure of our Don Quixote,† we should recover ourselves, and receive consolation from each other. The triumph of the enemy makes me mad. I feel a strange tenderness within myself, and scarce bear the thoughts of dating letters from this place, when my old friend is out, whose fortune I have shared for so many years. But *fiat voluntas tua!* The damned thing is, we are to do all dirty work. We are to turn out Monck-

* The dismission of Lord Oxford.—H.

† Lord Oxford, who was just at this time dismissed from his employment as first minister, and immediately succeeded by Lord Bolingbroke. On Thursday the 27th of the same month he surrendered his staff as lord-treasurer; and on the 30th Lord Shrewsbury was appointed to succeed him in that office.—H.

ton,* and I hear we are to pass the new commission of the treasury.† For God's sake write to Lady Masham, in favour of poor Thomas,‡ to preserve him from ruin. I will second it. I intended to have writ you a long letter: but the moment I had turned this page, I had intelligence that the dragon has broke out in a fiery passion with my lord chancellor,§ sworn a thousand oaths he would be revenged, &c. This impotent, womanish behaviour, vexes me more than his being out. This last stroke shews, *quantula sint hominum corpuscula.* I am determined for the Bath on the second or the ninth of August at farthest.

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* Robert Monckton, one of the commissioners for trade and plantations, who had given information against Arthur Moore, one of his brother comissioners, for accepting a bribe from the Spanish court, to get the treaty of commerce continued.—H. It was generally supposed that he gave this information against Moore, who was a creature of Bolingbroke, at the instance of the lord-treasurer, who hoped to involve his rival in Moore's disgrace.

† The design of Bolingbroke was to put the treasury into commission. Sir William Wyndham was fixed upon as one of the commissioners, but it was very difficult to settle who were to be the other four, for many declined accepting an office so precarious. See p. 163.

‡ Mr. Thomas had been secretary under the old commission of the treasury: and he wrote to the Dean by the same post, for a recommendation to Lady Masham, either to be continued in the same office under the new commissioners, or to be considered in some other manner, by way of compensation. He urges a precedent for this, in the case of his predecessor; who, being removed from his post of secretary, got the office of comptroller of the lotteries, worth £500 a-year, for 32 years.—H.

§ Lord Harcourt.—H.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR BROTHER, July 24, 1714.

I SUPPOSE you have read the account of St. Kilda. There is an officer there, who is a sort of *tribunus plebis*, whose office it is to represent the grievances of the people to the Laird of M'Leod, who is supposed to be their oppressor. He is bound to contradict the laird, till he gives him three strokes with a cane over the head, and then he is at liberty to submit.* This I have done, and so has your friend Lewis. It has been said that we and the Dean were the authors of all that has since happened, by keeping the dragon in, when there was an offer to lay down.

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* The officer in question was a sort of deputy-lieutenant under the steward of the Laird of Macleod, from whom, and not from the hand of the Laird himself, he was subject to receive castigation. "This officer, as such, is obliged to adjust the respective proportions of lands, grass, and rocks, and what else could be claimed by virtue of the last tack or lease, which is never longer than for three years, condescended to by the steward; nay, he is obliged always to dispute with the steward for what is due to any of them, and never to give over until he has obtained his demand, or put the steward into such a passion that he gives the officer at least three strokes with his cudgel upon the crown of his head; which is the utmost that is required of him by ancient customs. I said to the officer who gave me this account, what if the steward should give him but one blow? He answered, that the inhabitants would not be satisfied if he did not so far plead as to irritate the steward to give both a second and a third. I had the farther curiosity to inquire of the steward himself, if *he* was wont to treat the officer in this manner? who answered, that it was an ancient custom, which, in his short time, he had not had occasion to practise, but if he should, he'd not confine himself to the number of three blows if the officer should prove indiscreet."—*MARTIN'S Voyage to St. Kilda*, Lond. 1753, 8, p. 50.

I was told to my face, that what I said in this case went for nothing; that I did not care, if the great person's affairs went to entire ruin, so I could support the interests of the dragon; that I did not know the half of his proceedings. Particularly it was said, though I am confident it was a mistake, that he had attempted the removing her from the favour of a great person. In short, the fall of the dragon does not proceed altogether from his old friend, but from the great person, whom I perceive to be highly offended, by little hints that I have received. In short, the dragon has been so ill used, and must serve upon such terms for the future, if he should, that I swear I would not advise Turk, Jew, nor infidel, to be in that state. Come up to town, and I can tell you more. I have been but indifferently treated myself, by somebody at court, in small concerns. I cannot tell who it is. But mum for that. Adieu.

—o—

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.*

My Lord, July 25, 1714.

To-morrow sevennight I shall set out from hence to Ireland: my licence for absence being so near out, that I can stay no longer without taking another. I say this, that if you have any commands, I shall have just time enough to receive them before I go. And if you resign in a few days, as I am told you design to do, you may possibly retire to Here-

* On hearing his intentions to resign his staff.—D. S.

fordshire, where I shall readily attend you, if you so soon withdraw; or, after a few months' stay in Ireland, I will return at the beginning of winter, if you please to command me. I speak in the dark, because I am altogether so, and what I say may be absurd. You will please to pardon me: for, as I am wholly ignorant, so I have none of your composure of mind. I pray God Almighty direct and defend you, &c.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

July 27, 1714.*

If I tell my dear friend the value I put upon his undeserved friendship, it will look like suspecting you or myself. Though I have had no power since July 25, 1713,† I believe now, as a private man, I may prevail to renew your licence of absence, conditionally you will be present with me; for to-morrow morning I shall be a private person. When I have settled my domestic affairs here, I go to Wimple; thence alone, to Herefordshire. If I have not tired you *tête-à-tête*, fling away so much time upon one who loves you. And I believe, in the mass of souls, ours were placed near each other.

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* Indorsed, "Just before the loss of his staff."—N.

† The Earl of Oxford, in his "Brief Account of Public Affairs, presented to the queen on the 9th of June 1714, and published in the Report of the Secret Committee," mentions, that he wrote a large letter, dated July 25, 1713, to Lord Bolingbroke, "containing his scheme of the queen's affairs, and what was necessary for Lord Bolingbroke to do;" which was answered by that lord on the 27th of that month.—B.

I send you an imitation of Dryden, as I went to Kensington:

To serve with love,
  And shed your blood
Approved is above;
  But here below,
  Th' examples shew,
    'Tis fatal to be good.

—o—

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq.

Whitehall, July 27, 1714.

Sir,

I have yours of the 25th. You judge very right; it is not the going out, but the manner, that enrages me.* The queen has told all the lords the reasons of her parting with him, viz., "that he neglected all business; that he was seldom to be understood; that when he did explain himself, she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that he often came drunk; lastly, to crown all, he behaved himself towards her with bad manners, indecency, and disrespect."—*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis, &c.*

I am distracted with the thoughts of this, and the pride of the conqueror.† I would give the world I could go out of town to-morrow; but the secretary says I must not go till he returns, which will not be

* It had been supposed that Lord Oxford's fall would have been softened by the grant of a dukedom, and pension of £5000. But, on the contrary, he was deprived of his staff in a very summary and mortifying manner.

† Lord Bolingbroke.—H.

till the sixteenth of August, or perhaps the twenty-third; but I am in hopes I may go toward Bath the sixteenth.

The runners are already employed to go to all the coffeehouses. They rail to the pit of hell. I am ready to burst for want of vent.

The stick* is yet in his hand, because they cannot agree who shall be the new commissioners. We suppose the blow will be given to-night or to-morrow morning. The sterility of good and able men is incredible. When the matter is over, I will wait upon our she-friend.† If she receives me as usual, I will propose to her, that I will serve where I do, provided I may be countenanced, and at full liberty to pay my duty to all the Harleian family in the same manner I used to do. If that is not allowed me in the utmost extent, consistent with my trust here, I will propose an employment in the revenues, or to go without anything; for I will not be debarred going to him. If she does not receive me as she used to do, I will never go again. I flatter myself she will be so friendly as to enter into the consideration of my private circumstances, and preserve her old goodness to me.

There is no seeing the dragon till he is out, and then I will know his thoughts about your coming to Brampton. I hear he goes out of town instantly to

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* On the night of Tuesday, July 27, the day on which this letter is dated, a cabinet council was held (after the Earl of Oxford had resigned the staff, which he did on that day) to consult what persons to put in commission for the management of the treasury. The number to be five. Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was to be one: but they could not agree in the choice of the other four. Their debate about the matter lasted till near two o'clock in the morning, at which the queen being present, it raised a violent agitation in her spirits which affected her head.—H.

† Lady Masham.—H.

Wimple, and my lady to Brampton; that he will join her there, after a few days' stay at Wimple. Adieu.

—o—

FROM LADY MASHAM.

My good Friend, July 29, 1714.

I own it looks unkind in me not to thank you, in all this time, for your sincere kind letter; but I was resolved to stay till I could tell you the queen had got so far the better of the dragon, as to take her power out of his hands. He has been the most ungrateful man to her, and to all his best friends, that ever was born. I cannot have so much time now to write all my mind, because my dear mistress is not well, and I think I may lay her illness to the charge of the treasurer, who, for three weeks together, was teazing and vexing her without intermission, and she could not get rid of him till Tuesday last.* I must put you in mind of one passage in your letter to me, which is, "I pray God send you wise and faithful friends to advise you at this time, when there are so great difficulties to struggle with." That is very plain and true; therefore will you, who have gone through so much, and taken more pains than anybody, and given wise advice, (if that wretched man had had sense enough and honesty to have taken it,) I say, will you leave us and go into Ireland? No, it is impossible; your goodness is still the same, your charity and compassion for this poor lady, who has been barbarously used, won't let you do it. I know

* July 27.—N.

you take delight to help the distressed; and there cannot be a greater object than this good lady, who deserves pity. Pray, dear friend, stay here; and do not believe us all alike to throw away good advice, and despise everybody's understanding but their own. I could say a great deal upon the subject, but I must go to her, for she is not well. This comes to you by a safe hand, so that neither of us need be in any pain about it.

My lord and brother are in the country. My sister and girls are your humble servants.

—o—

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq.

Sir, July 29, 1714.

I have yours of the 27th. I write this in the morning, for I go in the evening to Kensington. If I am well received, I will continue my homage; if not, they shall hear of me no more. Where shall I write to you again? for I cannot stir from hence, till the 16th of August at soonest. Nothing could please me more than to pass a few months with you at Abercathy;* but I am yet uncertain whether I shall go there at all. All I am sure of is, that I will go out of town to some place for some time; first to the Bath, for I cannot bear staying in this room. I want physic to help my digestion of these things, though the 'squire† is kinder to me than before. I am not

* In Caermarthenshire, of which county Mr. Lewis was a native.—B.

† William Bromley, Esq., secretary of state.—B.

mortified at what you tell me of Mercurialis: only I would know, whether any disrespectful conduct of mine has brought it upon me; or whether it is only a general dislike of me, because I am not a man of parts, or because I am in other interests? They would not give the dragon the least quarter, excepting only a pension, if he will work journeywork by the quarter. I have long thought his parts decayed, and am more of that opinion than ever. The new commission is not yet named. Would not the world have roared against the dragon for such a thing? Mercurialis entertained Stanhope, Craggs, Pulteney, and Walpole.* What if the dragon had done so? The Duke of Somerset dines to-day with the fraternity at Greenwich, with Withers. Nobody goes out with the dragon; but many will sit very loose. Some say the new men will be Lexington, Wyndham, Strangeways, Sir John Stonehouse, and Campion.

—o—

FROM MR. BARBER.

DEAR SIR, July 31, 1714. Past Six at night.

I AM heartily sorry I should be the messenger of so ill news as to tell you the queen is dead, or dying: if alive, it is said, she cannot live till morning. You may easily imagine the confusion we are all in on

* On the very day on which Lord Oxford resigned, his rival gave an entertainment, attended by the great persons in the Whig interest named in the text, and also by Generals Cadogan and Palmes. What was Bolingbroke's purpose can hardly be conjectured, but his guests probably attended to inflame the divisions by which they profited.

this sad occasion. I had set out yesterday to wait on you, but for this sad accident, and should have brought letters from Lord Bolingbroke and Lady Masham, to have prevented your going. Pray do not go, for I will come to you when I see how things stand. My Lord Shrewsbury is made lord-treasurer,* and everything is ready for the proclaiming the Duke of Brunswick King of England. The parliament will sit to-morrow, and choose a new speaker; for Sir Thomas† is in Wales.

For God's sake do not go; but either come to London, or stay till I come to you.

—o—

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq.

Kensington, Saturday, July 31, 1714.
Six in the Evening.

Sir,

At the same time I am writing, the breath is said to be in the queen's nostrils; but that is all. No hope left of her recovery. Lord Oxford is in council; so are the Whigs. We expect the demise to-night. There is a prospect that the elector will meet with no opposition; the French having no fleet,

* Upon the queen's sudden illness, the council, which was attended by the Dukes of Somerset and Argyll, though unsummoned, recommended the Duke of Shrewsbury to the appointment of treasurer, and the queen gave him the staff with her dying hand, bidding him use it for the good of her people. Thus the duke was at once lord-treasurer, lord-chamberlain, and lord-lieutenant of Ireland. This was a severe blow to Bolingbroke, for the duke was devotedly attached to the Hanover succession.

† Hanmer.—H.

nor being able to put one out soon. Lady Masham did receive me kindly. Poor woman, I heartily pity her. Now, is not the dragon under a happy planet, to be out of the scrape? Dr. Arbuthnot thinks you should come up. You will not wonder if all my country resolutions are in suspense. Pray come up, to see how things go.

—o—

FROM CHARLES FORD, Esq.

London, July 31, 1714. Three in the Afternoon.

I do not doubt but you have heard the queen is dead, and perhaps we may be so unfortunate before this comes to you; but at present she is alive, and much better than could have been expected. I am just come from Kensington, where I have almost spent these two whole days. I am in great haste: but, till dinner comes up, I will write to you, and give you as full an account as I can of her illness.

Her disorder began between eight and nine yesterday morning. The doctors ordered her head to be shaved; and while it was doing, she fell into a fit of convulsion, or as they thought an apoplexy. This lasted near two hours, and she was speechless, and shewed little sign of life during that time; but came to herself upon being blooded.

As soon as she recovered, my Lord Bolingbroke went to her, and told her the privy-council was of opinion, it would be for the public service to have the Duke of Shrewsbury made lord-treasurer. She immediately consented, and gave the staff into the duke's hand. The great seal was put to the patent

by four o'clock. She continued ill the whole day. In the evening I spoke to Dr. Arbuthnot, and he told me he did not think her distemper was desperate. Radcliffe was sent for to Carshalton about noon, by order of council; but said he had taken physic, and could not come. In all probability he had saved her life; for I am told the late Lord Gower had been often in the same condition with the gout in his head; and Radcliffe kept him alive many years after.* This morning, when I went

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* In the account that is given of Dr. Radcliffe, in the Biographia Britannica, it is said that the queen was "struck with death the 28th of July: that Dr. Radcliffe's name was not once mentioned, either by the queen or any lord of the council; only that Lady Masham sent to him without their knowledge, two hours before the queen's death." In this letter from Mr. Ford to Dr. Swift, which is dated the 31st of July, it is said, that the queen's disorder began between eight and nine the morning before, which was the 30th; and that about noon the same day, Radcliffe was sent for by an order of council. These accounts being contradictory, the reader will probably want some assistance to determine what were the facts. As to the time when the queen was taken ill, Mr. Ford's account is most likely to be true, as he was upon the spot, and in a situation which insured him the best intelligence. As to the time when the doctor was sent for, the account in the Biographia is manifestly false; for if the doctor had been sent for only two hours before the queen's death, which happened incontestibly on the first of August, Mr. Ford could not have mentioned the fact on the 31st of July, when his letter was dated. Whether Radcliffe was sent for by Lady Masham, or by order of council, is therefore the only point to be determined. That he was generally reported to have been sent for by order of council, is certain; but a letter is printed in the Biographia, said to have been written by the doctor to one of his friends, which, supposing it to be genuine, will prove, that the doctor maintained the contrary. On the fifth of August, four days after the queen's death, a member of the House of Commons, a friend of the doctor's, who was also a member, and one who always voted on the same side, moved, that he might be summoned to attend in his place, in order to be censured for not attending on her majesty. Upon this occasion the doctor is said to have written the following letter to another of his friends:—

there before nine, they told me she was just expiring. That account continued above three hours, and a report was carried to town, that she was actually

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"DEAR SIR, "*Carshalton, Aug.* 7, 1714.

"I COULD not have thought, that so old an acquaintance, and so good a friend, as Sir John always professed himself, would have made such a motion against me. God knows my will to do her majesty any service has ever got the start of my ability; and I have nothing that gives me greater anxiety and trouble than the death of that great and glorious princess. I must do that justice to the physicians that attended her in her illness, from a sight of the method that was taken for her preservation by Dr. Mead, as to declare nothing was omitted for her preservation; but the people about her, the plagues of Egypt fall on them, put it out of the power of physic to be of any benefit to her. I know the nature of attending crowned heads in their last moments too well to be fond of waiting upon them, without being sent for by a proper authority. You have heard of pardons being signed for physicians, before a sovereign's demise; however, ill as I was, I would have went to the queen in a horse-litter, had either her majesty, or those in commission next to her, commanded me so to do. You may tell Sir John as much, and assure him from me, that his zeal for her majesty will not excuse his ill-usage of a friend, who has drank many a hundred bottles with him; and cannot, even after this breach of a good understanding that ever was preserved between us, but have a very good esteem for him. I must also desire you to thank Tom Chapman for his speech in my behalf, since I hear it is the first he ever made, which is taken more kindly; and to acquaint him, that I should be glad to see him at Carshalton; since I fear (for so the gout tells me) that we shall never more sit in the House of Commons together. I am, &c.

"JOHN RADCLIFFE."

But whatever credit may now be paid to this letter, or however it may now be thought to justify the doctor's refusal to attend her majesty, he became at that time so much the object of popular resentment, that he was apprehensive of being assassinated: as appears by the following letter, directed to Dr. Mead, at Child's Coffeehouse in St. Paul's Churchyard:

"DEAR SIR, "*Carshalton, Aug.* 3, 1714.

"I GIVE you, and your brother, many thanks for the favour you

dead. She was not prayed for, even in her own chapel at St. James's; and what is more infamous, stocks arose three *per cent.* upon it in the city. Before I came away, she had recovered a warmth in her breast and one of her arms, and all the doctors agreed she would in all probability hold out till to-morrow, except Mead, who pronounced several hours before, she could not live two minutes, and seems uneasy it did not happen so. I did not care to talk much to Arbuthnot, because I heard him cautious in his answers to other people; but by his manner, I fancy he does not yet absolutely despair. The council sat yesterday all day and night, taking it by turns to go out and refresh themselves. They have now adjourned, upon what the doctors said, till five. Last night the speaker and my Lord Chief-Justice Parker were sent for, and the troops from Flanders. This morning the Hanoverian envoy was ordered to attend with the black box,*

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intend me to-morrow; and if there is any other friend, that will be agreeable to you, he shall meet with a hearty welcome from me. Dinner shall be on the table by two, when you may be sure to find me ready to wait upon you. Nor shall I be at any other time from home, because I have received several letters, which threaten me with being pulled to pieces, if ever I come to London. After such menaces as these, it is easy to imagine, that the conversation of two such very good friends is not only extremely desirable, but the enjoyment of it will be a great happiness and satisfaction to him, who is, &c.

"JOHN RADCLIFFE."

Radcliffe died on the first of November the same year, having survived the queen just three months; and it is said, that the dread he had of the populace, and the want of company in the country village, which he did not dare to leave, shortened his life. He was just 64 years old. He was buried in St. Mary's Church, Oxford.—H.

* Containing the instrument nominating the persons, in number thirteen, to be added as lords-justices to the seven great officers of the realm.—H.

and the heralds to be in readiness to proclaim the new king. Some of the Whigs were at council yesterday, but not one failed to-day; and most of the members of that party, in each house, are already come to town. If any change happens before the post goes out, I will send you word in a postscript; and you may conclude her alive if you hear no more from me, and have no better authority than post-letters to inform you of the contrary. For God's sake, do not think of removing from the place where you are, till matters are a little settled. Ireland is the last retreat you ought to think of; but you can never be better than you are now, till we see how things go.

I had yours with the printed pamphlet, as well as the other, and should have sent it away to-morrow. Pray let me hear from you, * * * *.†

Have you had all mine? I have failed you but one post (I think it was the last) for a fortnight or more.

Eleven at Night.

The queen is something better, and the council again adjourn till eight in the morning.

—o—

FROM MR. JOHN BIRCH.

MR. DEAN, Wantage, One o'clock, Aug. 1, 1714.

AT twelve o'clock Lord Bolingbroke's man rid through Wantage, to call Mr. Packer to London, the

† In the original six lines are here erased.—N.

queen being dead. I am confounded at the melancholy news; yet could not forbear sending it to you.

Your truly humble servant,

Jo. Birch.*

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

August 3, 1714.

Dear Dean,

The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday: the queen died on Sunday. What a world is this! and how does Fortune banter us! John Barber tells me, you have set your face toward Ireland. Pray do not go. I am against it. But this is nothing; John is against it. Ireland will be the scene of some disorder, at least it will be the scene of mortification to your friends. Here everything is quiet, and will continue so. Besides which, as prosperity divided, misfortune may perhaps to some degree unite us. The Tories seem to resolve not to be crushed; and that is enough to prevent them from being so. Pope has sent me a letter from Gay: being learned in geography, he took Binfield† to be the ready way from Hanover to Whitehall. Adieu. But come to London, if you stay no longer than a fortnight. Ever yours, dear Jonathan, most sincerely.

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* Directed "To the Reverend the Dean of St. Patrick's, Letcombe;" and indorsed, "Mr. Birch, of Wantage. Received half after one on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 1, 1714. Queen's death. She died at seven that morning."—H.

† A village where Mr. Pope's father lived, and whence several of Mr. Pope's letters were written. It is in Windsor forest, and lies in Berkshire.—H.

I have lost all by the death of the queen, but my spirit; and I protest to you, I feel that increase upon me. The Whigs are a pack of Jacobites; that shall be the cry in a month, if you please.

—o—

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq.

Tuesday, August 3, 1714.

I am overwhelmed with business, and therefore have only time to tell you I received yours of August the first, and think you should come to town, to see how the world goes: for all old schemes, designs, projects, journeys, &c., are broke by the great event. We are ill prognosticators. Everything goes on with a tranquillity we durst not hope for. Earl Berkeley commands the fleet. Lord Dorset compliments the king. The Duke of Bolton, Lord-lieutenant of Southampton. Addison, secretary to the regents.

—o—

FROM MR. BARBER.

Honoured Sir, August 3, 1714.

You may easily imagine the concern we were all in on the sudden surprise of the queen's death. I have hardly recovered it yet. Lord Bolingbroke told me last Friday that he would reconcile you to Lady Somerset, and then it would be easy to set you right

with the queen; and that you should be made easy here, and not go over. He said twenty things in your favour, and commanded me to bring you up, whatever was the consequence. He said farther, he would make clear work with them. But all vanished in a minute; and he is now threatened and abused every day by the party who publicly rejoice, and swear they will turn out every Tory in England.

Enclosed you have a letter from my lord: he desires you would come up, and be anywhere *incognito.* Why not at the queen's house?

The Earl of Berkeley is to command the fleet to fetch over the king; and the Duke of Argyle is to go to Scotland. I send you the list of the twenty-five kings.* Poor Lady Masham is almost dead with grief * * * * * *.

The parliament meets to-morrow, which will hinder me from coming down for three or four days; but if you resolve to stay in the country farther, I will certainly come down, for I must needs see you. Pray favour me with a line. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant. Pray, come up.

When my lord gave me the letter, he said, "he hoped you would come up, and help to save the constitution, which, with a little good management, might be kept in Tory hands."

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* The lords of the regency.

FROM CHARLES FORD, Esq.

London, August 5, 1714.

I HAVE writ to Dawson * for a licence of absence for you; but you know you must take the oaths in Ireland within three months. There are a great many here in the same circumstances: and, in all probability, some of them will desire an act of parliament to have leave to do it here. In that case, it will be no difficult matter to have you included. Mr. Lewis tells me he wrote to you to come up to town, and I see no reason why you should not. All matters go on very quiet, and we are not apprehensive of any disturbances. Stocks never rose so much in so few days. This is imputed to the hatred of the old treasurer, and the popularity of the new one. The Whigs were not in council when he was recommended. Lord Bolingbroke proposed it there, as well as to the queen; and I hope they two are upon very good terms, though Mr. Lewis seems positive of the contrary. I never heard of any pique the duke had to him, but that he was to be chief minister; and that being at an end, why may they not be reconciled? The dragon was thought to show more joy upon proclaiming the king, than was consistent with the obligation he had received from ——. He was hissed all the way by the mob, and some of them threw halters into his coach. This was not the effect of party; for the Duke of Ormond was huzzaed

* Joshua Dawson, Esq., secretary to the lords-justices of Ireland. He built a very fine house in a street called by his own name, which is now the mansion-house of the lord-mayor of Dublin.—F.

throughout the whole city, and was followed by a vast crowd to his own house, though he used all possible endeavours to prevent it. There was an attempt to affront the captain in the cavalcade, but it did not succeed; and, though a few hissed, the acclamations immediately drowned the noise. Not a single man shewed the least respect to the colonel; and, last night, my Lord Bingley* was beaten by mistake, coming out of his house. I doubt he has disobliged both sides so much, that neither will ever own him; and his enemies tell stories of him, that I shall not believe till I find you allow them.

The lords-justices made a speech to the parliament to-day. If it comes out time enough, I will send it you; but I hear it only contains their proceedings upon the queen's death; that they have yet received no directions from the king; and to desire the commons to continue the funds, which are expired. I am told our regents are already divided into four parties. The greatest use they have made yet of their power, is to appoint my Lord Berkeley to command the fleet which is to bring over the king, and to make the Duke of Bolton lord-lieutenant of Hampshire.

I send you a Gazette,† though I am ashamed to have it seen. I had writ a great deal more of the queen's illness, an account of her birth, &c., but I could not find out Mr. Lewis, and had nobody to consult with, and therefore chose rather to say too little, than anything I doubted might be improper. Yesterday the Duke of Marlborough made his public

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* Who had been appointed ambassador-extraordinary to the Court of Spain, in the room of Lord Lexington, in December, 1713.—H.

† He was gazetteer.—H.

entry through the city: first came about two hundred horsemen, three in a row, then a company of train-bands, with drums, &c., his own chariot, with himself; then his duchess, followed by sixteen coaches with six horses, and between thirty and forty with two horses. There was no great mob when he passed through the Pall-Mall, but there was in the city; and he was hissed by more than huzzaed. At Temple-Bar, I am assured, the noise of hissing was loudest, though they had prepared their friends to receive him, and the gathering of others was only accidental. You may guess how great a favourite he is, by some old stories of his behaviour at the camp, when —— was there, and afterwards at Hanover; and by the share he and his family have in the regency. But, to be sure, this discreet action will endear him more than any subject in England. We had bonfires, &c., at night. From the list of lords-justices, and some other things, we imagine to ourselves there will not be many changes; but the vacancies, for some time, will be filled up with Whigs.

What I blotted out in my last, was something that passed between the captain* and Barber, relating to you. After I had writ, they told me all letters would be opened, which made me blot out that passage. Barber says, he gave you some account of it, though not a full one. I really believe Lord Bolingbroke was very sincere in the professions he made to you, and he could have done anything. No minister was ever in that height of favour: and Lady Masham was at least in as much credit as she had been in any time of her life. But these are melancholy reflections. Pray send me

* Lord Bolingbroke.—N.

your poem.* *Hoc erat*, &c., or bring it up yourself. Barber told me he had been several hours with the captain, upon a thing that should have come out, but was now at an end.† He did not tell what it was; and I would not ask many questions for fear of giving him suspicion.

—o—

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq.

Whitehall, August 7, 1714.

Sir,

It is true you have nothing to do here; but what have you to do anywhere else till you go to Ireland, where you must indeed be before three months' end, in order to qualify yourself? The law requires it, as much as if your deanery was but now conferred upon you.

Arbuthnot is removed to Chelsea, and will settle there. The town fills every moment. We are as full in the House of Commons as at any time. We are gaping and staring to see who is to rule us. The Whigs think they shall engross all. We think we shall have our share. In the meantime, we have no division at council, or in parliament. I sent twice to Kensington to inquire after Lady Masham's health. Next week I will go to see her, and will keep up my acquaintance, in all events, if she thinks fit. I

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* Swift's imitation of part of the sixth satire of the second book of Horace:—

> I often wish'd that I had clear,
> For life, six hundred pounds a-year, &c.

† "Free Thoughts."

doubt she and her sister are not perfectly easy in their affairs; but you forgot one who is worse than either, that is Mrs. Hill, who has not a sous. I will stay here till our commission is either renewed to us, or given to another. I am yours, &c.

—o—

TO LADY MASHAM.

August 7, 1714.

MADAM,

I HAD the honour of a letter from your ladyship a week ago; and the day after came the unfortunate news of the queen's death, which made it altogether unseasonable, as perhaps it may be still, to give your ladyship this kind of trouble. Although my concern be as great as that of any other good subject, for the loss of so excellent a princess, yet I can assure you, madam, it is little to what I suffer upon your ladyship's particular account. As you excel in the several duties of a tender mother, a true friend, and a loving wife, so you have been the best and most faithful servant to your mistress that ever any sovereign had. And although you have not been rewarded suitably to your merits, I doubt not but God will make it up to you in another life, and to your children and posterity in this. I cannot go about to comfort your ladyship in your great affliction, otherwise than by begging you to make use of your own piety and your own wisdom, of both which you have so great a share. You are no longer a servant; but you are still a wife, a mother, and a friend; and you are bound in conscience to take

care of your health, in order to acquit yourself of these duties, as well as you did of the other, which is now at an end.

I pray God to support your ladyship, under so great a share of load, in this general calamity; and remain, with the greatest respect and truth,

MADAM,

Your ladyship's most obedient,

and most obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I most heartily thank your ladyship for the favourable expressions and intentions in your letter, written at a time when you were at the height of favour and power.

—o—

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

August 7, 1714.

MY LORD,

I HAD yours of the third; and our country post is so ordered, that I could acknowledge it no sooner. It is true, my lord, the events of five days last week might furnish morals for another volume of Seneca. As to my Lord Oxford, I told him freely my opinion before I left the town, that he ought to resign at the end of the session. I said the same thing often to your lordship and my Lady Masham, although you seemed to think otherwise, for some reasons; and said so to him one afternoon, when I met you there with my lord-chanceller. But, I remember, one of

the last nights I saw him (it was at Lady Masham's lodgings,) I said to him, "That, upon the foot your lordship and he then were, it was impossible you could serve together two months:" and, I think, I was just a week out in my calculation. I am only sorry, that it was not a resignation, rather than a removal: because the personal kindness and distinction I always received from his lordship and you, gave me such a love for you both (if you great men will allow that expression in a little one,) that I resolved to preserve it entire, however you differed between yourselves; and in this I did, for some time, follow your commands and example. I impute it more to the candour of each of you, than to my own conduct, that having been, for two years, almost the only man who went between you, I never observed the least alteration in either of your countenances towards me. I will swear for no man's sincerity, much less for that of a minister of state: but thus much I have said, wherever it was proper, that your lordship's proposals were always the fairest in the world, and I faithfully delivered them as I was empowered: and although I am no very skilful man at intrigue, yet I durst forfeit my head, that if the case were mine, I could either have agreed with you, or put you *dans votre tort.* When I saw all reconciliation impracticable, I thought fit to retire; and was resolved, for some reasons (not to be mentioned at this distance,) to have nothing to do with whomever was to be last in. For either I should not be needed, or not be made use of. And let the case be what it would, I had rather be out of the way. All I pretended was, to speak my thoughts freely, to represent persons and things without any mingle of my interest or passions, and sometimes to make use of an evil instrument, which was likely to cost me dear, even from those for whose service it was

employed. I did believe there would be no farther occasion for me, upon any of those accounts. Besides, I had so ill an opinion of the queen's health, that I was confident you had not a quarter of time left for the work you had to do; having let slip the opportunity of cultivating those dispositions she had got after her sickness at Windsor. I never left pressing my Lord Oxford with the utmost earnestness (and perhaps more than became me), that we might be put in such a condition, as not to lie at mercy on this great event: and I am your lordship's witness that you have nothing to answer for in that matter. I will, for once, talk in my trade, and tell you, that I never saw anything more resemble our proceedings, than a man of fourscore, or in a deep consumption, going on in his sins; although his physician assured him he could not live a week. Those wonderful refinements, of keeping men in expectation, and not letting your friends be too strong, might be proper in their season—*Sed nunc non erat his locus.* Besides, you kept your bread and butter till it was too stale for anybody to care for it. Thus your machine of four years' modelling is dashed to pieces in a moment: and, as well by the choice of the regents as by their proceedings, I do not find there is any intention of managing you in the least. The whole nineteen consist either of the highest party-men, or (which mightily mends the matter) of such who left us upon the subject of the peace, and affected jealousies about the succession. It might reasonably be expected, that this quiet possession might convince the successor of the good dispositions of the church party towards him; and I ever thought there was a mighty failure somewhere or other, that this could not have been done in the queen's life. But this is too much for what is past; and yet, whoever observed and disliked the causes,

has some title to quarrel with the effects. As to what is to come, your lordship is in the prime of your years, *plein des esprits qui fournissent les espérances;* and you are now again to act that part (though in another assembly) which you formerly discharged so much to your own honour and the advantage of your cause. You set out with the wind and tide against you; yet, at last, arrived at your port, from whence you are now driven back into open sea again. But, not to involve myself in an allegory, I doubt whether, after this disappointment, you can go on with the same vigour you did in your more early youth. Experience, which has added to your wisdom, has lessened your resolution. You are now a general, who, after many victories, have lost a battle, and have not the same confidence in yourself, or your troops. Your fellow-labourers have either made their fortunes, or are past them, or will go over to seek them on the other side.—Yet, after all, and to resume a little courage; to be at the head of the church interest is no mean station; and that, as I take it, is now in your lordship's power. In order to which, I could heartily wish for that union you mention;* because, I need not tell you, that some are more dexterous at pulling down their enemies than, &c. We have certainly more heads and hands than our adversaries; but, it must be confessed, they have stronger shoulders and better hearts. I only doubt my friends, the rabble, are at least grown trimmers; and that, setting up the cry of "trade and wool," against "Sacheverell and the church," has cooled their zeal. I take it for granted,

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* This seems to point at a reconciliation between Oxford and Bolingbroke. But the time was passed in which union might have strengthened them, as is well pointed out by Lewis in the next letter save one.

there will be a new parliament against winter; and if they will retain me on the other side as their counsellor, I will engage them a majority. But since it is possible I may not be so far in their good graces, if your lordship thinks my service may be of any use in this new world, I will be ready to attend you by the beginning of winter. For the misfortune is, that I must go to Ireland to take the oaths; which I never reflected on till I had notice from some friends in London: and the sooner I go the better, to prevent accidents; for I would not willingly want a favour at present. I think to set out in a few days, but not before your lordship's commands and instructions may reach me. I cannot conclude without offering my humblest thanks and acknowledgments, for your lordship's kind intentions towards me, (if this accident had not happened,) of which I received some general hints.—I pray God direct your lordship: and I desire you will believe me to be what I am, with the utmost truth and respect,

Your lordship's most obedient, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS.

Letcombe, Aug. 8, 1714.

IF I had but fixed a week sooner for my journey to Ireland, I should have avoided twenty inconveniencies that have since happened to me, and been with you the time I am now writing. Upon the Earl of Oxford's removal, he desired I would go with him into Herefordshire, which I consented to,

and wrote you word of it, desiring you would renew my licence of absence at the end of this month, for I think it then expires. Two days after, I had earnest invitation from those in power, to go up to town and assist them in their new ministry; which I resolved to excuse; but, before I could write, news came of the queen's death, and all our schemes broke to shatters. I am told I must take the oaths in Ireland in three months; and I think it is better travelling now than later; and although I am earnestly pressed by our broken leaders to come up to town, I shall not do it; but hope to set out on the sixteenth instant toward Ireland, and, if it please God, be with you in nine or ten days after this comes to your hands. However, let my licence be renewed before it expires. I think I answered yours in my last. I leave all things entirely to you and Mr. Forbes. My service to gossip Doll, Goody Stoyte and Martha, and Mr. Manley and lady. Mr. Manley is, I believe, now secure in his post; and it will be my turn to solicit favours from him. I have taken up Mr. Fetherston's money, to pay some debts in London. I desire you will pay him fifty pounds, with the usual exchange, at twenty days' sight; or later, if it be inconvenient.

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FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq.

Whitehall, August 10, 1714.

I NEVER differed from you in opinion in any point so much, as in your proposal to accommodate matters between the dragon and his *quondam*

friends. I will venture to go so far with you, as to say he contributed to his own disgrace, by his petitesses, more than they did, or ever had it in their power to do. But, since they would admit of no terms of accommodation, when he offered to serve them in their own way, I had rather see his dead carcase, than that he should now tamely submit to those, who have loaded him with all the obloquy malice could suggest, and tongues utter. Have not Chartres,* Brinsden,† and all the runners, been employed to call him dog, villain, sot, and worthless? And shall he, after this, join them? To what end? I have great tenderness for Lady ——,‡ and think her best way is to retire, and enjoy the comforts of a domestic life. But sure the earth has not produced such monsters as Mercurialis,§ and his companion,‖ and the prelate.¶ The last openly avows he never had obligations to the dragon, and loads him with ten thousand crimes; though his greatest, in reality, was preferring him. But, to come out of this rant; What should they be friends for? *Cui bono?* Are we in a dream? Is the queen alive again? Can the lady** hereafter make any figure but a *persona muta* in a drama? If the dragon declares against the man of mercury, he may strike in with the *tertium quid*, that will probably arise; but with him he

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* The famous Colonel Chartres.—H.

† He is said, by Mr. Boyer, in Political State, Vol. III. for January, 1711–12, p. 52, to have been an oculist, and a private agent of Lord Bolingbroke; and to have been employed by the government, in January, 1711–12, to attend on Prince Eugene, when his highness arrived in England, in the beginning of that month.—B.

‡ Masham.—H.

§ Lord Bolingbroke.—H.

‖ Probably the Lord Chancellor Harcourt.—B.

¶ The Bishop of Rochester.—H.

** Lady Masham.

can never be otherwise than spurned and hated. The natural result of this is, that however I may, for my private satisfaction, desire to see you here, I cannot but think you should go to Ireland to qualify yourself, and then return hither, when the chaos will be jumbled into some kind of order. If the king keeps some Tories in employment, the notion of Whig and Tory will be lost; but that of court and country will arise.* The regency has declared in favour of the Whigs in Ireland. I believe Mr. Thomas will stand his ground. We shall be dissolved as soon as we have settled the civil list. We have no appearance that any attempt will be formed by the Pretender.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

August 11, 1714.

I SWEAR I did not imagine that you could have held out through two pages, even of small paper, in so grave a style. Your state of late passages is right enough. I reflect upon them with indignation, and shall never forgive myself for having trusted so long to so much real pride, and awkward humility; to an air of such familiar friendship, and a heart so void of all tenderness; to such a temper of engrossing business and power, and so perfect an incapacity to manage one, with such a tyrannical disposition to abuse the other, &c.†

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* This is a remarkable prediction, which we have seen fulfilled.—H.

† He means Lord Oxford.—H.

But enough of this, I cannot load him as a knave, without fixing fool on myself.

For you I have a most sincere and warm affection, and in every part of my life will shew it. Go into Ireland, since it must be so, to swear,* and come back into Britain to bless: to bless me, and those few friends who will enjoy you.

Johannes Tonsor† brings you this. From him you will hear what is doing. Adieu, love me, and love me the better, because, after a greater blow than most men ever felt, I keep up my spirit; am neither dejected at what has passed, nor apprehensive at what is to come. *Meâ virtute me involvo.*

—o—

FROM CHARLES FORD, Esq.

London, August 12, 1714.

Our justices sit several hours every day, without affording us the least news. I do not hear anything they have done worth mentioning, except some orders they have given about the dispute in the city of Dublin. You may be sure they are not such as will please our friends; but I think you and I agreed in condemning those proceedings in our own people. My Lord Derby is made lord-lieutenant of Lancashire. That and Hampshire are the only vacant employments they have filled up; I suppose, under pretence of their being maritime counties. If the Whigs had directed the list of regents, Marlborough,

* That is, to take the oaths to the government on King George's accession to the throne.—B.

† John Barber.—H.

Sunderland, and Wharton had not been left out, There are five Tories, too, that would not have been in. Though they were a little whimsical for three or four days about the succession, they seemed to recant, and own themselves in an error by the later votes. Every one of them approved the peace, and were for the address at the end of the last session, that it was safe, honourable, and advantageous. Considering what ministers were employed here by the court of Hanover, and that the king himself had little information but what he received from them, I think his list shews no ill disposition to the Tories: and they say he is not apt to be hasty in removing the persons he finds in employment. The bill is brought in for granting him the old duties for the civil list. One Wykes,* of Northampton, moved to tack the place bill to it; but nobody seconded him, and he was extremely laughed at. He happens unluckily to be a Tory.

Did you receive your papers last post? The first copy† is not yet left at St. Dunstan's.‡ Should I send to Barber for it in Lord Bolingbroke's name? I have writ to him to bring in his bill, and as soon as he comes, I will pay him. I suppose I shall see him to-morrow. I wish you a good journey to Ireland. But, if I hear Saturday's post comes into Wantage on Sunday, I shall trouble you again. Pray let me know when you land in Ireland, that I may write to you, if anything happens worth while. I shall be very impatient for what you promise me from thence. I should be very glad to hear from you while you are on the road.

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* William Wykes, M.P. for Northampton in two parliaments, 1713 and 1714.—N.

† The first draught of the "Free Thoughts."

‡ The coffeehouse so called.

Lord Anglesey came to town last Tuesday. They are all here now, except Pembroke and Strafford.

Charles Eversfield* is making his court to the Dukes of Somerset and Argyle: he declares he will keep his place, if he can, and that he will not stir for Campion's election in the county of Sussex. Campion and he have had some high words upon that account. Lord Orford told the commissioners of the admiralty, they were ignorant, negligent of their duty, and wanted zeal for the king's service.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, August 12, 1714.

I THANK you for your kind letter, which is very comfortable upon such a melancholy occasion. My dear mistress's days were numbered even in my imagination, and could not exceed such certain limits; but of that small number a great deal was cut off by the last troublesome scene of this contention among her servants. I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller, than death was to her; only it surprised her too suddenly before she had signed her will; which, no doubt, her being involved into so much business hindered her from finishing. It was unfortunate that she had been persuaded, as is supposed by Lowndes, that it was necessary to have it under the great seal. I have figured to myself all this melancholy scene; and even, if it be

* Member for Horsham.

possible, worse than it has happened twenty times; so that I was prepared for it. My case is not half so deplorable as poor Lady Masham's, and several of the queen's servants; some of whom have no chance for their bread but the generosity of his present majesty, which several people that know him, very much commend. So far is plain from what has happened in public affairs, that what one party has affirmed of the settlement has proved true, and that it was firm: that it was in some measure an advantage to the successor not to have been here, and so obliged to declare himself in several things, in which he is now at liberty. And indeed never any prince, in this respect, came to the crown with greater advantage. I can assure you, the peaceable scene that now appears is a disappointment to more than one set of people.

I have an opportunity calmly and philosophically to consider that treasure of vileness and baseness, that I always believe to be in the heart of man; and to behold them exert their insolence and baseness: every new instance, instead of surprising and grieving me, as it does some of my friends, really diverts me, and in a manner improves my theory; though I think I have not met with it in my own case, except from one man, and he was very far mistaken, for to him I would not abate one grain of my proud spirit. Dear friend, the last sentence of your letter quite kills me. Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am sure I never can forget you, till I meet with (what is impossible) another, whose conversation I can delight so much in as Dr. Swift's; and yet that is the smallest thing I ought to value you for. That hearty sincere friendship, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I am sure I never can find in another. Alas! I shall often want a

faithful monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my faults to my face. God knows I write this with tears in my eyes. Yet do not be obstinate, but come up for a little time to London; and, if you must needs go, we may concert a manner of correspondence wherever we are. I have a letter from Gay just before the queen's death. Is he not a true poet, who had not one of his own books to give to the princess, that asked for one?

—o—

FROM CHARLES FORD, Esq.

August 14, 1714.*

I HOPE you did not pay the two shillings for postage. If you did, pray send me the cover, that I may inquire into the meaning of it.

I suppose you expect news upon Cragg's return from Hanover; but I do not hear a word more than what you have in the lords-justices' speech. Yesterday morning, after he came, the Whigs looked dejected, and our friends very much pleased; though I do not know any reason for either, unless it was expected by both sides that he would have brought orders for alterations. It seems the dragon's entertainment was on a family account, upon the agreement between Lord Harley and Lord Pelham; and only those who were concerned in their affairs were invited. But slighter grounds would have served to raise a story at this time; and it was sufficient

* On the back of this letter is the following note of the Dean: —"Memorandum,—I left Letcombe, August 16, 1714, in order to go to Ireland."—H.

that my Lord Townshend and Lord Cowper dined at his house. However, we look upon him as lost to our side; and he has certainly made advances of civility to the Whigs, which they have returned with the utmost contempt. I am told Dismal* begins to declare for his old friends, and protests he was really afraid for the Protestant succession, which made him act in the manner he did. The foreign peers are certainly deprived of their right of voting, by the express words of the act of succession; and it appears it was the intention of the legislature at that time, for Prince George of Denmark was excepted by name; but it is thought the lords will interpret it otherwise, when it comes to be tried. They do not lose the other privileges of peerage, and their posterity born here may sit in the House. The same clause extends to the House of Commons; and no foreigner can enjoy any employment, civil or military. They may be favourable to the lords, who are all Whigs; but I doubt poor Duke Disney will lose his regiment. I suppose Barber has given you an account of Lord Bolingbroke's pamphlet. If you and he are not come to an *éclaircissement* upon it, I shall send to him for it. I long for the other. Yesterday the commons voted, *nemine con.* to pay the Hanover troops, that deserted us in 1712. To-day Sir William Wyndham, Campion, and two or three more, gave some opposition to it; for which they were extremely blamed. I think they had acted right, if they had spoke against it yesterday; but it seems they were not then in the House. They had not strength enough to-day to come to a division.

Once more I wish you a good journey, and a quick return; and I hope you will find things go better than you expect.

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* The Earl of Nottingham.—H.

SWIFT's disappearance from the scene of political confusion and combat, as it excited no small dismay among the friends of the splitting administration, was matter of equal triumph to the Whigs. One of their pamphleteers produced the following Grub-street tract, which was bought up with great avidity. It serves not only to shew the general opinion entertained by friend and foe of Swift's political importance, but also that his private habits of economy and modes of disposing of his time, were become matter of attention to his enemies. Amidst much stupid ribaldry, there are some passages of the following Diary which bear a curious resemblance to Swift's real Journal to Stella.

An Hue and Cry after Dean SWIFT, occasioned by a true and exact Copy of his own Diary, found in his Pocket-book, wherein he has set down a faithful Account of himself, and of all that happened to him for the last week of his life. (1714.)

Thursday.

Waked with the headache. Said no prayers that morning. Drest immediately. Looked confounded rakish. Repeated verses whilst I was washing my hands. Resolved (whilst I was putting on my gowns) to ridicule the orders of bishop, priest, and deacon, after dinner at my Lord Bolingbroke's. Went to drink tea in York Buildings. The earl looked queerly. Left him in a huff. Bid him send for me when he was fit for company. Took coach to Lord Harry's. The Viscount looked whimsically. Left him. Promised to sup with him at the earl's. Drove to the Cocoa-tree. Sate till one, musing and thinking of nothing. Plagued for half an hour with three impertinent puppies,—an Irish lord, an English colonel, and a Scotch gamester. Retired into a private corner, where a whim came into my head, which I will shortly give the world an account of. Went to dine at the George with two Papists, three Jabobites, and a Tory. Damned the cook; liked the wine. No wit; all politics. Settled the succession. Fixed the place, and time, and manner of his landing. Went to my lodgings at five. Slept. Writ an Examiner. Supped at York Buildings. Earl and Lord Harry part in dudgeon and division. Displeased with all that happened. Go home pensive. Resolve upon some odd and new schemes of life. Spent ten shillings. Take a dram. Go to bed.

Friday.

Resolve to fast. Send a note to church to pray for the conversion of a great sinner. Read the Bible. Find that no man

can serve two masters; and that an house divided against itself cannot stand. Consider of these words, "When ye hear of these things, flee unto the mountains." Begin a sermon upon this text. "Be as wise as serpents." Throw it aside, and read Toland's Art of Restoring, and my own Meditation upon a Broomstick. Received a silly letter from Ireland. Walk in my room for two hours. Loll on my couch for two hours. Take a Manual for Devotion in my hand, but say *extempore* prayers. Mightily given to ejaculations. Don't like the Lord's prayer. Think often of Steele and Tom Wharton. Eat at six; dress; loiter. Hum a tune till eight. Give a farthing to a poor man. Pay my barber. Put on a new pair of gloves. Go to St. James's. Don't like things. Confirmed concerning the animosities between the earl and Lord Harry. In a quandary. Go to the club of ugly faces. Some wit. Much impiety. Drink hard. Am treated. Expenses one shilling. *Mem.* This-day-month I had clean sheets.

Saturday.

Wake at eleven. Promised to receive a gentleman at my lodgings about my lord's business; but won't be at home all day. Come to these several resolutions:—Resolved to write an ode upon changing one's mind, in imitation of Horace's *Justum et tenacem*, &c. *Item*, An Apology for taking the Air, and a Comment upon Balzac's *Cacher sa vie.* Resolved to repent. To give an historical account of the following English proverbs, viz., When knaves quarrel, honest men come by their own; Burn the house, and run away by the light of it; No longer pipe, no longer dance; Murder will out; and When the steed's stolen, shut the stable-door; however, Half a loaf is better than no bread; and, therefore, Men must make the best of a bad market. Bid my servant get all things ready for a journey to the country, according to the following list:—Mend my breeches; hire a riding-coat; borrow boots; sell my coals and candles; reckon with my washer-woman, making her allow for old shirts, socks, dabbs, and markees, which she bought of me. *Mem.* I borrowed five guineas of my bookseller, and paid my landlady all to a shilling. Resolved to carry no books with me but the History of the Civil Wars of England, into the country. Dined late with my landlady. Merry with mutton and *double entendres.* Retire. Consider the uncertain nature of human affairs. Write the following letter to Mr. Oldsworth, one of the authors of the Examiner:—

SIR,

DESIGNING soon for the country, I desire you will excuse me from supplying you with any more paragraphs under the name of

the Examiner. We have made the most of our cause, and no mortal affair has the privilege of being perpetually the same. Remember Horace's *Bene preparatum pectus.* If we can contrive it so as to be rogued by both sides, we shall do more justice to each than either expected from us, and have this pretence still left to the title of honest men. Give my service to his lordship; tell him that no man has strength enough to be proof against conviction; that I am ready to meet him on t'other side the water, and will still ply at the labouring oar, to shew with how much respect and esteem I am his lordship's, &c. 'Tis no time to be incredulous. I depend upon your not being obstinate; and, if you are silent for a while, you will convince me of your being that man of great sense and observation which I always took you to be.

I am, Sir,

your most obedient humble servant,

July, 1714. J. S.

P.S.—Remember, when an army's routed, that some are killed, some wounded, some run away, but that deserters are always well treated. Six coaches of quality, and nine hacks, this day called at my lodgings.

Mem. To write a paper when I am in the country to bring with me to town, and to publish at my first appearance, called, Dr. Swift's Reasons, viz., for Ingratitude, for Irreligion, for Turning, for Returning, and to serve any turn; to be bound up with the Tale of a Tub. Went incog. at eight this night to Child's; found the clergy alarmed at the queen's thoughts of displacing the treasurer. Supped with Mrs. Oglethorp, where we had no politics. *Mem.* I promised her a copy of verses upon a weak woman. Pay my way to my landlady in a bottle of Viana. Smoked a pipe by myself. Concluded nothing certainly. Took a dram. Repeated the collect for the third Sunday after Epiphany. Picked my teeth. Washed my face. Went to bed. Expenses five shillings.

Sunday.

Packed up some tea, paper, pens, ink, and tobacco; and, before church was done, sent a note to give God thanks for one who had escaped a very great danger. Dined, and was sworn at Highgate. Travelled twenty-five miles this day. Thought upon nothing as often as I could upon the road. Resolved to write the History of the Bandbox Plot, and to give a true account of the modern word *bite:* having concluded my journey to be a bite, Lord Harry a bite, the earl a bite, and that prudence infallibly directed to

fall in with them who would bite the biters. Resolved also to write New Explanatory Notes on the Conduct of the Allies. By ten I came to my inn. Had quieted my mind. Supped, smoked, went to bed. Expenses ten shillings.

Monday.

Slept well. Rose early. Had pancakes for breakfast. Sung. Repeated verses. Laid schemes. Commended myself. Rode hard till noon. Alighted at a Tory inn; converted many gentry and clergy of that principle at a public meeting there, by letting them into the secret of my flight, and some other secrets which I knew. *Mem.* This day the Whigs are indebted to me for a promise of Whiggish members for this county and town, at next election. Came to my country lodgings at nine, after an easy indolent afternoon's journey. Pleased with the privacy of the place. *Mem.* I forgot to take leave of Lords Somers and Sunderland. Resolved to write to Dick Steele. Supped with my landlord, landlady, and their daughter. Found sufficient provisions of wine, brandy, sugar, and lemons. Hung up my clothes. Placed pen, ink, paper, and history on the table. Smoked, sung, and went to bed.

Tuesday.

Dreamt of the devil and St. Patrick last night. Said the Lord's prayer. Sat down to consider of my change of life. Tories, damn 'em! they won't be able to support me. Whigs, damn 'em! they won't trust me. Drink tea. Walked in the garden. Returned. Writ a satire upon lord-treasurer. Writ another upon all the present ministry. Received a letter from Lewis the bookseller in Covent Garden of great importance. By G—d, Steele has got the better of me! No good news from Ireland. Addison says I am gone to hang myself; Pope says I am gone to France; Nanny Rochfort says I am gone to my deanery; and most people will say I am gone to the d—l; and so I'll go to dinner: mutton and turnips. The gods fled once to Egypt. I was very gay and diverting. Drank an hearty glass. Retired. Fell into this soliloquy:—The reverend Dr. Swift, student in two universities, a member of the Church of England, and a Christian too, left the college to turn chaplain, parson, poet; having served ambassadors, noblemen, governors; having writ for and against religion; being vicar, dean, author, translator, abridger, and publisher; droll, jest, and scribbler, and many other things, *quorum si nomina quæris:* Having served and abused the late ministry, and done all that man can do for this; after enriching booksellers and impoverishing myself, am now

transplanted, metamorphosed into a stock or a tree, and either hurried away to some Elysian grove, or, in short, downright mad. Here I fell asleep. Waked up about six. Writ to put my house in order in Dublin. Send my man to London to know how things go. Eat no supper. Writ a whim to divert the Earl of Oxford. Resolved to adjourn all farther considerations till to-morrow. Smoke. Take a dram. Go to bed. Domestic affairs not worth inserting.

Wednesday.

Had a very bad night last night. Rise early. Repeat the prayer for a person troubled in mind. Tumble over the History of the Civil Wars. Pop upon the words Obadiah and Titus. Shut the book. Take pen in hand: writ some oddnesses; lay it down again. Call for a glass of sack. Think of my friends. Receive an express that the Earl of Oxford is displaced. And is Bolingbroke, said I, and all the rest continued? Can Lucifer fall without his angels? Write a Meditation on a White Rod. Grow faint. Smoke. Drink. Hang myself. Die.

This squib concludes with a dull parody on Swift's Meditation on a Broomstick, not worth transcribing. The jest succeeded so well, that shortly afterwards appeared, by the same, or some equally witty writer, "Dean Swift's real Diary, being a true and faithful account of himself for that week, wherein he is traduced by the author of a scandalous and malicious Hue and Cry after him; containing his entire Journal from the time he left London to his settling in Dublin, 1715." Both these petty efforts at satire, with many others, are engrossed in the Gulliveriana.

LETTERS

FROM AUGUST 1714 TO JANUARY 1724-5.

LETTERS

FROM 1714 TO 1724–25.

FROM MR. GAY TO DR. ARBUTHNOT, OR THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Hanover, Aug. 16, 1714.

YOU remember, I suppose, that I was to write you abundance of letters from Hanover; but as one of the most distinguishing qualities of a politician is secrecy, you must not expect from me any arcanas of state. There is another thing that is necessary to establish the character of a politician; which is, to seem always to be full of affairs of state; to know the consultations of the cabinet council, when at the same time all his politics are collected from newspapers. Which of these two causes my secrecy is owing to, I leave you to determine. There is yet one thing more that is extremely necessary for a foreign minister, which he can no more be without than an artizan without his tools; I mean the terms of his art. I call it an art, or a science, because I

think the King of France has established an academy to instruct the young Machiavelians of his country in the deep and profound science of politics. To the end that I might be qualified for an employment of this nature, and not only be qualified myself, but (to speak in the style of Sir John Falstaff) be the cause of qualifications in others, I have made it my business to read memoirs, treatises, &c. And as a dictionary of law-terms is thought necessary for young beginners ; so I thought a dictionary of terms of state would be no less useful for young politicians. The terms of politics being not so numerous as to swell into a volume, especially in time of peace, (for in time of war all the terms of fortification are included,) I thought fit to extract them in the same manner, for the benefit of young practitioners, as a famous author has compiled his learned treatise of the law, called the "Doctor and Student." I have not made any great progress in this piece; but, however, I will just give you a specimen of it, which will make you in the same manner a judge of the design and nature of this treatise.

Politician. What are the necessary tools for a prince to work with ?

Student. Ministers of state.

Politician. What are the two great qualities of a minister of state ?

Student. Secrecy and dispatch.

Politician. Into how many parts are the ministers of state divided ?

Student. Into two. First, ministers of state at home ; secondly, ministers of state abroad, who are called foreign ministers.

Politician. Very right. Now, as I design you for the latter of these employments, I shall waive saying anything of the first of these. What are the different degrees of foreign ministers ?

Student. The different degrees of foreign ministers are as follow: first, plenipotentiaries; second, ambassadors-extraordinary; third, ambassadors in ordinary; fourth, envoys-extraordinary; fifth, envoys in ordinary; sixth, residents; seventh, consuls; and eighth, secretaries.

Politician. How is a foreign minister to be known?

Student. By his credentials.

Politician. When are a foreign minister's credentials to be delivered?

Student. Upon his first admission into the presence of the prince to whom he is sent, otherwise called his first audience.

Politician. How many kinds of audiences are there?

Student. Two, which are called a public audience, and a private audience.

Politician. What should a foreign minister's behaviour be when he has his first audience?

Student. He should bow profoundly, speak deliberately, and wear both sides of his long periwig before, &c.

By these few questions and answers you may be able to make some judgment of the usefulness of this politic treatise. Wicquefort, it is true, can never be sufficiently admired for his elaborate treatise of the conduct of an ambassador in all his negotiations; but I design this only as a compendium, or the ambassador's manual, or *vade mecum.*

I have writ so far of this letter, and do not know who to send it to; but I have now determined to send it, either to Dr. Arbuthnot, the Dean of St. Patrick's, or to both. My Lord Clarendon is very much opproved of at Court, and I believe is not dissatisfied with his reception. We have not much variety of diversions: what we did yesterday and to-day, we shall do to-morrow: which is, to go to

Court, and walk in the gardens at Herenhausen. If I write any more, my letter will be just like my diversion, the same thing over and over again.

So, Sirs,

Your most obliged humble servant,

J. GAY.

I would have writ this letter over again, but I had not time. Correct all my errata.

—o—

FROM MR. JERVAS TO MR. POPE.

August 20, 1714.

I HAVE a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know how I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assured me, that he would make use, not only of his interest, but of his art, to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was

afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animosity; but now all is safe, and you are escaped, even in his opinion. I promised in your name, like a good godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you should be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head, shadowed and heightened carefully; and I enclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the busto? perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together with all sincerity, I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be.

Yours, &c.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE TO MR. JERVAS.

August 27, 1714.

I AM just arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there. Every one is much concerned for the queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the king.

I admire your Whig principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wish for them. Mr. Addison's verses on Liberty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion.

O Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright! &c.

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a man I so highly value, suspect my dispositions towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge to what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me; so, I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a party-man: nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to shew him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who misinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that passed betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me, in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party: nor did the Tory party

ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig party than the same liberty—A curse on the word *party*, which I have been forced to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign * may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of Honest and Knave, Fool and Man of Sense; these two sorts must always be enemies; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please, and be friends.

I am, &c.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. POPE.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I AM extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despisable thing in the world. This blow has so roused *Scriblerus*, that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicsome and gay, he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected, among old newspapers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble lord † sealed up: then might Scriblerus have passed for the Pretender; and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work

* Unfortunately it did not put an end to party distinctions; but, by proscribing the Tories, heightened and continued the animosity of both parties.—WARTON.

† Lord Bolingbroke's papers were sealed up at this time.—N.

for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegorized all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the "Key to the Lock."

Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover Street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old friends; to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit; and, though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste; only, that I will never forgive you, if you cannot use my foresaid house in Dover Street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, as I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckoned amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

—o—

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Sept. 14, 1714.

My Lord,

I hope your lordship, who were always so kind to me while you were a servant, will not forget me now in your greatness. I give you this caution, because I really believe you will be apt to be exalted in your new station of retirement, which was the only honourable post that those who gave it you were capable of conferring. And as, in other employments, the circumstances with which they are given,

are sometimes said to be equally valuable with the gift itself, so it was in your case. The sealing up your office, and especially without any directions from the king, discovered such sentiments of you in such persons, as would make any honest man proud to share them.

I must be so free as to tell you, that this new office of retirement will be harder for you to keep, than that of secretary: and you lie under one great disadvantage, besides your being too young; that whereas none but knaves and fools desire to deprive you of your former post, all the honest men in England will be for putting you out of this.

I go on in writing, though I know not how to send you my letter. If I were sure it would be opened by the sealers of your office, I would fill it with some terms of art, that they would better deserve, than relish.

It is a point of wisdom too hard for me, not to look back with vexation upon past management. Divines tell us often from their pulpits, "that half the pains which some men take to be damned, would have compassed their salvation:" this, I am sure, was extremely our case. I know not what motions your lordship intends: but, if I see the old Whig measures taken in the next elections; and that the Court, the Bank, East India, and South Sea, act strenuously, and procure a majority, I shall lie down and beg of Jupiter to heave the cart out of the dirt.

I would give all I am worth, for the sake of my country, that you had left your mantle with somebody in the House of Commons, or that a dozen honest men among them had only so many shreds of it.—And so, having dispatched all our friends in England, off flies a splinter, and knocks two governors of Ireland dead. I remember, we never had leisure to think of that kingdom. The poor dead

queen is used like the giant Longaron in Rabelais. Pantagruel took Longaron by the heels, and made him his weapon to kill twenty other giants; then flung him over a river into the town, and killed two ducks and an old cat. I could talk very wisely to you, but you would regard me not. I could bid you, *non desperare de republicâ;* and say, that *res nolunt diu malè administrari.* But I will cut all short, and assure you, that if you do not save us, I will not be at the pains of racking my invention to guess how we shall be saved; and yet I have read Polybius.

They tell me you have a very good crop of wheat, but the barley is bad. Hay will certainly be dear, unless we have an open winter. I hope you found your hounds in good condition, and that Bright has not made a stirrup-leather of your jockey-belt.

I imagine you now smoking with your humdrum squire, (I forget his name,) who can go home at midnight, and open a dozen gates when he is drunk.

I beg your lordship not to ask me to lend you any money. If you will come and live at the deanery, and furnish up an apartment, I will find you in victuals and drink, which is more than ever you got by the court: and as proud as you are, I hope to see you accept a part of this offer before I die.

The —— take this country; it has, in three weeks, spoiled two as good sixpenny pamphlets, as ever a proclamation was issued out against. And since we talk of that, there will not be * * * * * * *.† I shall be cured of loving England, as the fellow was of his ague, by getting himself whipped through the town.

I would retire too, if I could; but my country-seat, where I have an acre of ground, is gone to ruin.

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† Here are two or three words in the manuscript totally erased and illegible.—D. S.

The wall of my own apartment is fallen down, and I want mud to rebuild it, and straw to thatch it. Besides, a spiteful neighbour has seized on six feet of ground, carried off my trees, and spoiled my grove. All this is literally true, and I have not fortitude enough to go and see those devastations.

But, in return, I live a country life in town, see nobody, and go every day once to prayers; and hope, in a few months, to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require.

Well, after all, parsons are not such bad company, especially when they are under subjection; and I let none but such come near me.

However, pray God forgive them by whose indolence, neglect, or want of friendship, I am reduced to live with twenty leagues of salt water between your lordship and me, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

October 19, 1714.

DEAR BROTHER,

EVEN in affliction, your letter made me melancholy, and communicated some of the spleen which you had when you wrote it, and made me forfeit some of my reputation of cheerfulness and temper under afflictions. However, I have so many subjects amongst my friends and fellow-servants to be grieved for, that I can easily turn it off myself with credit. The queen's poor servants are, like so many poor orphans, exposed in the very streets: and those whose past obligations of gratitude and honour

ought to have engaged them to have represented their case, pass by them like so many abandoned creatures, without the possibility of ever being able to make the least return for a favour; which has added to my theory of human virtue.

I wish I did not only haunt you in the obliging and affectionate sense you are pleased to express it, but were personally present with you; and I think it were hardly in the power of fortune not to make some minutes pleasant. I dine with my Lord and Lady Masham to-day, where we will, as usually, remember you.

You have read, ere this time, "The History of the White Staff," * which is either contrived by an enemy, or by himself, to bring down vengeance: and I have told some of his nearest friends so. All the dragon † can say will not give him one single friend amongst the whole party; and therefore I even wonder at him, which you will say is a strange thing. The very great person of all ‡ can hardly speak of him with patience. The Conde § acts like a man of spirit, makes up to the king and talks to

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* A pamphlet, written by Mr. Daniel De Foe, and published in 1714, in 8vo, in two parts, under the title of "The Secret History of the White Staff; being an account of affairs under the conduct of some late ministers, and of what might probably have happened if her majesty had not died." Soon after the publication of it, came out, in 8vo, "A detection of the sophistry and falsities of the pamphlet, intituled, 'The Secret History of the White Staff,' containing an inquiry into the Staff's conduct in the late management, particularly with respect to the Protestant succession."—B. It was also answered in a little tract, entitled, "The History of the Mitre and Purse." In these performances the charge of intending to bring in the exiled family was retorted by the partizans of Bolingbroke upon those of Oxford. The struggle only tended to give the Whigs additional weapons against both.

† The Earl of Oxford.—N. ‡ Probably King George I.—B.

§ Earl of Peterborough.

him, and would have acted with more sense than any of them, could he have had anybody to have acted along with him: *nos numerus sumus*, &c. The man you speak of is just as you describe, so I beg pardon. Shadwell * says, he will have my place at Chelsea. Garth told me, his merit was, giving intelligence about his mistress's health. I desired he would do me the favour to say, that I valued myself upon quite the contrary; and I hoped to live to see the day, when his majesty would value me the more for it too. I have not seen anything as yet to make me recant a certain inconvenient opinion I have, that one cannot pay too dear for peace of mind.

Poor philosopher Berkeley has now the idea † of health, which was very hard to produce in him; for he had an idea of a strange fever upon him so strong, that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one. Poor Gay is much where he was, only out of the duchess's ‡ family and service. He has some confidence in the Princess and Countess of Picborough; I wish it may be significant to him. I advised him to make a poem upon the princess before she came over, describing her to the English ladies; for it seems the princess does not dislike that. (She is really a person that I believe will give great content to everybody.) But Gay was in such a grovelling condition, as to the affairs of the world, that his Muse would not stoop to visit him. I can say no more of news, than that you will find the proceedings hitherto have been comparatively gentle. Adieu.

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* Dr. Shadwell, son of the dramatic author who gave Dryden the original for Mac Flecnoe, and was afterwards poet-laureat.

† This alludes to his book, in which he attempts to prove, that all things supposed to depend upon a material world, subsist only in idea.—H.

‡ The Duchess of Monmouth.—H.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. FORD.*

DEAR SIR, October 19, 1714.

I THANK you kindly for yours, with the enclosed from our friend. I would have obeyed your commands as to "The History of the White Staff;" but there really is no answer to it, more than a thing that rises just out of what is said in the History; none writ on purpose by any one that knows matters of fact, or can contradict what he says; or indeed writ by concert of the persons that are attacked. And I reckon any other is not worth your while to read.† The dragon denies it; but, as I told the

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* Written on the same paper with the last.—H.

† The conclusion charges upon Bolingbroke and Atterbury in the most positive terms, their consultations for bringing in James III. as soon as the queen had given the treasurer's staff to Shrewsbury.

"It would make up another volume, and be a secret history as full of variety as this, and full as entertaining, to give an account how planet-struck they appeared at this surprising blow; what they said one to another after they had stood looking one upon another speechless and confounded for some hours; at a private assembly of all their confederates, which was held upon the occasion, where they gave vent to their passions, and broke out into all the extravagances of rage and despair. What desperate measures their chief leader proposed, and what a full consent of treason against both queen and country those desperate measures met with.

"The blast of hell, and the rage of a million of devils be on this cursed staff, said he, flinging the purses, &c., on the ground. It is he that has ruined us and broken all our measures! Did not I warn you from breaking with him? said he; I told you always it was impossible to supplant him with the queen. That she could never hear him speak, such was the magic of his tongue,

governor, it is necessary for him to do that in a very solemn and strong manner, else there will be a ripping answer, as you say. All things go on at the usual rate. I am at an uncertainty still as to my little office. I leave them to do just as they please. George Fielding and Brigadier Briton are grooms of the bed-chamber, which does not seem altogether the doing of a certain great man. The groom of the stole is still uncertain, lying between two that you know. I am told that the great person of all has spoken more contemptibly of the dragon than of anybody, and in very hard terms. Has not he managed finely at last? The princess gives great content to everybody. I will add no more, being to write on the other side to the Dean; which pray forward.

—o—

TO SIR ARTHUR LANGFORD.

Trim, Oct. 30, 1714.

SIR,

I WAS to wait on you the other day, and was told by your servant that you are not to be seen till

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without being enchanted with his words; and that if he got but the liberty for five words he would undo us all.

"Give away the Staff! said the Bis .... By Lucifer, I could not have believed she durst have done it! What can we do without it? We have but one way left, France and the lawful heir: it must and shall be done, by God!

"But whither do I launch? This is a scene of such consequences, filled with such a complication of villainy, such a discovery of the black designs of great numbers of men, that it cannot be entered upon here: it must be related in a volume by itself." —*Secret History of the White Staff.* Lond. 1714, 8. p. 46.

toward evening, which, at the distance I am at this time of the year, cannot easily be compassed. My principal business was, to let you know, that since my last return from England many persons have complained to me, that I suffered a conventicle to be kept in my parish, and in a place where there never was any before. I mentioned this to your nephew Rowley in Dublin, when he came to me with this message from you: but I could not prevail with him to write to you about it. I have always looked upon you as an honest gentleman, of great charity and piety in your way; and I hope you will remember at the same time, that it becomes you to be a legal man, and that you will not promote nor encourage, much less give a beginning to, a thing directly contrary to the law. You know the dissenters in Ireland are suffered to have their conventicles only by connivance, and that only in places where they formerly used to meet. Whereas this conventicle of yours is a new thing, in a new place, entirely of your own erection, and perverted to this ill use from the design you outwardly seemed to have intended it for. It has been the weakness of the dissenters to be too sanguine and assuming upon events in the state which appeared to give them the least encouragement; and this, in other turns of affairs, has proved very much to their disadvantage. The most moderate churchmen may be apt to resent, when they see a sect, without toleration by law, insulting the established religion. Whenever the legislature shall think fit to give them leave to build new conventicles, all good churchmen will submit: but till then we can hardly see it without betraying our church. I hope, therefore, you will not think it hard if I take those methods which my duty obliges me, to prevent this growing evil as far as it lies in my power, unless you shall

think fit, from your own prudence, or the advice of some understanding friends, to shut up the doors of that conventicle for the future. I am, with true friendship and esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

B.

—o—

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq.

November 4, 1714.

Sir,

I have one letter from you to acknowledge, which I will do very soon. In the meantime I send this to acquaint you, that if you have not already hid your papers in some private place in the hands of a trusty friend, I fear they will fall into the hands of our enemies. Sure you have already taken care in this matter, by what the public prints told you of the proceedings of the great men towards the Earl of Strafford and Mr. Prior. However, for greater caution, this is sent you by ——

I am, &c.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. FORD.*

DEAR FRIEND, November 1714.

I HOPE this will find you in good health; and I hope in greater tranquillity of mind than when we used to lament together at your office for the eternal faults of our friends. I have seen the dragon thrice since I wrote to you. He is without shadow of change; the greatest example of an unshaken tranquillity of mind, that ever I yet saw, seeming perfectly well satisfied with his own conduct in every particular. You know we have often said, that there is but one dragon *in rerum naturâ*. I do not know what he thinks, but I am perfectly well satisfied, that there will not be that one dragon left, if some people have their will. Haly Bassa, they say, struggles for his son-in-law. It is generous and grateful. There is a prodigious quarrel between him and the president about it.† I have given you the trouble of the adjoined for the Dean, as also a scrap of a letter for him which we had begun at our club, but did not finish; Dr. Parnell not going, as he said.

I am not yet out, but expect to be soon. Adieu.

I had almost forgot to tell you of the Pretender's declaration, in which there are words to this purpose: "That he had no reason to doubt of the good intention of his sister, which was the reason that he sat quiet in her time; but now was disappointed by the deplorable accident of her sudden death."

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* Indorsed, "Received Dec. 2, 1714."—H.

† Daniel, Earl of Nottingham.—B.

FROM THE SAME.*

November, 1714.

DEAR BROTHER,

I SEND you the scrap of a letter begun to you by the whole society, because I suppose you even value the fragments of your friends. The honest gentleman,† at whose lodgings we wrote, is gone for France. I really value your judgment extremely in choosing your friends. I think worthy Mr. Ford is an instance of it, being an honest, sensible, firm, friendly man, *et qualis ab inceptu processerat*, &c. Though, by the way, praising your judgment is a little compliment to myself, which I am apt to fall into of late, nobody now being at the trouble of doing it for me. The Parnellian, who was to have carried this letter, seems to have changed his mind by some sudden turns in his affairs; but I wish his hopes may not be the effect of some accidental thing working upon his spirits, rather than any well-grounded project.

If it be any pleasure to you, I can assure you that you are remembered kindly by your friends, and I believe not altogether forgot by your enemies. I think both is for your reputation. I am told, that I am to lose my little preferment:‡ however I hope to be able to keep a little habitation warm in town. I cannot but say, I think there is one thing in your circumstance, that must make any man happy; which is, a liberty to preach. Such a prodigious

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* Written on the same paper with the last.—N.

† The Duke of Ormond.—N.

‡ His post of physician to the royal household.

privilege, that if it did not border upon simony, I could really purchase it for a sum of money. For my part, I never imagine any man can be uneasy, that has the opportunity of venting himself to a whole congregation once a-week. And you may pretend what you will, I am sure you think so too, or you do not judge right. As for news, I never inquire about it. *Fuimus Troes*, &c. *Sed nunc ferox Jupiter transtulit omnia ad Argos.*

My present politics is to give no disturbance to the present folks in the due exercise of their power, for fear of forcing them to do very strange things, rather than part with what they love so well. Untoward reports in the country will make elections dearer, which I am sorry for. The dragon, I am afraid, will be struck at. Adieu in haste.

I must not forget to tell you a passage of the Pretender's declaration to this purpose: "That he had, &c."*

—o—

TO MONSIEUR GIRALDI.†

De Dublin en Irelande,
Fevrier 25, 1714–15.

MONSIEUR,

JE prens la liberté de vous présenter le porteur de celui-ci, Monsieur Howard, gentilhomme savant et de condition de ce pays-ci; qui prétend de faire le tour d'Italie; et qui étant chanoine en mon doyenné et professeur de college ici, vent en voyageant parmi

* As in the conclusion of his last letter.
† Secretary to the Duke of Tuscany.—H.

les Catholiques s'opiniatrer le plus dans son hérésie. Et après tout, monsieur, il n'est que juste, puisque vous avez dérobé notre franchise Angloise pour l'ajouter à votre politesse Italienne, que quelques-uns de nous-autres tramontanes devoient en voyageant chez vous faire des représailles. Vous me souffriez aussi de vous prier de présenter mes très humbles devoirs à son altesse royale le Grand Duc.

Pour mon particulier, monsieur, je prens la liberté de vous dire, que deux mois devant la mort de la reine, voyant, qu'il étoit tout-â-fait impossible de raccommoder mes amis du ministère, je me retirai à la campagne en Berkshire, d'où après ce triste événement je venois en Irelande, où je demeure en mon doyenné, et attens avec la résignation d'un bon Chrétien la ruine de notre cause et de mes amis, menacés tous les jours par la faction dominante. Car ces messieurs sont tout-à-fait résolu de trancher une demi-douzaine de têtes des meilleures d'Angleterre, et que vous avez fort bien connues et estimées. Dieu sait quel en sera l'événement. Pour moi j'ai quitté pour jamais la politique, et avec la permission des bonnes gens qui sont maintenant en vogue, je demeurerai la reste de ma vie en mon hermitage pour songer à mon salut.

Adieu, monsieur, et me faites la justice de croire, que je suis, avec beaucoup de respect, monsieur, votre, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 28, 1715.

My Lord Bishop of Clogher* gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent, and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in public events: for if your friends the Whigs† continue you may hope for some favour; if the Tories return,‡ you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear

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* Dr. St. George Ashe, formerly a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, (to whom the Dean was a pupil,) afterwards Bishop of Clogher, 1697; and translated to the See of Derry in 1716–17. It was he who married Swift to Mrs. Johnson, 1716–17; and performed the ceremony in a garden.—Dr. WARTON.

† Pope cannot, from his religion, be supposed to have had a violent partiality for the House of Hanover. But he had some powerful friends among the Whig party, and for some time seemed to preserve a sort of literary neutrality in politics.

‡ In a manuscript letter of Lord Bolingbroke it is said, "That George I. set out from Hanover with a resolution of oppressing no set of men that would be quiet subjects. But as soon as he came into Holland a contrary resolution was taken at the earnest importunity of the allies, and particularly of Heinsius, and some of the Whigs. Lord Townshend came triumphing to acquaint Lord Somers with all the measures of proscription and persecution which they intended, and to which the king had at last consented. The old peer asked what he meant, and shed tears on the foresight of measures like those of the Roman Triumvirate." —Dr. WARTON.

the Duke of Ormond is to me: do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros*——Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the eclipse, but it was that eclipse which happened on the first of August.*

I borrowed your Homer from the bishop, (mine is not yet landed,) and read it out in two evenings.

If it pleases others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation: yet I am angry at some bad rhymes and triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes† to war and gods. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little too obscure: but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no foul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and essay.‡ You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that preface.§ I saw the Key to the

* There was a great eclipse at this time. He alludes to the death of Queen Anne on the 1st of August.—BOWLES.

† He was frequently carping at Pope for bad rhymes in many other parts of his works. His own were remarkably exact.—Dr. WARTON.

‡ Given to him by Parnell; and with which Pope told Mr. Spence he was never well satisfied, though he corrected it again and again.—Dr. WARTON.

§ The notice is brief though respectful. It barely intimates, "That, such a genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business than in all the useful and

Lock but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times.*

God be thanked, I have yet no parliamentary business, and if they have none with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore if I can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on that side when there is a parliament on this: but truly I must be a little easy in my mind† before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house: my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which last is very rare,) I eat a mutton pie, and drink half a pint of wine: my amusements are defending my small dominions against the archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious

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entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer."—POPE'S *Preface to the Iliad.*

* Put these two observations together, and it will appear that Mr. Pope was never wanting to his friends for fear of party, nor would he insult a ministry to humour them. He said of himself, and I believe he said truly, that "he never wrote a line to gratify the animosity of any one party at the expense of another." See the "Letter to a noble Lord."—WARBURTON.

† Never was exhibited so strong and lamentable a picture of disappointed ambition as in this and some other letters of the Dean. When we consider the fidelity and ability with which he served the queen's last ministry, we are surprised that they gave him no higher preferment, but banished him, as it were, to Ireland. The fact is, his friends, though ministers, had it not in their power to do more for him than they did; but, as is the constant practice of all ministers, artfully concealed from him their inability to serve him, to keep him steady in his dependence on them.—Dr. WARTON.

choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Gay.

I am, and will be always, extremely yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dublin, July 19, 1715.

MY LORD,

IT may look like an idle or officious thing in me, to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances; yet I could never forgive myself, if, after being treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction, by a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you at this time the humblest offers of my poor service and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you in my own behalf; and if I am refused, it will be the first request you ever refused me. I do not think myself obliged to regulate my opinions by the proceedings of a House of Lords or Commons; and therefore, however they may acquit themselves in your lordship's case, I shall take the liberty of thinking and calling your lordship the ablest and faithfullest minister, and truest lover of your country, that this age has produced: and I have already taken care that you shall be so represented to posterity in spite of all the rage and malice of your enemies. And this I know will not be wholly indifferent to your lordship; who, next to a good conscience, always esteemed reputation your best possession. Your intrepid behaviour under this

prosecution astonishes every one but me, who know you so well, and how little it is in the power of human actions or events to discompose you. I have seen your lordship labouring under great difficulties, and exposed to great dangers, and overcoming both, by the providence of God, and your own wisdom and courage. Your life has already been attempted by private malice; it is now pursued by public resentment. Nothing else remained. You were destined to both trials; and the same power which delivered you out of the paws of the lion and the bear, will, I trust, deliver you out of the hands of the uncircumcised.

I can write no more. You suffer for a good cause; for having preserved your country, and for having been the great instrument under God, of his present majesty's peaceable accession to the throne. This I know, and this your enemies know; and this I will take care that all the world shall know, and future ages be convinced of. God Almighty protect you, and continue to you that fortune and magnanimity he has endowed you with! Farewell.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

August 6, 1715.

I RECEIVED your very Heraclitian letter. I am kinder than you: I desire to hear your complaints, and will always share them, when I cannot remove them. I should have the same concern for things as you, were I not convinced that a comet will make much more strange revolutions upon the face of our

globe, than all the petty changes that can be occasioned by governments and ministers. And you will allow it to be a matter of importance, to think of methods to save one's self and family in such a terrible shock, when this whole earth will turn upon new poles, and revolve in a new orbit. I consider myself as a poor passenger; and that the earth is not to be forsaken, nor the rocks removed from me. But you are certainly some first minister of a great monarch, who, for some misbehaviour, are condemned, in this revolution of things, to govern a chapter, and a choir of singing-men. I am sure I should think myself happy, if I had only such a province as the latter. Certainly your chapter is too peaceable, and not like other chapters; else they would give you more occupation. You see I begin with philosophy. As to business, I this moment saw the dragon. He had your letters, and shewed them to me some time ago, and seems to be mighty fond of the project; only he is to be at Wimple, and not in Herefordshire, and it is but a step farther.* He is to write this night, if you believe him, to that very purpose; nay, I am to have the letter to enclose, and I intend to keep mine open till eleven. It is strange that you should imagine the dragon had cast his *exuviæ* in his den,† or that confinement is a cure for inactivity; so far from it, all these habits are ten times stronger upon him than ever. Lewis will furnish you with a collection of new stories, that are as far beyond the old ones as you can imagine. Therefore I say again, come, and you will be far from finding any such dismal scenes as you describe. Your own letter will furnish you with topics to conquer your

* Alluding to the visit Swift offered him.

† He was sent to the Tower.—H.

melancholy. For in such a mutability, what is it that must not in time cast up? Even the return of that brother * you mention. And as philosophical as I am, I should be very sad if I did not think that very probable and feasible. As to your friends, though the world is changed to them, they are not changed to you; and you will be caressed as much as ever, and by some that bore you no good will formerly. Do you think there is no pleasure in hearing the Hanover Club † declaim upon the clemency and gentleness of the late reign, and a thousand stranger things? As for the constitution, it is in no more danger than a strong man that has got a little surfeit by drunkenness. All will be well, and people recover their sober senses every day. Several of your friends dine with me to-day; Lady Masham, Jo. Drummond, the judge, &c.; when you will be remembered. I wish I could return your compliments as to my wife and bairns. Sure you are a very ill husband, for you had the complete thousand when you was in England, and sixpence of another thousand given by the dragon. I remember that full well. Lewis is gone his progress. I shall be at Bath in a fortnight. Come that way. Adieu.

I really think the person I recommended will do well; he will be quite another thing before Michaelmas, with Rosingrave's teaching, &c. He has a good voice.

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* Bolingbroke.—H.

† Hanover club, of which Ambrose Philips, Esq., was secretary. —H.

FROM DR. FRIEND.*

Westm. Sept. 20, 1715.

MR. DEAN,

I AM much obliged to Lady Kerry for giving you an occasion of writing, and shall always be pleased in receiving any commands from you. Mr. Fitzmaurice† is very promising, and a favourite of mine already. I had never seen or heard from any one that was concerned for him, till I had the favour of yours; but as I had taken a particular notice of him on his own account, I shall now do it much more upon yours. This will be brought to you by your kinsman, Mr. Rolt. I am glad I can tell you, that he has behaved himself very well here. He is not of the highest sort, but is very sober and industrious, and will work out his way, and, I believe, deserve any encouragement you are pleased to give him. Things are in an odd posture with us at present; and the state of banishment you are in, may be endured without much regret; however, I shall hope in a little time to see you here, when more of your friends are in town.

The bishop‡ and my brother§ are much yours, and very desirous of a happy meeting with you. Before this can be with you, you will be able to guess how soon that may happen. May it be as soon as is wished by, Sir,

Your most obedient, and faithful humble servant,

R. FRIEND.

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* Robert Friend, D.D., master of Westminster school.—B.
† He had been placed at the school by Swift.—N.
‡ Dr. Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.—B.
§ John Friend, M.D.—B.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

SIR, October, 17, 1715.

I WAS extremely pleased to find you had not forgot your friends, when it is so hard for them to write to you, and by their concern for you, put you in mind of them. But I find no misfortunes can lessen your friendship, which is so great as to blind you on the side of their faults, and make you believe you see virtues in them, it were happy for them they enjoyed in any degree; for, I am sure, some of those you named are much wanted at this time. I was, as you heard, very well pleased that my friend * was safe as to his person, but very uneasy at seeing his reputation so treated. As to his fortune, it is yet in dispute. However, as long as he is well, I am satisfied. It is with difficulty I do hear; but now and then a straggling body brings me an account of him: for there has been no encouragement to write by the post, all letters miscarrying that either he or I have wrote that way, that we have given it over now, and trust to accident for the news of each other. I hope I shall hear from you oftener than I have done for some months past; for no friend you have has more respect for you, than your most humble servant.

Your niece Betty † is your humble servant.

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* The Duke, who, being suspected of treasonable practices or designs, went abroad.—H.

† Her grace's daughter.—H.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.*

Dublin, March 24, 1715–16.

My Lord,

As much of your lordship's thoughts and time are employed at present, you must give me leave to interrupt them, and, which is worse, for a trifle; though, by the accidents of time and party, of some consequence and great vexation to me. I am here at the head of three and twenty dignitaries and prebendaries, whereof the major part, differing from me in principles, have taken a fancy to oppose me upon all occasions in the chapter-house; and a ringleader among them has presumed to debate my power of proposing, or my negative, though it is what the deans of this cathedral have possessed, for time immemorial, and what has never been once disputed. Our constitution was taken from that of Sarum; and the knowledge of what is practised there in the like case would be of great use to me. I have written this post to Dr. Younger,† to desire

* Swift's correspondence with Archbishop King had been at all times rather formal than cordial, but upon his settling in Dublin as Dean of St. Patrick's, so many disputed points of church-jurisdiction occurred, as seem to have increased their coolness into actual discord. The Dean alludes to the warfare which he suspected Archbishop King fomented in his chapter in a preceding letter to Pope, p. 226, where he mentions the task of defending his dominions against the archbishop, and of subduing his rebellious choir, as his most important employments. The object of this letter was to consult Atterbury on some of the points in dispute, and the prelate's answer is not very favourable to the legality of Swift's pretensions.

† D.D. of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Dean of Sarum, or Salisbury.

he would inform me in this matter; but having only a slender acquaintance with him, I would beg your lordship to second my request, that the dean would please to let me know the practice of his cathedral, and his power in this point. I would likewise desire your lordship to let me know how it is at Westminster, and the two other cathedrals, with whose customs you may be acquainted.

Pray, my lord, pardon this idle request from one that loves and esteems you, as you know I do. I once thought it would never be my misfortune to entertain you at so scurvy a rate, at least not at so great a distance, or with so much constraint:

"Sis felix, nostrumque leves [I do not like *quicunque* *] laborem:
Et quo sub cœlo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
Jactemur, doceas."

The greatest felicity I now have is, that I am utterly ignorant of the most public events that happen in the world:

"Multa gemens ignominiam plagasque," &c.

I am, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord, your lordship's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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* The *quæcunque* of Virgil was more favourable to the zealous admirers of the memory of Queen Anne.—N.

FROM BISHOP ATTERBURY.

Bromley,* April 6, 1716.

Good Mr. Dean,

My gout kept me so long a prisoner at Westminster this winter, that I have fixed at Bromley this spring much sooner than ever I yet did; for which reason my meeting with Dr. Younger will be more difficult than it would be, had I been still at the deanery.†

The best (or rather the worst) is, that I believe he can say nothing to you upon the matter about which you write, which will please you. His deanery‡ is of the old foundation, and in all such foundations the deans have no extraordinary power or privilege, and are nothing more than residentiaries, with a peculiar corps belonging to them as deans; the first of the chapter, but such whose presence is not necessary toward the dispatch of any one capitular act, the senior residentiary supplying their absence, in every case, with full authority. Thus, I say, the case generally is in the old deaneries, unless where the local statutes may have expressly reserved some peculiar power or privilege to the deans of those churches. But none of them, I dare say, have a negative, either by common law, custom, or local statute. Thus much to shew you, that a nice search into the peculiar rights of the Dean of Sarum will

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* Bromley in Kent, where the Bishops of Rochester have an episcopal palace.—H.

† Of Westminster, which has long been connected with the bishopric of Rochester.—H.

‡ Of Salisbury.—N.

be needless, if not mischievous to you. The three deaneries * which I have had, are all of the new foundation, by Henry VIII. or Queen Elizabeth. In the charters of all there is a clause, empowering the dean to make, punish, and unmake all the officers. In the statues of one of them (Carlisle) the dean's consent, in all the *graviores causæ*, is made expressly necessary, and in the other two nothing from the foundation of those churches ever passed the seal without the dean's *sigilletur* first written on the lease, patent, presentation, &c., which is a manifest and uncontested proof of his negative. As to the power of proposing, that I apprehend not to be exclusive to the other members of the chapter. It is a point chiefly of decency and convenience; the dean being the principal person, and supposed best to be acquainted with the affairs of the church, and in what order they are fittest to be transacted. But if any one else of the body will propose anything, and the rest of the chapter will debate it, I see not how the dean can hinder them, unless it be by leaving the chapter; and that itself will be of no moment in churches where his absence does not break up and dissolve the chapter; as it does, where his consent to anything there treated of is expressly required before it can pass into an act. Where, indeed, he is allowed such a negative, he is generally allowed to make all proposals; because it would be to no purpose for any one to make a proposition which he can quash by a dissent: but this is not, I say, a matter of right, but prudence.

Upon the whole, the best advice I can give you is, whatever your powers are by statute or usage, not to insist on them too strictly in either of the cases mentioned by you, unless you are very sure of

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* Carlisle, Christ-Church, and Westminster.—N.

the favour and countenance of your visitor. The lawyers, you will find, whenever such points come before them for a decision, are very apt to disregard statutes and customs in such cases; and to say that their books make the act of the majority of the corporation the legal act of the body, without considering whether the dean be among the minority or not. And therefore your utmost dexterity and address will be necessary, in order to prevent such a trial of your right at common law; which, it is ten to one, (especially as things now stand,) will go against you. If the refractory part of your chapter are stout, and men of any sense, or supported underhand, (the last of these is highly probable,) you had better make use of expedients to decline the difficulty, than bring it at present to a decision. These are the best lights, and this the best advice I can give you, after a long experience of the natural consequences of such struggles, and a careful search into the foundation of the powers and privileges claimed and disputed on the one side and the other. I wish I could say anything more to your satisfaction, but I cannot; and I think, in all such cases, the best instance I can give you of my friendship is not to deceive you.

There is a statute* in the latter end of King Henry the Eighth's reign worthy of your perusal. The title of it relates to the leases of hospitals, &c., and the tenor of it did, in my apprehension, seem always to imply, that, without the dean, master, &c., nothing could be legally done by the corporation. But the lawyers will not allow this to be good doctrine, and say that statute (notwithstanding a constant phrase of it) determines nothing of this kind, and, at the most, implies it only as to such deaneries, &c., where the dean, master, &c., have the right of

* 33 Henry VIII. cap. 37.—N.

a negative, by statute or usage. And few lawyers there are who will allow even thus much. I cannot explain myself farther on that head; but, when you peruse the statute, you will see what I mean; though, after all, it does not, I believe, include Ireland. However, I look upon it as a declaration of the common law here in England.

I am sorry you have any occasion to write to me on these heads, and much sorrier that I am not able to give you any tolerable account of them. God forgive those who have furnished me with this knowledge, by involving me designedly into those squabbles. I thank God I have forgiven them.

I will enter into nothing but the inquiries of your letter, and therefore add not a word more, either in English or Latin, but that I am, with great esteem, good Mr. Dean,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

—o—

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

April 18, 1716.

MY LORD,

I AM extremely obliged to your lordship for the trouble you have given yourself in answering at length a very insignificant letter. I shall entirely follow your lordship's advice, to the best of my skill. Your conjectures from whence my difficulties take their rise are perfectly true. It is all party. But the right is certainly on my side, if there be anything in constant immemorial custom. Besides, though the first scheme of this cathedral was brought

from Sarum, yet, by several subsequent grants from popes, kings, archbishops, and acts of parliament, the dean has great prerogatives. He visits the chapter as ordinary, and the archbishop only visits by the dean. The dean can suspend and sequester any member, and punishes all crimes, except heresy, and one or two more reserved for the archbishop. No lease can be let without him. He holds a court leet in his district, and is exempt from the lord-mayor, &c. No chapter can be called but by him, and he dissolves them at pleasure. He disposes absolutely of the petty canons and vicars-choral places. All the dignitaries, &c., swear canonical obedience to him. These circumstances put together, I presume, may alter the case in your lordship's judgment. However, I shall, as your lordship directs me, do my utmost to divert this controversy as much as I can. I must add one thing, that no dignitary can preside without a power from the dean, who, in his absence, makes a sub-dean, and limits him as he pleases. And so much for deaneries, which I hope I shall never trouble your lordship with again.

I send this enclosed, and without superscription, to be sent or delivered to you by a famous friend of mine, and devoted servant of your lordship's.

I congratulate with England for joining with us here in the fellowship of slavery. It is not so terrible a thing as you imagine: we have long lived under it; and whenever you are disposed to know how you ought to behave yourself in your new condition, you need go no farther than me for a director. But, because we are resolved to go beyond you, we have transmitted a bill to England, to be returned here, giving the government and six of the council power for three years to imprison whom they please for three months, without any trial or examination: and I expect to be among the first of those upon whom

this law will be executed. We have also outdone you in the business of Ben Hoadley; and have recommended to a bishopric one* whom you would not allow a curate in the smallest of your parishes. Does your lordship know that, as much as I have been used to lies in England, I am under a thousand uneasinesses about some reports relating to a person that you and I love very well? I have writ to a lady upon that subject, and am impatient for an answer.† I am gathering up a thousand pounds, and intend to finish my life upon the interest of it in Wales.

God Almighty preserve your lordship *miseris succurrere rebus*, whether you understand or relish Latin or no. But it is a great deal your fault if you suffer us all to be undone; for God never gave such talents without expecting they should be used to preserve a nation. There is a doctor‡ in your neighbourhood, to whom I am a very humble servant. I am, with great respect, your lordship's most dutiful, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

Some persons go this summer for England; and if Dr. Younger be talked with, I hope you will so order it that it may not be to my disadvantage.

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* Dr. Charles Carr, Bishop of Killaloe.—N.

† See the subsequent letter from Lady Bolingbroke.

‡ Dr. R. Friend.—N.

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.*

London, May 5, 1716.

MR. DEAN,

YOUR letter came in very good time to me, when I was full of vexation and trouble, which all vanishes, finding that you were so good to remember me under my afflictions, which have been not greater than you can think, but much greater than I can express. I am now in town; business called me hither, and, when that is finished, I shall retire with more comfort than I came. Do not forsake an old friend, nor believe reports which are scandalous and false. You are pleased to inquire after my health; I can give you no good account of it at present; but that country, whither I shall go next week, will, I hope, set me up. As to my temper, if it is possible, I am more insipid and dull than ever, except in some places, and there I am a little fury, especially if they dare mention my dear lord without respect, which sometimes happens; for good manners and relationship are laid aside in this town; it is not hard for you to guess whom I mean. I have not yet seen her grace,† but design it in a day or two: we have kept a constant correspondence ever since our misfortunes, and her grace is pleased to call me sister. There is nobody in the world has a truer respect and value for her than myself. I send this to my friend John,‡ and beg you, when you do me the favour of an

* Lord Bolingbroke's first lady, married in 1700. She died soon afterwards.

† The Duchess of Ormond.—S.

‡ John Barber, the printer.

answer, to send it to him, who will take care to convey it to me in the country; for your letter lay a long while before it came to my hands. I beg you to look with a friendly eye upon all my faults and blots in this letter, and that you will believe me, what I really am, your most faithful humble servant.

F. B.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Gaulstown, June 17, 1716.

My Lord,

I have an account by this post that your grace intends in two or three days to go for England. I heartily wish you a good voyage, and a speedy return, with a perfect recovery of your health, and success in all your undertakings for the service of the church. I lately applied myself to some persons who I thought had credit with your grace, that they would prevail on you to consent that Mr. Dopping should have St. Nicholas, and that Mr. Chamberlain, upon surrendering a sinecure (fallen by the late promotion) to Mr. Wall, might succeed to St. Luke's; and having heard your grace was not disinclined to this scheme, I thought you had authority enough to make it go down with Mr. Chamberlain, who would be a gainer by the exchange, and, having already a plentiful fortune, would have as good an opportunity of shewing his abilities in one parish as in the other. I should add my humble entreaties to your grace to consent to this proposal, if I had not so many reasons to apprehend that it would succeed just so much the worse for my solicitation. I confess, every

friend I have, discovered long before myself that I had wholly lost your grace's favour, and this to a degree that all whom I was disposed to serve were sure to thrive the worse for my friendship to them; particularly, I have been assured that Mr. Wall would not have failed of the Prebend of Malahiddart, if he had not been thought too much attached to me; for it is alleged, that, according to your grace's own scheme of uniting the prebends to the vicarages, it would almost have fallen to him of course; and I remember the poor gentleman had always a remote hope of that prebend whenever Dr. Moor should quit it. Mr. Wall came lately down to me to Trim upon that disappointment, and I was so free as to ask him, whether he thought my friendship had done him hurt; but he was either so meek, or so fearful of offending, that he would by no means impute his misfortune to anything beside his want of merit, and some misrepresentations; which latter I must confess to have found, with grief, to have more than once influenced you against some, who, by their conduct to your grace, have deserved a quite different treatment. With respect to myself, I can assure your grace, that those who are most in your confidence make it no manner of secret, that several clergymen have lost your grace's favour by their civilities to me. I do not say anything of this by way of complaint, which I look upon to be an office too mean for any man of spirit and integrity, but merely to know whether it be possible for me to be upon any better terms with your grace, without which I shall be able to do very little good in the small station I am placed. The friendship I had with the late ministry, and the trust they were pleased to repose in me, were chiefly applied to do all the service to the church that I was able. I had no ill designs, nor ever knew any in them. I was the continual

advocate for all men of merit, without regard of party; for which it is known enough that I was sufficiently censured by some warm men, and in a more particular manner, for vindicating your grace in an affair where I thought you were misrepresented, and you seemed desirous to wish to be set right. And, upon the whole, this I can faithfully assure your grace, that I was looked upon as a trimmer, and one that was providing against a change, for no other reason but defending your grace's principles in church and state; which I think might pass for some kind of merit in one who never either had or expected any mark of your favour. And I cannot but think it hard that I must, upon all occasions, be made uneasy in my station, have dormant prebends revived on purpose to oppose me, and this openly acknowledged by those who say they act under your grace's direction. That, instead of being able to do a good office to a deserving friend, as all my predecessors have been, it is thought a matter of accusation for any one to cultivate my acquaintance. This I must think to be hard treatment, and, though I regard not the consequences as far as they are intended to affect myself, yet your grace may live to lament those which from thence may happen to the church.

When I was first made dean, your grace was pleased, in a very condescending manner, to write to me that you desired my friendship: I was then in the service of the ministry, and the peace was made; and, if I had any share in their ill designs, I was then guilty, but I do not know that I have ever done anything since to forfeit your good opinion: I confess I lost many friends by the queen's death, but I will never imagine your grace to be of the number.

I have given your grace too long a trouble. I

humbly beg your blessing, and shall remain ever, with the greatest truth and respect,

My Lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

June 20, 1716.

I CANNOT suffer a friend to cross the Irish seas, without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less,* and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (Popishly speaking) I believe constantly well-disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addresses to him but very rarely. A Protestant divine cannot take it amiss that I treat him in the same manner with my patron saint.

I can tell you no news, but, what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author militant: whereof in your days of probation, you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived

* Alluding to his constant custom of sleeping after dinner.—WARBURTON.

at that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the cardinalate, though I suffer for my religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the Psalms of David, if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one * in my name.† This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the Marquis de Langallerie,‡ wherein if I can but do some signal service against the Pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it should happen hereafter that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The church of Rome, I judge (from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition;§ that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family; so churches sink as generally as banks in Europe, and for the same reason; that religion and trade, which at first were open and free,

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* An indecent paraphrase of the first psalm, published by Curll, in his Miscellanies.

† Warton says, "It is observable that he doth not deny his being the writer of them." I have little doubt that he was so. The psalm is printed in the "Additions to Pope's Works."—BOWLES.

‡ One who made a noise then, as Count Bonneval has done since.—WARBURTON. They were both renegadoes, who attempted to make their fortune by introducing European discipline into the Turkish armies.

§ These words are remarkable. What would he have said, if he had seen what has happened in France [1794]? and what is likely to happen, by the diffusion of learning and science, in all the other Catholic countries of Europe? Such events are stupendous; *Non hæc sine numine Divûm eveniunt.*—WARTON.

have been reduced into the management of companies, and the roguery of directors.

I do not know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you ; but this is not the time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am and always will be, with the utmost sincerity,

Yours, &c.

—o—

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.

DEAR SIR, London, August 4, 1716.

I WISH your last had found me in the country, but, to my misfortune, I am still kept in town, soliciting my unfortunate business. I have found great favour from his majesty. But form is a tedious thing to wait upon. Since it is my fate, I must bear it with patience, and perfect it if I can ; for there is nothing like following business one's self. I am unwilling to stir without the seals, which I hope to have soon. I have been very ill ; this place never agreeing with me, and less now than ever, it being prodigious hot weather.

I know not what to say as to one part of yours ; only this, that you will forgive the fears of a woman, if she says she is glad it is as it is, though it has almost ruined her. I hope, one time or other, his majesty will find my lord has been misrepresented ; and, by that means, he may be restored to his

country once more with honour; or else, however harsh it may sound out of my mouth, I had rather wear black. These are my real sentiments. I never thought myself, nor my health, of any consequence, till lately; and since you tell me it is so to the unworthy, as you please to term it, I shall take care of it: for the worthy, which I once thought so, they are good for nothing, but to neglect distressed friends. Those few friends I meet with now, are worth a thousand relations: that I found long ago. We have the happiness of odd, half-witted relations, and silly, obstinate, opiniatre friends, that are a severe plague to me. I never could have the pleasure of talking one moment to the Duchess of Ormond. She had always company, and some that I wish she had not. She is now out of town, and we do not correspond at present. I wish her all happiness, and in better hands as to her business. You have a much better opinion of me than I deserve; but I will study all I can to merit that favour, which you are kind to assure me of.

I wish it were possible for us two to meet, that I might assure you, in person, that I am yours most faithfully.

P.S.—Yours came safe: I hope this will to you. There is a lady who never forgets you, and a particular friend to me, and has been a great comfort to me in my trouble; I mean my tenant: she is now in the country, to my grief.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

August 30, 1716.

I HAD the favour of yours by Mr. Ford, of whom, before any other question relating to your health or fortune, or success as a poet, I inquired your principles in the common form, "Is he a Whig or a Tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that possession of any sort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the court of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past; or power confers virtue, as naturally as five of your Popish sacraments do grace.—You sleep less, and drink more.—But your master Horace was *vini somnique benignus:** and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to wine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in temples for those who would consult the oracles, "Who dictates to me slumbering," &c.†

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* "Indulgent to himself in sleep and wine."—Dubl. Ed.

† Milton's Paradise Lost, Book ix. verse 23. On this passage Dr. Warton remarks, that "this is the only time Swift ever alludes to Milton; who was of an order of writers very different from

You are an ill Catholic, or a worse geographer; for I can assure you, Ireland is not Paradise, and I appeal even to any Spanish divine, whether addresses were ever made to a friend in Hell or Purgatory. And who are all those enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curll, Gildon, 'Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others, whose fame I have forgot: tools, in my opinion, as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every draper does not shew you three or four damned pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant that one thorough bookselling rogue is better quali-

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what Swift admired and imitated;" an assertion which it may not be improper to controvert. To pass over an allusion to Milton's prose writings; he twice mentions "Paradise Lost" with commendation; but what is still more to the purpose, in the late excellent edition of Milton's "Poetical Works" by the Rev. H. J. Todd, Vol. II. p. 137, a note is given from the margin of Swift's copy of "Paradise Lost;" which having excited my curiosity, I have been favoured with the following extract of a letter addressed to Mr. Todd, from J. C. Walker, Esq., well known to the literary world by his Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy, and several other ingenious publications: "I had once in my possession a book which might be of great use to you, a copy of the Paradise Lost, with marginal notes in the handwriting of the celebrated Dean Swift, for the use of Mrs. Johnson and her friend Mrs. Dingley. But this book, which belonged to the late Mr. John Whiteway, (whose name appears in Swift's will,) is, I fear, lost; nor can I find an exact transcript which I made of these notes. It is true, these notes were rather explanatory than critical; they served to justify Dr. Johnson's assertion, 'that Stella had not much literature.'—By the remarks on Bishop Burnet's preface to the 'History of the Reformation;' on 'Gibbs's Psalms;' and on 'Mackay's Characters;' some idea may be formed of the value of his marginal notes. And it may not be unacceptable to the curious to be informed, that in the library of the late Marquis of Lansdowne, was preserved the Dean's copy of Herbert's History of Henry VIII. (which, it appears in Vol. I., he had, in 1696–7, been reading with attention:) and also his copy of Bishop Burnet's 'History of the Reformation.'"—NICHOLS.

fied to vex an author, than all his contemporary scribblers in critic or satire, not only by stolen copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other men's dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the ears of that Curll, when I was in credit; but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my pen-knife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the historian pretends to have been an eye-witness; but I beg pardon, sack might do it, although ratsbane would not.* I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolics of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curll and his resemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under Langallerie to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home, by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, because we would oblige you to be a Christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker † in this town, who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct,

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* This story originated in a practical joke played off by Pope upon Curll, who gave him an emetic in a glass of sack. See the Account of the Poisoning of Edmund Curll, Vol. XIII.

† George Rooke, linen-draper.—Dubl. Ed.

but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a set of quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay* could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says. I believe farther, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted: and that a porter, footman, or chairman's pastoral might do well.† Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there?‡

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort, whenever you think proper to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipped by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem,

Yours, &c.

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.§

September 14, 1716.

SIR,

I HAD the ill-fortune to miss of that letter you upbraided me with. I had deserved any reproaches

* Gay did write a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works.—WARBURTON.

† Swift himself wrote one of this kind, "Dermot and Sheelah."—WARBURTON.

‡ This hint is said to have suggested the "Beggars' Opera."

§ This melancholy letter, from an amiable and unhappy lady, was written after the Duke of Ormond, her husband, had thought

you could make me, if it had come to my hands, and I not made due acknowledgments for your inquiries after me. I will make you wish you had not been so angry with me: for I will scrawl out myself, what you would rather Betty or my maid had, for they would have made shorter work of it; but I will answer every part of yours, that you obliged me with by Mr. Ford.

First, as to the lady you mention, the reason I had not seen her in a great while was, my being in the country. To tell you the truth, I believe her husband has been a better courtier, than either she or any of her sex could be; because men have it in their power to serve, and I believe hers has effectually done what lay in him.

You kindly ask how my affairs go. There is yet no end of them, and God only knows when there will be. For when everything was thought done, a sudden blast has blown all hopes away, and then they gave me fresh expectations. In the meantime I am forced to live upon the borrow; my goods all taken away, that I shall not so much as have a bed to lie upon, but what I must buy; and no money of my own to do that with: so that you may imagine me in a cheerful way. I pray God support me.

The gentleman * you inquired after is very well now. The illness you heard he had, he has been subject to a good while. What you desire, I wish were in the power of either his brother or me; but all will go from both of us of every kind. Only they

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it necessary to escape into France, and while she was struggling with the difficulties arising from indigence, his whole fortune being forfeited, and from the neglect of her powerful friends and relatives. It is highly to Swift's honour, that if he cultivated the great and ambitious in their hour of importance, he never neglected them in their fall.

* The duke. See p. 232.—N.

say, that the clothes upon my back I may perhaps call my own, and that's all. I was obliged to leave the country. I was so ill there, that if I had not come to the physicians, I cannot tell what might have happened. My daughter is your most humble servant, and is pretty well in health.

Am not I one of my word, and troubled you twice as long as you would have wished? But you will find by this, that a woman's pen should no more be set at work than her tongue; for she never knows when to let either of them rest. But my paper puts me in mind, that I have but just room to tell you, I wish much to see you here, if it could be with your satisfaction; and that I am with great sincerity, Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.*

October 23, 1716.

IT is a very great truth, that, among all the losses which I have sustained, none affected me more sensibly than that of your company and correspondence; and yet, even now, I should not venture to write to you, did not you provoke me to it. A commerce of letters between two men who are out of the world, and who do not care one farthing to return into it again, must be of little moment to the state; and yet I remember enough of that world to know, that the most innocent things become criminal in

* Indorsed, "The Squire.—Received November 7, 1716."—N.

some men, as the most criminal pass applauded in others.

Your letter breathes the same spirit as your conversation, at all times inspired, even when the occasions of practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude seemed most remote; if such occasions could ever seem remote to men, who are under the direction of your able and honest friend Sir Roger.*

To write about myself is no agreeable task, but your commands are sufficient at once to determine and excuse me. Know, therefore, that my health is far better than it has been a great while; that the money which I brought over with me will hold out some time longer; and that I have secured a small fund, which will yield in any part of the world a revenue sufficient for one *qui peut se retrancher même avec plaisir dans la médiocrité.* I use a French expression, because I have not one that pleases me ready in English. During several months after leaving that obscure retreat, into which I had thrown myself last year, I went through all the mortifying circumstances imaginable.† At present I enjoy, as

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* Sir Roger is the name given to Lord-Treasurer Oxford, in the History of John Bull. As Bolingbroke is known to have hated and despised the treasurer, the words *able* and *honest* must be taken ironically.—H.

† The following was the apology which Bolingbroke offered for his flight from England :—

"My Lord, "Dover, March 27, 1715.

"I left town so abruptly that I had no time to take leave of you or any of my friends. You will excuse me when you know that I had certain and repeated informations from some who are in the secret of affairs, that a resolution was taken by those who have power to execute it to pursue me to the scaffold. My blood was to have been the cement of a new alliance; nor could my innocence be any security after it had been once demanded from abroad, and resolved on at home, that it was necessary to cut me off. Had there been the least reason to hope for a fair and open

far as I consider myself, great complacency of mind; but this inward satisfaction is embittered, when I consider the condition of my friends. They are got into a dark hole, where they grope about after blind guides; stumble from mistake to mistake; jostle against one another, and dash their heads against the wall; and all this to no purpose. For assure yourself that there is no returning to light; no going out, but by going back.* My style is mystic, but it is your trade to deal in mysteries, and therefore I add neither comment nor excuse. You will understand me; and I conjure you to be persuaded that if I could have half an hour's conversation with you, for which I would barter whole hours of life, you would stare, haul your wig, and bite paper more than ever you did in your life.† Adieu, dear friend; may the

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trial, after having been already prejudged, unheard, by two houses of parliament, I should not have declined the strictest examination. I challenge the most inveterate of my enemies to produce any one instance of a criminal correspondence, or the least corruption in any part of the administration where I was concerned. If my zeal for the honour and dignity of my royal mistress, and the true interest of my country, has anywhere transported me to let slip a warm and unguarded expression, I hope the most favourable interpretation will be put upon it. It is a comfort that will remain with me in all my misfortunes, that I served her majesty faithfully and dutifully, in that especially, which she had most at heart, relieving her people from a bloody and expensive war; and that I have also been too much an Englishman to sacrifice the interest of my country to any foreign ally: and it is for this crime only that I am now driven from thence. You shall hear more at large from me shortly. Yours, &c."—*Biogr. Brit.* Lond. 1760, vol. V. p. 3569.

* Bolingbroke was now engaged in the intrigues of St. Germains. His meaning may therefore, perhaps, be expressed in the words of Shakespeare:

> Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
> And welcome home again deserted faith,
> Seek out King *James*, and fall before his feet.

† This is a strong picture of Swift's manner.—H.

kindest influence of Heaven be shed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again, that Heaven only knows; if we do, what millions of things shall we have to talk over! In the meanwhile, believe that nothing sits so near my heart as my country and my friends; and that among these you ever had, and ever shall have, a principal place.

If you write to me, direct "*A Monsieur Charlot, chez Monsieur Cantillon, banquier, rue de l'Arbre sec.*"* Once more adieu.

—o—

FROM CHARLES FORD, Esq.

Paris, October 28, 1716.

Sir,

If I was to see you again, you would give twice as much as you offered six weeks ago, not to have seen me. By the same rule, you might afford something not to hear from me; but the enclosed † came this morning to me, and I could not send it away, without adding a few lines to the cover. They are not to put you again into the spleen, but only to ask how you do, and how you employ yourself? Do the great designs go on at Laracor? Or have the rains put a stop to your improvements, as well as to my journey? It will cost you but a penny, and a few minutes to answer these questions; and in return you shall know anything you desire to know

* In Paris.—H.

† The preceding letter of Lord Bolingbroke.

of me in my travels. I shall go on as soon as we have five or six days' sunshine to dry the roads, and make the finest country in the world supportable. I am laughed at here, when I talk of travelling, and yet of waiting for fair weather; but to me the journey is the greatest part of the pleasure. And whereas my companion is continually wishing himself at Rome, I wish Rome was a thousand leagues farther, that I might have more way to pass in France and Italy.

If you will do me the favour to write to me, direct to be left with Mr. Cantillon, banker in Paris.

I am, &c.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, November 13, 1716.

My Lord,

The reason I never gave your grace the trouble of a letter, was, because it could only be a trouble, without either entertainment or use; for I am so much out, even of this little world, that I know not the commonest occurrences in it; neither do I now write to your grace upon any sort of business, for I have nothing to ask but your blessing and favourable thoughts: only I conceived it ought not to be said, that your grace was several months absent in England, without one letter from the Dean to pay his respects. My schemes are all circumscribed by the cathedral, and the liberties about it; where nothing of moment happened since your grace left it, except the election of Mr. Chamberlain to St.

Nicholas, which passed quietly while I was absent in the country. I am purchasing a glebe, by the help of the trustees, for the vicarage of Laracor; and I have vanity enough to desire it might be expressed by a clause in the deeds, as one consideration, that I had been instrumental in procuring the first-fruits; which was accordingly inserted; but hints were given it would not pass. Then the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe had, as I am told, a sum of money for their labour in that affair; who, upon my arrival at London to negotiate it, were one of them gone to Bath, and the other to Ireland: but it seems more reasonable to give bishops money for doing nothing, than a private gentleman thanks for succeeding where bishops have failed. I am only sorry I was not a bishop, that I might at least have got money. The Tory clergy here seem ready for conversion, provoked by a parcel of obscure zealots in London, who, as we hear, are setting up a new Church of England by themselves. By our intelligence, it seems to be a complication of as much folly, madness, hypocrisy, and mistake, as ever was offered to the world. If it be understood so on your side, I cannot but think there would be a great opportunity of regaining the body of the clergy to the interest of the court; who, if they were persuaded by a few good words to throw off their fears, could never think of the Pretender without horror; under whom it is obvious that those refiners would have the greatest credit, and consequently everything be null since the time of the Revolution, and more havoc made in a few months, than the most desponding among the Tories can justly apprehend from the present management in as many years. These at least are, as I am told, the thoughts and reasonings of the high church people among us; but whether a court, in the midst of strength and secur-

ity, will conceive it worth their while to cultivate the dispositions of people in the dust, is out of my reach.*

The Bishop of Dromore has never been in town since he went to his diocese, nor does he say anything of coming up. He is in good health.

I was told a week or two ago a confused story of the anatomy lecturer at the college turned out by the provost,† and another put in his place. I know not the particulars; but am assured he is blamed for it both by the prince and your grace. I take the provost to be a very honest gentleman, perfectly good-natured, and the least inclined to speak ill of others of almost any person I have known. He has very good intentions; but the defect seems to be, that his views are short, various, and sudden; and I have reason to think, he hardly ever makes use of any other counsellor than himself. I talked to him of this matter since it was done, and I think his answers satisfied me; but I am an ill retainer of facts wherein I have no concern; my humble opinion is, that it would be much to his own ease, and of theirs who dislike him, if he were put into another station; and if you will not afford him a bishopric, that you will let him succeed some rich country dean. I dare be confident that the provost had no other end in changing that lecturer, than a design of

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* It will be presently seen, that the archbishop made an ungenerous use of this letter, and shewed the passage immediately preceding the reference, as a proof that Dr. Swift was abandoning the high-church interest. It is difficult to screw such a meaning out of the fair import of the words, which seem only an allusion to the violence of the nonjuring and jacobite party, with whose politics Swift agreed still less than with the church government approved by the Whigs. See Lewis's letters to Swift, 12th January 1716–17, and Swift's to Atterbury, 18th July 1717.

† Dr. Pratt, afterwards Dean of Down.—F.

improving anatomy as far as he could; for he would never have made such a step as choosing the prince* chancellor, but from a resolution of keeping as fair as he possibly could with the present powers, in regard both to his ease and his interest; and in hopes of changing a post, wherein, to say the truth, he has been used by judges and governors like any dog, and has suffered more by it in his health and honour, than I with his patrimonial estate, would think it were worth. Here has been one Whittingham, in an ordination sermon, calling the clergy a thousand dumb dogs, and treating Episcopacy as bad as Boyse;† yet no notice at all shall be taken of this, unless to his advantage upon the next vacant bishopric; and wagers are laid already, whether he or one Monk will be the man. But I forget myself; and therefore shall only add, that I am, with the greatest respect and truth, my Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful

And most humble servant, &c.

—o—

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, Suffolk Street, Nov. 22, 1716.

SIR,

I READ yours of the thirteenth instant with great satisfaction. It is not only an advantage to you

* George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George II.—F.

† An eminent dissenting teacher, minister of Wood-street meeting-house in Dublin, who wrote several tracts in favour of the dissenters.

and me, that there should be a good correspondence between us, but also to the public; and I assure you I had much ado to persuade people here, that we kept any tolerable measures with one another; much less, that there was anything of a good intelligence: and therefore you judged right, that it ought not to be said, that in so many months I had not received any letter from you.

I do a little admire, that those that should be your fastest friends, should be so opposite to acknowledge the service you did in procuring the twentieth parts and first-fruits: I know no reason for it, except the zeal I shewed to do you justice in that particular from the beginning. But since I only did it, as obliged to bear testimony to the truth, in a matter which I certainly knew, and would have done the same for the worst enemy I had in the world, I see no reason why you should suffer because I, among others, was your witness. But be not concerned, ingratitude is warranted by modern and ancient custom: and it is more honour for a man to have it asked, why he had not a suitable return to his merits, than why he was overpaid? *Benefacere et male audire* is the lot of the best men. If calumny or ingratitude could have put me out of my way, God knows where I should have wandered by this time.

I am glad the business of St. Nicholas* is over any way: my inclination was Mr. Wall; that I might have joined the vicarage of Castleknock to the prebend of Malahidart; which would have made a good provision for one man, served the cures better, and yielded more then to the incumbent,

* The dean and chapter of St. Patrick's are the appropriators of that church, and have the right of bestowing the cure on whom they please.—H.

than it can do now when in different hands. But I could not compass it without using more power over my clergy, than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your condescension in that affair, so I will expect that those with whom you have complied, should shew their sense of it by a mutual return of the like compliance, when there shall be occasion. Such reciprocal kind offices are the ground of mutual confidence and friendship, and the fuel that keeps them alive: and I think nothing can contribute more to our common ease, and the public good, than maintaining these between you and me, and with the clergy.

We have a strong report, that my Lord Bolingbroke will return here, and be pardoned; certainly it must not be for nothing. I hope he can tell no ill story of you.* I add only my prayers for you, and am, Sir,

Your most humble servant, and brother,

WILL. DUBLIN.

—o—

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Trim, Dec. 16, 1716.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD be sorry to see my Lord Bolingbroke following the trade of an informer: because he is a person for whom I always had, and still continue, a very great love and esteem. For I think, as the

* This unbecoming insinuation, the Dean repels with becoming spirit in his answer.

rest of mankind do, that informers are a detestable race of people, although they may be sometimes necessary. Besides, I do not see whom his lordship can inform against, except himself: he was three or four days at the court of France, while he was secretary; and it is barely possible, he might then have entered into some deep negotiation with the Pretender: although I would not believe him, if he should swear it: because he protested to me, that he never saw him but once, and that was at a great distance, in public, at an opera. As to any other of the ministry at that time, I am confident he cannot accuse them: and that they will appear as innocent with relation to the Pretender as any who are now at the helm. And as to myself, if I were of any importance, I should be very easy under such an accusation; much easier, than I am to think your grace imagines me in any danger, or that Lord Bolingbroke should have an ill story to tell of me. He knows, and loves, and thinks too well of me, to be capable of such an action. But I am surprised to think your grace could talk, or act, or correspond with me for some years past; while you must needs believe me a most false and vile man; declaring to you on all occasions my abhorrence of the Pretender, and yet privately engaged with a ministry to bring him in; and therefore warning me to look to myself, and prepare my defence against a false brother, coming over to discover such secrets as would hang me. Had there been ever the least overture or intent of bringing in the Pretender, during my acquaintance with the ministry, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some discoveries or suspicions. And although I am not sure I should have turned informer, yet I am certain I should have dropped some general cautions, and immediately have retired. When people say things

were not ripe at the queen's death, they say they know not what. Things were rotten; and had the ministers any such thoughts, they should have begun three years before; and they who say otherwise, understand nothing of the state of the kingdom at that time.

But whether I am mistaken or not in other men, I beg your grace to believe, that I am not mistaken in myself. I always professed to be against the Pretender; and am so still. And this is not to make my court, (which I know is vain,) for I own myself full of doubts, fears, and dissatisfactions; which I think on as seldom as I can: yet if I were of any value, the public may safely rely on my loyalty: because I look upon the coming of the Pretender as a greater evil, than any we are likely to suffer under the worst Whig ministry that can be found.

I have not spoke or thought so much of party these two years, nor could anything have tempted me to it, but the grief I have in standing so ill in your grace's opinion. I beg your grace's blessing;

And am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

Trim, Dec. 22, 1716.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been here some days, to finish the purchase of a glebe for my country parish. I prevailed on a gentleman to alienate twenty acres for £200, to be had from the trustees of the first-fruits. He then sets me twenty-three acres more for 999 years.

Upon these last twenty-three acres, I am, by agreement, to lay out the said £200 in building, and to give the gentleman immediately £55 out of my own pocket, and to pay him £14 *per annum* for ever, which is near the value of the whole forty acres; these last twenty-three acres, after I have built and improved, I design to leave my successor,* who will then have forty-three acres of good glebe, with house, gardens, &c., for £14 *per annum.* I reckon to lay out of my own money above £250, and so to be an humble imitator of your grace, *lango intervallo.* This expedient was a project of Dr. Raymond, minister of this town, to deal with a Jew, who would not lessen his rent-roll to save all the churches in Christendom. Dr. Coghill, and everybody else, approves the thing; since it is a good bargain to the church, a better to the gentleman, and only a bad one to myself; and I hope your grace will have the same thoughts.

Since I came down here, I received the honour of a large, and therefore an agreeable letter, from your grace, of November 22. I have reason to think myself hardly dealt with by those of the side in power, who will not think I deserve any place in your good thoughts; when they cannot but know, that, while I was near the late ministry, I was a common advocate for those they called the Whigs, to a degree, that a certain great minister told me, I had always a Whig in my sleeve; neither did I ever fail to interpose in any case of merit or compassion, by which means several persons in England, and some in this kingdom, kept their employments, for I cannot remember my Lord Oxford ever refused me a request of that kind. And for the rest, your grace may very well remember, that I had the honour of corresponding with you, during the whole

* See the Dean's will.

period, with some degree of confidence: because I know your grace had wished the same things, but differed only in opinion about the hands that should effect them. It was on account of this conduct, that certain warm creatures of this kingdom, then in London, and not unknown to your grace, had the assurance to give me broad hints that I was providing against a change; and I observe those very men are now the most careful of all others, to creep as far as they can out of harm's way.

The system of new zealots, which your grace extracted, must be very suitable to my principles, who was always a Whig in politics. I have been told, that upon the death of the last nonjuring bishop, Dodwell * and his followers thought the schism at

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* Henry Dodwell, a very learned unconforming divine. He endeavoured as much as he could to heal the schism in the church of England, upon the following occasions:

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, "observing, that the deprived bishops were reduced to a small number, he wrote 'A Case in View considered,' proving, that [in case our present invalidly deprived fathers shall leave all their sees vacant, either by death or resignation,] we shall not then be obliged to keep up our separation from those Bishops who are as yet involved in the guilt of the present unhappy schism. Lond. 1705, 8vo. Some time after, he published 'A farther prospect of the Case in View, in answer to some new objections not then considered.' Lond. 1707, 8vo. . . . . Upon the death of Dr. William Lloyd, the deprived Bishop of Norwich, on the first of January 1710–11, Mr. Dodwell, with some other friends, wrote to Dr. Thomas Kenn, of Bath and Wells, the only surviving deprived Bishop, to know whether he challenged their subjection? He returned for answer that he did not: and signified his desire that the breach might be closed by their joining with the Bishops possessed of their sees; giving his reasons for it. Accordingly, Mr. Dodwell and several of his friends joined in communion with them. But others refusing to do so, Mr. Dodwell was exceedingly concerned at it, and wrote, 'The Case in View now in Fact, proving that the continuance of a separate communion without substitutes in any of the late invalidly deprived sees, since the death of William, late Lord

an end. My notion was, that these people began to set up again, upon despair of their cause by the rebellion * being brought to an end; else their politics are, if possible, worse than their divinity. Upon the whole, it is clear, that the game is entirely in the hands of the king and his ministers, and I am extremely glad of your grace's opinion, that it will be played as it ought: or, if we must suffer for a name, however, I had rather be devoured by a lion than a rat.

That maxim of the injuring person never forgiving the person injured, is, I believe, true in particulars, but not of communities. I cannot but suppose that the clergy thought there were some hardships and grounds for fears, otherwise they must be very wicked, or very mad; to say more would be to enter into a dispute upon a party subject; a dog or a horse knows when he is kindly treated: and besides, a wise administration will endeavour to remove the vain, as well as the real fears of those they govern.

I saw the provost yesterday in this neighbourhood, and had some little talk with him upon the occasion of the Bishop of Killaloe's death: I believe he would accept of the deanery of Derry, if Dr. Bolton the dean should be promoted; but I said nothing of it to him. I believe he has written to Mr. Molyneux.† I find, since he cannot be trusted with a

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Bishop of Norwich, is schismatical. With an Appendix, proving, That our late invalidly deprived fathers had no right to substitute successors, who might legitimate the separation, after the schism had been concluded by the decease of the last survivor of those same fathers.' Lond. 1711, 8vo."—Biogr. Brit. Lond. 1793. Vol. V. p. 325.

* In Scotland, in the year 1715.—F.

† Samuel Molyneux, Esq., a gentleman of great abilities and large property in Ireland, secretary to the Prince of Wales, chancellor of the university of Dublin.—F.

bishopric, that he desires to leave his station with as good a grace as he can; and that it may not be thought that what he shall get is only to get rid of him. I said in general, that such a circumstance, as things stood, was hardly worth the quiet of a man's whole life; and so we parted, only with telling him I intended to write to your grace, in answer to a letter I had from you.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

London, Jan. 12, 1716–17.

SIR,

ABOUT two months ago I sent you a very long epistle, and was in hopes you would either have made us a visit, or have let us hear from you. Since you have done neither, we must flatter ourselves that you will be better the new year than the former.

Our friend Prior, not having had the vicissitude of human things before his eyes, is likely to end his days in as forlorn a state as any other poet has done before him, if his friends do not take more care of him than he did of himself. Therefore, to prevent the evil, which we see is coming on very fast, we have a project of printing his Solomon, and other Poetical Works, by subscription; one guinea to be paid in hand, and the other at the delivery of the book. He, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, are now with me, and remember you. It is our joint request, that you will endeavour to procure some subscriptions: you will give your receipts for the money you receive, and when you return it hither, you shall

have others in lieu. There are no papers printed here, nor any advertisements to be published; for the whole matter is to be managed by friends, in such a manner as shall be least shocking to the dignity of a plenipotentiary.*

I am told the Archbishop of Dublin shews a letter of yours, reflecting on the high-flying clergy. I fancy you have writ to him in an ironical style, and that he would have it otherwise understood. This will bring to your mind what I have formerly said to you on that figure. Pray condescend to explain this matter to me. The removal of my Lord Townshend has given a little spirit; but that will soon flag, if the king, at his return, does not make farther changes. What measures his majesty will take is uncertain; but this we are very sure of, that the division of the Whigs is so great, that, morally speaking, nothing but another rebellion can ever unite them. Sunderland, Stanhope, and Cadogan, are of one side; Townshend, Walpole, Oxford, Devonshire, and the chancellor,† on the other. The latter seem at present to be strongest; but when the former appear with a German reinforcement, they will undoubtedly turn the balance. They are both making their court to the Tories, who, I hope will be a body by themselves, and not serve as recruits to either of the other two. Lord Townshend's friends give out, that his disgrace is owing to refusing four things, viz., to keep up the army; repeal the limitations of the succession act; to send money to Germany for

* The work is a splendid folio, dedicated, like a former edition of Prior's Poems, to the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, and published in 1718. Notwithstanding the original high price, and the predilection of the age for fine printing and large paper, this splendid edition of an English classic of the first order, is usually sold at a very trifling price.

† William, Earl Cowper.—B.

carrying on a war against Sweden; and to attaint Lord Oxford. When Lord Sunderland * comes over, he will probably cry "whore" again, and endeavour to saddle Lord Townshend in his turn. For these reproaches now are like that of Jacobitism in former reigns. We are told, that Lord Bolingbroke has permission to stay in France, notwithstanding the late treaty, provided he retires from Paris.

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TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, March 9, 1716–17.

My Lord,

I had yesterday the honour of a letter from your grace, wherein you first mention Mr. Duncan's accident, who, as it falls out, is quite recovered, and, they say, is since better of his asthma: I believe, whenever he dies, I shall be in some difficulties, although I am wholly indifferent who may succeed him, provided he may be a deserving person; unless I might say, that my inclinations are a little turned to oblige Mr. Dopping,† on account of his brother, for whom I have always had a very great esteem. It will be impossible for me to carry any point against that great majority of the chapter, who are sure to oppose me whenever party interferes: and in those cases I shall be very ready to change

* By whose intrigues Lord Viscount Townshend had been removed from the post of Secretary of State, which was given to General Stanhope, afterward Earl of Stanhope.—B.

† Mr. Dopping was made Bishop of Ossory in 1741, and died the year following. He was uncle to Miss Hamilton, afterward Countess of Ossory.—N.

my nomination, only choosing those I least dislike among such as they will consent to: wherein I hope I shall have your grace's approbation.

About a week ago, I wrote to your grace in relation to the provost. My Lord Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Coghill, and I, were yesterday using our rhetoric to no purpose.—The topic he perpetually adheres to is, that the court offers him a deanery, because they look upon him as a man they cannot trust; which, he says, affects his reputation: that he professes to be as true to the present king, as any person in employment: that he has always shewn himself so: that he was sacrificed by the Tories in the late reign, on account of the dispute in the college, and other matters; that he publicly argues and appears against the same party now, upon all occasions; and expects as little favour from them, if ever they should come into power, as any man now in employment. As to any hints dropped to him of any danger or uneasiness from Parliament or visitation, he declares himself perfectly safe and easy: and if it might not affect the society, he should be glad of such inquiries, in order to vindicate himself: that he should like the Deanery of Down full as well, and perhaps better, than the Bishopric of Dromore, provided the deanery was given him in such a manner, and with some mark of favour and approbation, that the world would not think he was driven into it as a man whom the king could not trust; and if any such method could be thought on, he would readily accept it: that he is very sensible he should be much happier in the other station, and much richer, and which weighs with him more, that it would be much for the present interest of the college to be under another head: but that the sense of his own loss of credit prevails with him above all considerations: and that he hopes in some time to convince the world, and the

court too, that he has been altogether misrepresented.

This is the sum of his reasoning, by all I could gather after several conversations with him, both alone and with some of his best friends: who all differ from him, as, he allows, most of his acquaintance do. I am no judge of what consequence his removal may be to the service of the college, or of any favours to be shewn it. But, I believe, it would be no difficult matter to find a temper in this affair: for instance, (I speak purely my own thoughts,) if the prince would graciously please to send a favourable message by his secretary, to offer him the deanery, in such a manner as might answer the provost's difficulty. I cannot but think your grace might bring such a thing about; but that I humbly leave to your grace.

My Lord Bishop of Dromore received letters yesterday from your grace, and the Bishop of Derry, with an account of his succeeding to Clogher, of which I am sure all parties will be exceeding glad.

I wish your grace a good journey to the Bath, and a firm establishment of your health there. I am, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Not knowing but your grace might be gone to the Bath, I have mentioned something of the provost's affair, in a letter this post, to my Lord Bishop of Derry.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

Dublin, March 22, 1716–17.

My Lord,

Your grace's letter was a long time before it reached me; for I was several weeks in the country, dispatching the affair of the glebe, which, however, is not yet quite finished. Your grace does rightly conceive the nature of my purchase, and that I am likely to be £200 poorer for it: only I shall endeavour to lose by degrees, which is all I have for it. I shall endeavour, as much as I can, to prevent the evil you foresee of my successors neglecting my improvements, and letting them all go to ruin. I shall take the best advice I can, and leave them to be fools, as well as knaves, if they do so; for I shall make so many plantations and hedges, that the land will let for double the value; and, after all, I must leave something to fortune.

As to what your grace mentions of a practice in the late reign, of engaging people to come into the queen's measures, I have a great deal to say on that subject, not worth troubling you with at present; farther than that I am confident those who pretend to say most of it, are conscious their accusation is wrong: but I never love myself so little as when I differ from your grace; nor do I believe I ever shall do it, but where I am master of the fact, and your grace has it only by report.

I have been speaking much to the provost about the deanery of Derry, or whatever other employment, under a bishopric, may be designed him upon

these promotions. I find Dr. Coghill * has been upon the subject with him, but he is absolutely positive to take nothing less at present; and his argument is, that whatever shall be given him now, beneath the station his predecessors were called to, will be a mark of his lying under the displeasure of the court, and that he is not to be trusted; whereas he looks upon himself to have acted with principles as loyal to the present government, as any the king employs. He does not seem to dislike either of the deaneries of Derry or Down, but is persuaded it will reflect upon his reputation: and unless it could be contrived that he might have some mark of favour and approbation along with such a preferment, I believe your grace may be assured he will not accept it. I only repeat what he says to me, and what I believe he will adhere to.

For my own part, who am not so refined, I gave my opinion that he should take what was given him: but his other friends differ from me, and, for aught I know, they may be in the right; and if the court thinks it of consequence that the present provost should be removed, I am not sure but a way may be found out of saving his credit, which is all he seems to require; although I am confident, that if he were a bishop, the government might be very secure of him, since he seems wholly fallen out with the Tories, and the Tories with him; and I do not know any man, who in common conversation, talks with more zeal for the present establishment, and against all opposers of it, than he. The only thing he desires at present in his discourse with me, is, that no proposal of a deanery † should be at all

* Marmaduke Coghill, LL.D., judge of the prerogative court; afterwards a privy-councillor, chancellor of the exchequer, and commissioner of the revenue.—F.

† Dr. Pratt soon after accepted the deanery of Down.

made to him, but that he may go on as he is, until farther judgment shall be made of him by his future conduct.

I thought it proper to say thus much to your grace, because I did not know whether you and he perfectly understood each other.

I hear your grace intends this spring for the Bath. I shall pray, for the good of the church, that you may then establish your health. I am, with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Among other things, the provost argued, that Dr. Foster was promoted to a bishopric from being a fellow; and therefore he must conclude, that offering him a less preferment is a mark of displeasure: with which circumstance he is determined not to leave his present station.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, Magherlyn, May 1, 1717.

YOUR grace's letter of March 23d was brought to me at Trim, where I went a month ago to finish my lease and purchase for my country parish. In some days after, I met my Lord Bishop of Clogher at Drogheda, by appointment: we went together to Clogher, where he was enthroned, and after three

days came to this place, where his lordship is settling everything against the coming of the new bishop, who is expected here next week. My great business at Clogher was to seduce his lordship to lay out £2000 in a new house, and for that end we rode about to find a situation. I know not whether I shall prevail: for he has a hankering after making additions to the old one, which I never will consent to, and would rather he should leave all to the generosity of a successor. My notion is, that when a bishop, with good dispositions, happens to arise, it should be every man's business to cultivate them. It is no ill age that produces two such; and therefore, if I had credit with your grace and his lordship, it should be all employed in pushing you both upon works of public good, without the least mercy to your pains or your purses. An expert tradesman makes a few of his best customers answer, not only for those whom he gets little or nothing by, but for all who die in his debt.

I will suppose your grace has heard of Mr. Duncan's death. I am sure I have heard enough of it, by a great increase of disinterested correspondents ever since. It is well I am at free cost for board and lodging, else postage would have undone me. I have returned no answer to any; and shall be glad to proceed with your grace's approbation, which is a less compliment, because I believe my chapter are of opinion I can hardly proceed without it. I only desire two things; first, that those who call themselves my friends may have no reason to reproach me; and the second, that in the course of this matter, I may have something to dispose of to some one I wish well to.

Some weeks before Mr. Duncan's death, his brother-in-law, Mr. Lawson, minister of Galtrim, went for England, by Mr. Duncan's consent, to

apply for an adjoining living, called Kilmore, in Mr. Duncan's possession, and now in the crown by his death. I know not his success; but heartily wish, if it be intended for him, that the matter might take another turn: that Mr. Warren, who is landlord of Galtrim, might have that living, and Kilmore adjoining, both not £150, and Mr. Lawson to go down to Mr. Warren's living, in Clogher diocese, worth about £200. But this is all at random, because I know not whether Kilmore may not be already disposed of, for I hear it is in your grace's turn.

I heard lately from the provost, who talked of being in the north in a month; but our Dublin account is, that they know not when the deanery is to be given him. I do not find any great joy in either party, on account of the person, who, it is supposed, will succeed him.* The wrong custom of making that post the next step to a bishopric, has been, as your grace says, of ill consequence; and although, as you add, it gives them no rank, yet they think fit to take it, and make no scruple of preceding, on all occasions, the best private clergyman in the kingdom; which is a trifle of great consequence when a man's head is possessed with it.

I pray God preserve your grace, for the good of the church and the learned world; and for the happiness of those whom you are pleased to honour with your friendship, favour, or protection. I beg your grace's blessing; and remain with the greatest truth and respect, my Lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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* Dr. Richard Baldwin, who succeeded Dr. Pratt as provost.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq.

London, June 15, 1717.

Sir,

Last night I received yours of the 5th instant; and since you tell me I am your only correspondent, I think I ought to be the more punctual in my returns, and the more full in what relates to our friends here. You will see by the public prints that Monday next come se'ennight is appointed for the trial of my Lord Oxford, and that no less than six-and-twenty doughty members are appointed to manage it. The lords have likewise settled the whole forms of the proceedings. My lord has asked, that two lawyers more might be added to his counsel: yet is all this but a farce; for there is not a creature living who thinks he will ever be tried: for they publicly own, that they neither have, nor ever had, any evidence; and laugh at impeachments and attainders, and party gambols; and say, that all people deserve to be so punished, who presume to dispossess the Whigs of their indefeasible right to the administration. But since he is not to be tried, the next question is, in what manner he is to be brought off, so as to save the honour of his prosecutors? I think it will be by an act of grace. Others say, it will be by the commons asking more time, and the lords of their party agreeing to refuse it. But as we are wholly ignorant of their intentions, it is possible neither of these guesses may be right, and that they may keep him yet another year in prison; which my Lord Marlborough seems passionately to desire.

We labour here under all the disadvantages in

the world in every respect; for the tide of party runs still very strong everywhere, but in no place more than in Westminster Hall. Those on this side, whose honour and interest both require that all people, who pay obedience, should be protected, seem to want a capacity to govern: and the similitude of circumstances between the king and the regent, renders the latter a firm ally, contrary to the natural interest of France. Thus we are secure from any foreign enemy.

I agree with you, that Snape's letter* is really but a letter, and that it is much too short and too slight for such a subject. However, his merit was great, in being the first to give the alarm to his brethren, and setting himself in the front of the battle, against his adversaries. In those respects, his letter has had its full effect.

I desire you will be as quick as you can in the assistance you intend Prior; for those who subscribed here are impatient to have their books; and we cannot keep it off much longer, without passing for common cheats. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Charleton and I, remember you often. Lady Masham always asks for you very affectionately. By the way, I am perfectly restored to grace there, and am invited to their house in the country.† As soon as Lord Oxford's affair is over, I intend to go amongst my friends in the country, not to return

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* To the Bishop of Bangor, Dr. Hoadley, occasioned by his lordship's sermon preached before the king on March 31, 1717, "concerning the nature of the kingdom and church of Christ," in which that prelate had expressed his low-church sentiments very strongly.

† From the preceding letters it appears, that in the schism which broke up Queen Anne's administration, Lewis was steady in adherence to Oxford, and so incurred for a time the dislike of Masham and Bolingbroke.

hither till about Michaelmas. But if you will direct to me at my house in town, your letters will be conveyed to me, wherever I am. Mr. Rochfort* seems to have a great many good qualities, and I am heartily glad he has met with success. Adieu.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

London, June 18, 1717.

HAVING acquainted you in my letter of last post, that it was the universal opinion the commons would not proceed to the trial of my Lord Oxford, I think myself obliged to tell you, that we begin now to be something doubtful; for the managers, who are twenty-seven in number, strenuously give out that they shall be ready to proceed on Monday next. Therefore, if you have any thoughts of coming over, let not anything which I have said in my last have any weight with you to alter that resolution. I am wholly taken up with the men of the law, and therefore have nothing to say to you at present upon any public matters. I shall only just trouble you with one word relating to a private affair. My brother is chaplain to Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, which is now ordered to Ireland. If you could find any young fellow who would buy that commission, my brother thinks his patron (my Lord Carlisle) will easily prevail with my Lord Duke of

* Lord Chief-Baron of the Exchequer in Queen Anne's reign. See vol. XIV. p. 164, for an humorous account of a visit paid to his son's house at Gaulstown, by Dean Swift and a party of his friends.

Bolton for leave to dispose of it. I should be very glad you could find him a chapman.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

London, July 2, 1717.

I HAVE the pleasure to inform you, that Lord Oxford's impeachment was discharged last night, by the unanimous consent of all the lords present; and, as nearly as I could count, their number was one hundred and six, the Duke of Marlborough, my Lord Cadogan, Lord Coningsby, and a few others of the most violent, having withdrawn themselves before the lords came into Westminster Hall. The acclamations were as great as upon any occasion; and our friend, who seems more formed for adversity than prosperity, has at present many more friends than ever he had before, in any part of his life. I believe he will not have the fewer, from a message he received this morning from the king, by my lord-chamberlain, to forbid him the court. You know the prosecution was at first the resentment of a party; but it became at last a ridiculous business, weakly carried on by the impotent rage of a woman, (I mean of my Lady Marlborough,) who is almost distracted that she could not obtain her revenge.*

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* Yet a story has been told, bearing the safety of Harley to have been extorted from the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, at the price of his concealing some secret of importance.

"After the accession of King George the First, when the Earl of Oxford was impeached and committed to the Tower, and preparations were made for his trial, it is well known that a stop was

I am now going out of town, with an intention to roll about from place to place, till about Michaelmas next. If you write to me, direct to me hither, as

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suddenly put to it, to the great disappointment of a large part of the nation. There is a traditional story relative to this event, in which the Duke of Marlborough is concerned. It is said, that at that time Mr. Auditor Harley waited upon the Duchess of Marlborough, and shewed her a letter formerly written by the duke, which proved his correspondence with the Pretender. Mr. Harley, after having read the letter, threatened that it should be produced at his brother the Earl of Oxford's trial, unless the proceedings against him were stopped. The duchess, watching her opportunity, seized the letter out of Mr. Harley's hand, threw it instantly into the fire, and then defied his malice. Upon this he replied, 'Madam, I knew your grace too well to trust you: the letter you have burnt is only a copy; the original is safe in my possession.' A similar anecdote, the original for which we are able to assign, has been communicated to us by a worthy friend.* Before the Earl of Oxford's intended trial, he sent his son, Lord Harley, together with Serjeant Comyns, (afterwards Chief Baron of the Exchequer,) to the Duke of Marlborough, requesting his grace's attendance at the trial. The duke, in some concern, inquired what the earl wanted with him. Mr. Serjeant Comyns replied, it was only to ask his grace a question or two. The duke walked about the room for about a quarter of an hour, without giving any answer, and seemed greatly disturbed; after which, he asked for what purpose his attendance was required. Lord Harley said, it was only as to his hand. 'What,' said his grace, 'has your father any letters of mine?'—'Yes,' replied Lord Harley, 'all the letters your grace ever wrote to him since the Revolution.' Upon this the duke continued to walk about the room in the greatest uneasiness, and even flung his wig off in a passion. Mr. Serjeant Comyns interrogating him what answer they should return to the unfortunate lord, he said, 'I will certainly be there.' This was the true reason why the Earl of Oxford was never brought to a trial. The late James West, Esq., member for St. Albans, and president of the Royal Society, gave the account of the fact to the late Counsellor Gregg, in whose hand-writing it is now preserved. Mr. West assured Mr. Gregg that he received it from Serjeant Comyns' own mouth."—Biogr. Brit. Lond. 1784, Vol. III. 562.

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* Timothy Hollis, Esq., of Great Ormond Street.

usual, and your letter will be conveyed to me, wherever I am.

Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Charleton, and Mr. Currey, have dined with me to-day, and you have not been forgot. I was in hopes we should have seen you ere this. The doctor says you wait for the act of grace. Is it so? I hope to see you by next winter.

—o—

TO MR. COPE.*

SIR, Dublin, July 9, 1717.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter before I came to town; for I stayed three weeks at Trim after I left you, out of perfect hatred to this place, where at length business dragged me against my will. The archdeacon, who delivers you this, will let you know I am but an ill solicitor for him. The thing is indeed a little difficult and perplexed, yet a willing mind would make it easy; but that is wanted, and I cannot work it up. However, it shall not be my fault, if something be not made of it one time or other; but some people give their best friends reason to complain. I have, at a venture, put you down among poor Mr. Prior's benefactors; and I wonder what exemption you pretend to, as appears by your letter to Mr. Stewart. It seems you took the thousand pounds a-year in a literal sense, and, even at that rate, I hope you would not be excused. I hope your sheep-shearing in the county of Louth hath established

* Robert Cope, Esq., a gentleman of learning, good family and fortune, and a great admirer of Dr. Swift.—F.

your health; and that Dr. Tisdall, your brother of the spleen, comes sometimes and makes you laugh at a pun or a blunder. I made a good many advances to your friend Bolton * since I came to town, and talked of you; but all signified nothing; for he has taken every opportunity of opposing me, in the most unkind and unnecessary manner; and I have done with him. I could, with great satisfaction, pass a month or two among you, if things would permit. The archdeacon carries you all the news, and I need say nothing. We grow mightily sanguine, but my temper has not fire enough in it. They assure me that Lord Bolingbroke will be included in the act of grace, which, if it be true, is a mystery to me.

You must learn to winter in town, or you will turn a monk, and Mrs. Cope a nun; I am extremely her humble servant.

I have ventured to subscribe a guinea for Mr. Brownlowe, because I would think it a shame not to have his name in the list. Pray tell him so.

I doubt whether Mrs. Cope will be pleased with the taste of snuff I have sent her.

Present my humble service to your mother and brother; and believe me to be, with great truth and esteem,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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* Dr. Theophilus Bolton.—F.

—o—

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.*

Dublin, July 18, 1717.

My Lord,

Some persons of distinction, lately come from England, and not unknown to your lordship, have made me extremely pleased and proud, by telling me that your lordship was so generous as to defend me against an idle story that passed in relation to a letter of mine to the Archbishop of Dublin. I have corresponded for many years with his grace, though we generally differed in politics, and therefore our letters had often a good mixture of controversy. I confess likewise that I have been his grace's advocate, where he had not many others. About nine months ago I writ a letter to him in London, (for, in my little station, it is convenient there should be some commerce between us,) and, in a short time after, I had notice from several friends, that a passage in my letter was shewn to several persons, and a consequence drawn from thence, that I was wholly gone over to other principles more in fashion, and wherein I might better find my account. I neglected this report, as thinking it might soon die; but found it gathered strength, and spread to Oxford and this kingdom; and some gentlemen, who lately arrived here, assured me they had met it a hundred times, with all the circumstances of disadvantage that are usually tacked to such stories by the great candour

* See the preceding letters between Archbishop King and our author, dated 13th and 22d November, 1716, and also Mr. Lewis's letter, 12th January, 1716–17, from which it appears, that Archbishop King made an ungenerous use of Swift's communication respecting the non-conformists.

of mankind. It should seem as if I were somebody of importance; and if so, I should think the wishes not only of my friends, but of my party, might dispose them rather to believe me innocent, than condemn me unheard. Upon the first intelligence I had of this affair, I made a shift to recollect the only passage in that letter which could be any way liable to misinterpretation.

I told the archbishop—"we had an account of a set of people in London, who were erecting a new church, upon the maxim that everything was void, since the Revolution, in the church as well as the state—that all priests must be re-ordained, bishops again consecrated, and in like manner of the rest—that I knew not what there was in it of truth—that it was impossible such a scheme should ever pass—and that I believed if the court, upon this occasion, would shew some good-will to the church, discourage those who ill-treated the clergy, &c., it would be the most popular thing they could think of."

I keep no copies of letters; but this, I am confident, was the substance of what I wrote; and that every other line in the letter which mentioned public affairs would have atoned for this, if it had been a crime, as I think it was not in that juncture, whatever may be my opinion at present; for, I confess, my thoughts change every week, like those of a man in an incurable consumption, who daily finds himself more and more decay.

The trouble I now give your lordship is an ill return to your goodness in defending me; but it is the usual reward of goodness, and therefore you must be content. In the meantime, I am in a hopeful situation, torn to pieces by pamphleteers and libellers on that side the water, and by the whole body of the ruling party on this; against which all the obscurity I live in will not defend me. Since I

came first to this kingdom, it has been the constant advice of all my church friends, that I should be more cautious. To oppose me in everything relating to my station, is made a merit in my chapter; and I shall probably live to make some bishops as poor, as Luther made many rich.

I profess to your lordship, that what I have been writing is only with regard to the good opinion of your lordship, and of a very few others with whom you will think it of any consequence to an honest man that he should be set right. I am sorry that those who call themselves churchmen should be industrious to have it thought that their number is lessened, even by so inconsiderable a one as myself. But I am sufficiently recompensed, that your lordship knows me best, to whom I am so ambitious to be best known. God be thanked, I have but a few to satisfy. The bulk of my censurers are strangers, or ill judges, or worse than either; and if they will not obey your orders to correct their sentiments of me, they will meet their punishment in your lordship's disapprobation; which I would not incur for all their good words put together, and printed in twelve volumes folio.

I am, with great respect, my Lord,

your lordship's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. PRIOR.*

Duke Street, Westminster,
July 30, 1717.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the favour of four letters from you, of the ninth, thirteenth, sixteenth, and twentieth instant. They all came safe to me, however variously directed. But the last to me, at my house in Duke Street, is the rightest. I find myself equally comforted by your philosophy, and assisted by your friendship. You will easily imagine, that I have a hundred things to say to you, which for as many reasons I omit, and only touch upon that business, to which, in the pride of your heart, you give the epithet of *sorry*.† I return you the names of those who have been kind enough to subscribe, that you may see if they are rightly spelt, and the just titles put to them, as likewise if it has happened that any has subscribed for more than one volume. You will please to look over the catalogue. You see that our calculation comes even, the gentleman's name that desired it being omitted. I am sensible that this has given you too much trouble; but it is too late now to make an apology. Let Mr. Lewis, who is now with me, do it for me, at what time, and in what manner, he pleases. I take it for granted, that whatever I write, as whatever is writ to me, will be broke open; so you will expect nothing

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* Indorsed, "Received Aug. 6, 1717. Answered the same day."—N.

† Subscriptions for Mr. Prior's poems, procured by the Dean. The subscription was two guineas.—H.

from me, but what you may have as particularly from the postboy. We are all pretty well in health. I have my old whoreson cough, and I think I may call it mine for life. The earl* is *semper idem.* Lord Harley is in the country. Our brotherhood is extremely dispersed; but so as that we have been three or four times able to get as many of the society together, and drink to our absent friends. I have been made to believe, that we may see your reverend person this summer in England: if so, I shall be glad to meet you at any place; but when you come to London, do not go to the Cocoa-tree, (as you sent your letter,) but come immediately to Duke Street, where you shall find a bed, a book, and a candle: so pray think of sojourning nowhere else. Pray give my service to all friends in general. I think, as you have ordered the matter, you have made the greater part of Ireland list themselves of that number. I do not know how you can recompense them, but by coming over to help me to correct the book which I promise them.

You will pardon my having used another hand, since it is so much better than my own; and believe me ever, with the greatest truth, dear Sir,

Yours,

M. PRIOR.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

August 6, 1717.

Two years' retreat has made me taste the conversation of my dearest friend with a greater relish,

* Of Oxford.—H.

than even at the time of my being charmed with it in our frequent journeys to Windsor.* Three of your letters have come safe to my hands. The first about two years since: that my son keeps as a family monument. The other two arrived since the first of July. My heart is often with you, but I delayed writing in expectation of giving a perfect answer about my going to Brampton; but the truth is, the warmth of rejoicing in those parts is so far from abating,† that I am persuaded by my friends to go into Cambridgeshire, where you are too just not to believe you will be welcome before any one in the world. The longing your friends have to see you must be submitted to the judgment yourself makes of all circumstances. At present this seems to be a cooler climate than your island is likely to be, when they assemble, &c. Our impatience to see you should not draw you into uneasiness. We long to embrace you, if you find it may be of no inconvenience to yourself.

—o—

FROM MR. PRIOR.

Heathrop, Aug. 24, 1717.

YOURS, my good friend, of the sixth, finds me in Oxfordshire, with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which would sooner have been acknowledged, had I stayed in London. Before I left that pious city, I made due inquiry into the methods and regularity of your

* See Swift's Journal for an account of these expeditions.

† The rejoicings at his acquittal, which it was probably deemed imprudent for the disgraced statesman to countenance by his presence.

correspondence with the earl.* He has received your letters; he will answer them—but not to-day, *sicut olim.*† Nothing can change him. I can get no positive answer from him, nor can any man else; so trouble yourself no more on that head than he does. He is still in London, and possibly has answered you, while I am a little arraigning his neglect; but in all cases *liberavi animam meam.*

I wish you were in England, that you might a little look over the strange stuff, that I am to give our friends for their money. I shall be angry if you are near and not with me; but when I see you, that weighty question may be easily decided. In the meantime, I am taking your good counsel, and will be in the country as much as I can.

You have found two mistakes in the list, but have not corrected them. I presume we shall have it of the best edition, when you send the list back again; of which, I say, no haste is required.

Give my service and thanks to all friends; reserve only to yourself the assurance of my being, beyond expression, my friend,

Yours, &c.

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* Of Oxford.—H.

† Alluding to Lord Oxford's dilatory habits.

FROM MR. ADDISON.*

March 20, 1717–18.

DEAR SIR,

MULTIPLICITY of business and a long dangerous fit of sickness have prevented me from answering the obliging letter you honoured me with some time since: but, God be thanked, I cannot make use of either of these excuses at present, being entirely free both of my office,† and my asthma. I dare not, however, venture myself abroad yet, but have sent the contents of your last to a friend of mine, (for he is very much so, though he is my successor,‡) who I hope will turn it to the advantage of the gentleman whom you mention. I know you have so much zeal and pleasure in doing kind offices for those you wish well to, that I hope you represent the hardship of the case in the strongest colours that it can possibly bear. However, as I always honoured you for your good nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world, I should be glad if I could any way concur with you, in

* It is to be regretted that we have not the letter from Swift, which appears to have renewed, after a long interval, the correspondence between these distinguished men. It would seem, from the readiness with which Addison embraces the proffered amity of the Dean, that he had entertained no prejudice against him from his quarrel with Steele: so that it may be fairly argued he had more reason in that unfortunate affair, than has been conceded in his favour by some of his biographers.

† Of secretary of state, which post Mr. Addison resigned on the fourteenth of March 1717–18, and had a pension granted him of one thousand five hundred pounds a-year.—H.

‡ James Craggs, Esq.—B.

putting a stop to what you say is now in agitation.

I must here condole with you upon the loss of that excellent man the Bishop of Derry,* who has scarce left behind him his equal in humanity, agreeable conversation, and all kinds of learning. We have often talked of you with great pleasure: and, upon this occasion, I cannot but reflect upon myself, who, at the same time that I omit no opportunity of expressing my esteem for you to others, have been so negligent in doing it to yourself. I have several times taken up my pen to write to you, but have been always interrupted by some impertinence or other; and to tell you unreservedly, I have been unwilling to answer so agreeable a letter as that I received from you, with one written in form only; but I must still have continued silent, had I deferred writing, till I could have made a suitable return. Shall we never again talk together in laconic? Whenever you see England, your company will be the most acceptable in the world at Holland House,* where you are highly esteemed by Lady Warwick, and the young lord; though by none anywhere more than by, Sir,

Your most faithful,

And most obedient humble servant,

J. Addison.

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* Dr. St. George Ashe, often mentioned as a friend of the Dean.

† The Dean had lodgings at Kensington in the summer of 1712; and Mr. Addison lived there at the same time, being some years before his marriage with the Countess of Warwick.

FROM LORD HARLEY.

April 12, 1718.

His lordship writes to the Dean, "that he hopes to see him at Wimple this year; that Lord Oxford was well, and talked of going into Herefordshire." He adds, "Your sister* is obliged to go to Bath: presents her humble service, and desires you to accept of a little etui. I beg you will not deny me the favour to take the snuff-box which comes along with it, to supply the place of that which was broke by accident some time ago.

"I am, with true respect,

"Your most humble servant and brother.

"Harley."

—o—

FROM MR. PRIOR.

Dear Sir, May 1, 1718.

A pretty kind of amusement I have been engaged in; commas, semicolons, italics, and capitals, to make nonsense more pompous, and furbelow bad poetry with good printing. My friends' letters, in the meantime, have lain unanswered; and the obligations I have to them, on account of the very book itself, are unacknowledged. This is not all;

* Lady Harley.

I must beg you once more to transfer to us an entire list of my subscribers, with their distinct titles, that they may, for my honour, be printed at the beginning of my book. This will easily be done by revising the list which we sent to you. I must pray of you, that it may be exact. The money I received of Mitford, as mentioned in your last.

The Earl of Oxford has not at all disappointed my expectations. He is *semper idem*, and has as much business to do now, as when he was governing England, or impeached for treason. He is still in town, but going in a week or ten days into Herefordshire. Lord and Lady Harley are at the Bath, and as soon as I shall have settled my affairs of the printing-press, (sad business! as you very well call it,) I shall go into the country to them.

My health, I thank you, is pretty good. My courage better. I drink very often to your health, with some of our friends here; and am always, with the greatest truth and affection, dear Sir,

Your obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PRIOR.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, May 29, 1718.

I HAVE received yours of the 6th, with the list corrected. I have two colon and comma men. We correct, and design to publish, as fast as the nature of this great or sorry work, as you call it, will bear; but we shall not be out before Christmas, so that our friends abroad may complete their collection

till Michaelmas, and be returned soon enough to have their names printed and their books got ready for them. I thank you most heartily for what you have been pleased to do in this kind. Give yourself no farther trouble; but if any gentleman, between this and Michaelmas, desires to subscribe, do not refuse it. I have received the money of Mr. Mitford.

I am going to-morrow morning to the Bath, to meet Lord Harley there. I shall be back in a month.

The Earl of Oxford is still here. He will go into Herefordshire some time in June. He says he will write to you himself. Am I particular enough? Is this prose? And do I distinguish tenses? I have nothing more to tell you, but that you are the happiest man in the world; and if you are once got into *la bagatelle*, you may despise the world. Besides contriving emblems, such as cupids, torches, and hearts for great letters,* I am now unbinding two volumes of printed heads, to have them bound together in better order than they were before. Do not you envy me? For the rest, matters continue *sicut olim*. I will not tell you how much I want you, and I cannot tell you how well I love you. Write to me, my dear Dean, and give my service to all our friends.

Yours ever,

M. PRIOR.

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* A sort of splendid, but very unnecessary ornament, which is banished from modern typography.

FROM PETER LUDLOW, Esq.*

September 10, 1718.

I SEND you the enclosed pamphlet by a private hand, not daring to venture it by the common post; for it is a melancholy circumstance we are now in, that friends are afraid to carry on even a bare correspondence, much more to write news, or send papers of consequence (as I take the enclosed to be) that way. But I suppose I need make no apology for not sending it by post, for you must know, and own too, that my fears are by no means groundless. For your friend, Mr. Manley,† has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him, nor his wife, nor really to one of his acquaintance. Indeed, I own, it so happened, that they were of no consequence, but secrets of state, secrets of families, and other secrets (that one would by no means let Mr. Manley know) might have been discovered; besides, a thousand, nay, for aught I know, more than a thousand calamities might have ensued; I need not, I believe, enumerate them to you; but to be plain with you, no man or woman would (with their eyes open) be obliged to shew all they had to Mr. Manley. These I think sufficient reasons for sending it in the manner I do; but submit them and myself to your candour and censure.

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* Of Arsulagh, in the county of Meath, Esq., grandson of the famous Ludlow, who wrote the Memoirs of his own times.—F. It is impossible to discover to what piece of political waggery his letter refers.

† Postmaster-general of Ireland, whom Dr. Swift had greatly befriended in Queen Anne's time.—D. S.

The paper, I believe, you'll find very artfully written, and a great deal couched under the appearance (I own at first) of blunders and a silly tale. For who, with half an eye, may not perceive, that by the old woman's being drowned at Ratcliff-highway, and not dead yet, is meant the church, which may be sunk or drowned, but, in all probability, will rise again. Then the man, who was followed and overtaken, is easily guessed at. He could not tell (the ingenious author says) whether she was dead: true: but maybe he will tell soon. But then the author goes on (who must be supposed a high-churchman) and inquires of a man riding a-horseback upon a mare. That's preposterous and must allude to a great man who has been guilty, (or he is foully belied) of very preposterous actions; when the author comes up to him, the man takes him for a robber, or tory, and ran from him, but you find he pursued him furiously. Mark that: and the horse. This is indeed carrying a figure farther than Homer does: he makes the shield or its device an epithet sometimes to his warrior, but never, as I remember, puts it in place of the person; but there is a figure for this in rhetoric, which I own I do not remember; by which we often say, He is a good fiddle, or rather as by the gown is often meant, particular parsons. Well then, you find the horse, seeing himself dead, or undone, run away as fast as he could, and left the preposterous fellow to go a-foot. During this their misfortune, the candid author (whom I cannot mention without a profound respect) calls them friends, and means to do them no harm: only inquires after the welfare of the church.—Ah! dear sir, this is the true character of the Tories. And here I cannot but compare the generosity and good-nature of the one, with the sullen ingratitude of the other; we find the horse gone, and they foot-

ing it give a surly answer; while the other (though a conqueror) offers his friendship, and asks the question with a "Pray inform me."

I have gone, my dear friend, thus far with the paper, to shew you how excellent a piece I take it to be, and must beg the favour of you to give me your opinion of it, and send me your animadversions upon the whole; which I am confident you will not refuse me, when you consider of how great an advantage they will be to the whole earth, who, maybe, to this day, have read over these sheets with too superficial an understanding; and especially since it is the request of, learned Sir,

Your most dutiful and obedient humble servant,

SIR POLITIC WOULD-BE.

I submit it to your better judgment (when you make a more curious inquiry into the arcana of this piece) to consider whether, by Sir John Vangs (who you find lives by the water-side) must not be meant the Dutch; since you find too that he eats bag-pudding freezing hot; this may seem a paradox, but I have been assured by a curious friend of mine of great veracity, who had lived many winters in Holland, that nothing is more common than for hot pudding to freeze in that cold country: but then what convinces me that by Sir John the Dutch must be meant, is, that you find he creeps out of a stopper-hole, which alludes to their mean origin. I must observe too, that gammer Vangs had an old woman to her son. That's a bob for Glorious.*—But I am under great concern to find so hard a sentence past upon poor Swift, because he's little.

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* The common appellation in Ireland for King William III. —D. S.

I think him better than any of them, and hope to see him greater.

—o—

FROM MR. PRIOR.*

London, Sept. 25, 1718.

My dear Dean,

I have now made an end of what you, in your haughty manner, have called wretched work. My book is quite printed off; and if you are as much upon the *bagatelle* as you pretend to be, you will find more pleasure in it than you imagine. We are going to print the subscribers' names: if, therefore, you have any by you, which are not yet remitted, pray send them over by the next post. If you have not, pray send me word of that too; that, in all cases, I may at least hear from you. The Earl of Oxford has been in town all this summer, is now going into Herefordshire, and says I shall see you very soon in England. I would tell you with what pleasure this would be, if I knew upon what certainty the hopes of it were founded. Write me word of this too; for upon it I would order my matters so, that I may be as much with you as I can; and this you will find no little favour; for, I assure you, we are all so changed that there is very little choice of such company as you would like; and, except about eighteen hundred that have subscribed to my book, I do not hear of as many more in this nation that have common sense. My cousin, Pennyfeather, and

* On the back of this letter the Dean has written—"Levanda est enim paupertas eorum hominum, qui diu reipublicæ viventes, pauperes sunt, et nullorum magis."—N.

Will. Phillips, drink your health. I cough, but I am otherwise well; and, till I cease to cough, *i.e.* to live, I am, with entire friendship and affection, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

—o—

FROM MR. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, Bristol, Oct. 1, 1718.

I HAVE received the honour of your letter at Bristol, where I have just finished a course of water-drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, though you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor safely be treated of in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint Sir Ralph Gore, that I was under a pre-engagement, and not at my own choice to act in it, and have since troubled my Lady Ashe with a letter to the same effect, which, I hope, has not miscarried. However, upon my return to London, I will farther inquire into that matter, and see if there is any room left for me to negotiate as you propose.

I live still in hopes of seeing you in England, and if you would take my house at Bilton * in your way, (which lies upon the road within a mile of Rugby,) I would strain hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for some

* A small village in Warwickshire, where Mr. Addison's only daughter long resided, and died in 1797, at a very advanced age.—N.

days. The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months, is in the conversation of my old friend Dr. Smalridge,* who, since the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops; I would say clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you: and when I assure you he has an exquisite taste of writing, I need not tell you how he talks on such a subject. I look upon it as my good fortune, that I can express my esteem to you, even to those who are not of the bishop's party, without giving offence. When a man has so much compass in his character, he affords his friends topics enough to enlarge upon, that all sides admire. I am sure a sincere and zealous friendly behaviour† distinguishes you as much as your many more shining talents; and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and respect you; and that I am ever, dear Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

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* Bishop of Bristol.

† Addison, it must be remembered, was a witness appealed to by both parties in the dispute between Swift and Steele, nor was he likely to have paid this very pointed compliment to our author on the steadiness of his friendships, had there been real ground for charging him with gross injustice towards a person with whom Addison himself was still more intimately connected, both by private intercourse and party habits.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, London, Oct. 14, 1718.

THIS serves for an envelope to the enclosed; for I cannot tell whether you care to hear from any of your friends on this side. In your last, I think, you desired me to let you alone to enjoy your own spleen. Can you purchase your fifty pounds a-year in Wales as yet? I can tell you, beforehand, Lewis scorns to live with you there. He keeps company with the greatest, and is principal governor in many families. I have been in France; six weeks at Paris, and as much at Rouen: where I can assure you, I hardly heard a word of news or politics, except a little clutter about sending some impertinent *presidents du parliament* to prison, that had the impudence to talk for the laws and liberties of their country. I was asked for Monsieur Swift by many people, I can assure you; and particularly by the Duke d'Aumont. I was respectfully and kindly treated by many folks, and even by the great Mr. Law.* Amongst other things, I had the honour to carry an Irish lady† to court, that was admired beyond all the ladies in France for her beauty. She

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* The projector of the Mississippi scheme in France.

† The celebrated beauty Miss Nelly Bennet, on whom the lines were written, which begin,

> For when as Nelly came to France,
> (Invited by her cousins,) &c.—See Vol. XIII.

In these verses, which were written probably by Arbuthnot himself, the incident respecting the king's tabby cat is faithfully commemorated.

had great honours done her. The hussar himself was ordered to bring her the king's cat to kiss. Her name is Bennet. Among other folks, I saw your old friend Lord Bolingbroke, who asked for you. He looks just as he did. Your friends here are in good health; not changed in their sentiments towards you. I left my two girls in France with their uncle, which was my chief business. I do not know that I have any friends on your side, beside Mr. Ford, to whom give my service, and to Dr. Parnell and Mr Jervis.

If it be possible for you, obey the contents of the enclosed; which, I suppose, is a kind invitation. The dragon is just as he was, only all his old habits ten times stronger upon him than ever. Let me beg of you not to forget me, for I can never cease to love and esteem you; being ever,

Your most affectionate and obliged
humble servant,
JO. ARBUTHNOT.

—o—

FROM THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

Monday Morning.

DEAR DEAN,

I SHALL embark for England to-morrow. It would be necessary for me to take leave of Lord Molesworth on many accounts; and as Young* is engaged

* Sir Herbert Croft thus records the patronage extended by this libertine nobleman to the author of the Night Thoughts:—

"Wharton, after he became ennobled, did not drop the son of his old friend. In him, during the short time he lived, Young

in town, I must infallibly go alone, unless your charity extends itself to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would send me your answer, and believe me sincerely your faithful friend and servant,

WHARTON.

P.S.—If you condescend so far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR BROTHER, London, Dec. 11, 1718.

FOR so I had called you before, were it not for a certain reverence I pay to deans, I find you wish both me and yourself to live to be old and rich. The second goes in course along with the first: but you cannot give seven (that is the tithe of seventy) good reasons for either. Glad at my heart should I be, if Dr. Helsham* or I could do you any good.

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found a patron; and, in his dissolute descendant, a friend and a companion. The Marquis died in April 1715. In the beginning of the next year the young marquis set out upon his travels, from which he returned in about a twelvemonth. The beginning of 1717 carried him to Ireland; where, says the Biographia, on the score of his extraordinary qualities, he had the honour done him of being admitted, though under age, to take his seat in the House of Lords."—Johnson's Works, by Murphy, Lond. 1806, 8. Vol. XI. p. 297. Young accompanied this extraordinary personage to Ireland. It does not appear how Swift, who "hated Wharton like a toad," came to extend his favour and intimacy to his son.

* A great friend and medical adviser of Dean Swift. Some of his verses are to be found with those of Swift, Sheridan, and Delany.

My service to Dr. Helsham; he does not want my advice in the case. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and castor, made up into boluses with confect. of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar; but trying it amongst other things, my friend found good of this prescription. I had tried the castor alone before, not with so much success. Small quantities of *tinctura sacra*, now and then, will do you good. There are twenty lords, I believe, would send you horses, if they knew how. One or two have offered to me, who, I believe, would be as good as their word. Mr. Rowe, the poet-laureat, is dead, and has left a damned jade of a Pegasus. I will answer for it, he will not do as your mare did, having more need of Lucan's present than Sir Richard Blackmore.* I would fain have Pope get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in Durfey his deputy.

I sent for the two Rosingraves, and examined the matter of fact. The younger had no concern in the note of £20. The elder says that he thought the £20 due to him, for the pains, and some expense he had been at about the young fellow; and his master, Bethel, who had given Mr. Rosingrave, the elder, ten guineas before, thought the same reasonable. He says, he did not take it by way of bribe, but as his due; and did never intend to make use of it but when the young fellow was in circumstances to pay him. The younger Rosingrave was begged and entreated both by Bethel and the young fellow (who would not go without him) to accompany him to Ireland; and did believe that bearing his expenses, which was done by Bethel, was the least he

* In the Battle of the Books, Lucan gives Blackmore a pair of spurs, and the modern presents the ancient with a bridle.

could take. There is one thing in this fellow's paper that I know to be a lie, his being ill used by Rosingrave at Lord Carnarvon's. He sung there, I believe, once or twice for his own instruction or trial; and Lord Carnarvon gave him a guinea. He went sometimes to hear the music for his improvement. This is what they tell me. However, I have reprimanded the elder Rosingrave for taking the note. When this fellow came first to town, I thought his voice might do, but found it did not improve. It is mighty hard to get such a sort of a voice. There is an excellent one in the king's chapel; but he will not go. The top one of the world is in Bristol choir; and I believe might be managed; though your Rosingrave is really much improved; so do not totally exclude the young fellow till you have more maturely considered the matter.

The dragon * is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reasons of state that kept him from appearing at the beginning, &c., when I did believe, at the same time, it was only a law of nature, to which the dragon is most subject, *Remanere in statu in quo est, nisi deturbetur ab extrinseco.* Lord Harley and Lady Harley give you their service. Lewis is in the country with Lord Bathurst, and has writ me a most dreadful story of a mad dog that bit their huntsman; since which accident, I am told, he has shortened his stirrups three bores: they were not long before. Lord Oxford presented him with two horses. He has sold one, and sent the other to grass *avec beaucoup de sagesse.* I do not believe the story of Lord Bolingbroke's marriage, for I have been consulted about the lady; and, by some defects in her constitution, I should not think her appetite lay much toward matrimony. There is some talk

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* The Earl of Oxford.

about reversing his attainder; but I wish he may not be disappointed. I am for all precedents of that kind. They say the Pretender is likely to have his chief minister impeached too. He has his wife prisoner like a ****. The footmen of the House of Commons choose their speaker, and impeach, &c. I think it were proper, that all monarchs should serve their apprenticeships as pretenders, that we might discover their defects. Did you ever expect to live to see the Duke of Ormond fighting against the Protestant succession, and the Duke of Berwick fighting for it? France, in confederacy with England, to reduce the exorbitant power of Spain? I really think there is no such good reason for living till seventy, as curiosity. You say you are ready to resent it as an affront, if I thought a beautiful lady a curiosity in Ireland; but pray is it an affront to say that a lady hardly known or observed for her beauty in Ireland is a curiosity in France? All deans naturally fall into paralogisms. My wife gives you her kind love and service, and, which is the first thing that occurs to all wives, wishes you well married.

I have not clean paper more than to bid you adieu.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

March 17, 1718–19.

I HAVE not these several years tasted so sensible a pleasure, as your letters of the 6th of January and 6th of February gave me; and I know enough of the tenderness of your heart to be assured, that the

letter I am writing will produce much the same effect on you. I feel my own pleasure, and I feel yours. The truest reflection, and at the same time the bitterest satire, which can be made on the present age, is this; that to think as you think, will make a man pass for romantic. Sincerity, constancy, tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of use, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends; the greatest part of those who pass for such are, properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and no wonder, since Tully's maxim is certainly true, that friendship can subsist *non nisi inter bonos*. At that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart inspires, and the experience of other men's destroys, I was apt to confound my acquaintance and my friends together. I never doubted but that I had a numerous cohort of the latter. I expected, if ever I fell into misfortune, to have as many and as remarkable instances of friendship to produce, as the Scythian, in one of Lucian's Dialogues, drawn from his nation. Into these misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious stars have not disappointed my expectations. The rest have almost entirely failed me. The fire of my adversity has purged the mass of my acquaintance; and, the separation made, I discover, on one side, a handful of friends, but on the other, a legion of enemies, at least of strangers. Happily this fiery trial has had an effect on me, which makes me some amends. I have found less resources in other people and more in myself, than I expected. I make good, at this hour, the motto * which I took nine years

* Lord Bolingbroke's motto was,—

"*Nec quærere, nec spernere, honorem.*"

ago, when I was weak enough to list again under the conduct of a man * of whom nature meant to make a spy, or, at most, a captain of miners, and whom fortune, in one of her whimsical moods, made a general.†

I enjoy at this hour, with very tolerable health, great tranquillity of mind. You will, I am sure, hear this with satisfaction; and sure it is, that I tell it you without the least affectation. I *live*, my friend, in a narrower circle than ever, but I *think* in a larger. When I look back on what is past, I observe a multitude of errors, but no crimes. I have been far from following the advice which Cælius gave to Cicero: *Id melius est statuere quod tutius sit;* and, I think, may say to myself what Dolabella says in one of his letters to the same Cicero, *Satisfactum est jam à te, vel officio, vel familiaritati: satisfactum etiam partibus, et ei reipublicæ, quam tu probabas. Reliquum est, ubi nunc est respublica, ibi simus potius, quàm, dum illam veterem sequamur, simus in nullâ.* What my memory has furnished on this head (for I have neither books nor papers here concerning home affairs) is writ with great truth, and with as much clearness as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will, perhaps, not think two or three hours absolutely thrown away in reading it. One thing I will venture to assure you of beforehand, which is, that you will think I never deserved more to be commended, than while I was the most blamed; and that you will pronounce the brightest part of my character to be that which has been disguised by the nature of things, misrepresented by the malice

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* The Earl of Oxford.—B.

† These words must have been mortifying to Swift, who thought highly of Lord Oxford's abilities.—WARTON.

of men, and which is still behind a cloud. In what is passed, therefore, I find no great source of uneasiness. As to the present, my fortune is extremely reduced; but my desires are still more so. Nothing is more certain than this truth, that all our wants beyond those which a very moderate income will supply, are purely imaginary; and that his happiness is greater, and better assured, who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his who feels them, and has wherewithal to supply them.

> "———*Vides, quæ maxima credis*
> *Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,*
> *Quanto devites,*" &c.,
>
> HOR. Epist. i. lib. 1.

Which I paraphrased thus, not long ago, in my post-chaise:—

> Survey mankind, observe what risks they run,
> What fancied ills, through real dangers, shun;
> Those fancied ills, so dreadful to the great,
> A lost election, or impair'd estate.
> Observe the merchant, who, intent on gain,
> Affronts the terrors of the Indian main;
> Though storms arise, and broken rocks appear,
> He flies from poverty, and knows no other fear.
> Vain men! who might arrive, with toil far less,
> By smoother paths, at greater happiness;
> For 'tis superior bliss not to desire
> That trifling good which fondly you admire,
> Possess precarious, and too dear acquire.
> What hackney gladiator can you find,
> By whom the Olympic crown would be declined?
> Who, rather than that glorious palm to seize,
> With safety combat, and prevail with ease,
> Would choose on some inglorious stage to tread,
> And, fighting, stroll from wake to wake for bread?

As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it: on which subject I have twenty fine quotations at the end of my pen; but I think it is better to own frankly to you, that upon a principle (which I

have long established) we are a great deal more mechanical than our vanity will give us leave to allow. I have familiarized the worst prospects to my sight; and, by staring want, solitude, neglect, and the rest of that train, in the face, I have disarmed them of their terrors.* I have heard of somebody, who, while he was in the Tower, used every morning to lie down on the block, and so act over his last scene.

Nothing disturbs me but the uncertainty of my situation, which the zeal of a few friends, and the inveteracy of a great many enemies, entertain. The more prepared I am to pass the remainder of my life in exile, the more sensibly shall I feel the pleasure of returning to you, if his majesty's unconditional favour (the offers of which prevented even my wishes) proves at last effectual.† I cannot apply to myself, as you bid me do,—

——— *Non tibi parvum*
Ingenium, non incultum est,

and what follows; and, if ever we live in the same country together, you shall not apply to me,

——— *Quod si*
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses.

I have writ to you, before I was aware of it, a long letter. The pleasure of breaking so long a silence transports me; and your sentiment is a

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* It was probably in this train of reflection that Bolingbroke composed his *Consolatio Philosophica*, written about this period of his life.

† Bolingbroke, through the mediation of the Earl of Stair, received the king's pardon as to life, and afterwards as to property. But, as his company would have been undesirable in the House of Lords, he was never restored in blood and honours; nor did he receive this limited pardon until 1723.

sufficient excuse. It is not so easy to find one for talking so much about myself; but I shall want none with you upon this score. Adieu.

This letter will get safe to London; and from thence, I hope, the friend to whom I recommend it will find means of conveying it to you. For God's sake, no more apologies for your quotations, unless you mean, by accusing yourself, to correct me.

There never was a better application than yours of the story of Picrochole. Things are come to that pass, the storks will never come; and they must be porters all their lives. They are something worse; for I had rather be a porter than a tool: I would sooner lend out my back to hire than my name.* They are at this time the instruments of a saucy gardener, who has got a gold cross on his stomach, and a red cap on his head.†

A poor gentleman, who puts me often in mind of one of Scandal's pictures, in Congreve's play of "Love for Love," where a soldier is represented with his heart where his head should be, and no head at all, is the conductor of this doughty enterprise; which will end in making their cause a little more desperate than it is.‡ Again, adieu.

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* It is obvious that Swift had compared the situation of the exiled family of Stuart to the state of the dethroned monarch Picrochole, whom Rabelais represents as working for bread, in the capacity of a porter, but still trusting in the prophecy of an old woman, that he should be restored to his kingdom, on the coming of the *cocquecigrues*, called by Urquhart, cocklecranes, and here rendered storks.

† Cardinal Alberoni, who then managed the intrigues for the house of Stuart. His father was a gardener.

‡ This is an allusion to the Duke of Ormond, who was designed to have headed a descent upon England, where a rising of the Jacobites was meditated. Bolingbroke and the duke had quarrelled decisively during the short time when the former was secretary of state to the Chevalier St. George; and Ormond was

Let me hear from you by the same conveyance that brings you this. I am in pain about your health. From the 6th of January to the 16th of February is a long course of illness.

—o—

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

May . . . 1719.

My Lord,

I FORGET whether I formerly mentioned to you what I have observed in Cicero; that in some of his letters, while he was in exile, there is a sort of melancholy pleasure, which is wonderfully affecting. I believe the reason must be, that in those circumstances of life there is more leisure for friendship to operate, without any mixture of envy, interest, or ambition. But, I am afraid, this was chiefly when Cicero writ to his brethren in exile, or they to him; because common distress is a great promoter both of friendship and speculation: for, I doubt, prosperity and adversity are too much at variance, ever to suffer a near alliance between their owners.

Friendship, we say, is created by a resemblance of humours. You allow that adversity both taught you to think and reason much otherwise than you did; whereas, I can assure you, that those who con-

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the person employed to demand from him the seals and papers when he was deprived of that situation. The latter, as Bolingbroke contemptuously informs us, would not have filled an ordinary writing-case. Yet, he adds, he took care to separate, and send by a different hand, some private papers, in which the Chevalier expressed his opinion of Ormond's incapacity.

trived to stay at home, and keep what they had, are not changed at all: and if they sometimes drink an absent friend's health, they have fully discharged their duty. I have been, for some time, nursing up an observation, which, perhaps, may be a just one: that no men are used so ill, upon a change of times, as those who acted upon a public view, without regard to themselves. I do not mean from the circumstances of saving more or less money, but because I take it, that the same grain of caution which disposes a man to fill his coffers, will teach him how to preserve them upon all events. And I dare hold a wager that the Duke of Marlborough, in all his campaigns, was never known to lose his baggage. I am heartily glad to hear of that unconditional offer you mention; because I have been taught to believe there is little good nature to be had from that quarter; and if the offer were sincere, I know not why it has not succeeded, since everything is granted that can be asked for, unless there be an exception only for generous and good-natured actions. When I think of you with a relation to Sir Roger,* I imagine a youth of sixteen marrying a woman of thirty for love; she decays every year, while he grows up to his prime; and when it is too late, he wonders how he could think of so unequal a match, or what is become of the beauty he was so fond of.—I am told, he outdoes himself in every quality for which we used to quarrel with him. I do not think, that leisure of life, and tranquillity of mind, which fortune and your own wisdom has given you, could be better employed than in drawing up very exact memoirs of those affairs, wherein, to my knowledge, you had the most difficult and weighty part: and I have often thought, in comparing periods

* The Earl of Oxford.

of time, there never was a more important one in England than that which made up the four last years of the late queen. Neither do I think anything could be more entertaining, or useful, than the story of it fully and exactly told, with such observations, in such a spirit, style, and method, as you alone are capable of performing it. One reason why we have so few memoirs written by principal actors, is, because much familiarity with great affairs makes men value them too little: yet such persons will read Tacitus and Comines with wonderful delight. Therefore I must beg two things; first, that you will not omit any passage because you think it of little moment; and secondly, that you will write to an ignorant world, and not suppose your reader to be only of the present age, or to live within ten miles of London. There is nothing more vexes me in old historians, than when they leave me in the dark in some passages which they suppose every one to know. It is this laziness, pride, or incapacity of great men, that has given way to the impertinents of the nation where you are, to pester us with memoirs full of trifling and romance. Let a Frenchman talk twice with a minister of state, he desires no more to furnish out a volume; and I, who am no Frenchman, despairing ever to see anything of what you tell me, have been some time providing materials for such a work, only upon the strength of having been always among you, and used with more kindness and confidence than it oftens happens to men of my trade and level. But I am heartily glad of so good a reason to think no farther that way, although I could say many things which you would never allow yourself to write. I have already drawn your character at length in one tract, and a sketch of it in another. But I am sensible that when Cæsar describes one of his own battles we

conceive a greater idea of him from thence, than from all the praises any other writer can give him.

I read your paraphrase* with great pleasure; and the goodness of the poetry convinces me of the truth of your philosophy. I agree, that a great part of our wants is imaginary; yet there is a different proportion, even in real want, between one man and another. A king deprived of his kingdom would be allowed to live in real want, although he had ten thousand a-year; and the case is parallel in every degree of life. When I reason thus on the case of some absent friends, it frequently takes away all the quiet of my mind. I think it indecent to be merry, or to take satisfaction in anything, while those who presided in councils and armies, and by whom I had the honour to be beloved, are either in humble solitude, or attending, like Hannibal, in foreign courts, *donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.* My health (a thing of no moment) is somewhat mended; but, at best, I have an ill head and an aching heart. Pray God send you soon back to your country in peace and honour, that I may once more see him *cum quo morantem sæpe diem fregi,* &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. PRIOR.

Westminster, May 5, 1719.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I love you with all the ties of inclination and friendship, and wish you all the happiness of life, health especially, the chiefest, you will pardon

* Of Horace. See p. 312.

my being a little peevish, when I received yours of the twenty-eighth past, which told me I must not expect to see you here, and that you were not perfectly well at Dublin. I hope there is a little spleen mixed with your distemper; in which case your horse may be your physician, and your physician may have the happiness of being your companion; an honour which many here would envy him. As to the *sang froid* of fifty, who has it not, that is worth conversing with, except Harley and Bathurst? at least, make no more that sort of complaint to me. *Isthæc commemoratio est quasi exprobratio;* for fifty (as Mr. Locke observes) is equal to fifty; and a cough is worse than the spleen. My bookseller is a blockhead; so have they all been, or worse, from Chaucer's Scrivener,* down to John and Jacob;† Mr. Hyde only excepted, to whom my books in quires are consigned, and the greatest care taken that they are rightly put up. Several of the subscribers to you, requiring their books here have had them. I need not repeat my thanks to you, for the trouble this matter has given you; or entreat your favour for Alma and Solomon. I shall perform your commands to the Earl of Oxford, *semper idem;* and drink your health with our friends, which is all I can do for you at this distance, till your particular order enjoins me anything, by which I may shew you, that I am, and desire always to continue, with the greatest truth and regard, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

M. Prior.

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* "Adam Scrivener," on whom, for his carelessness, the ancient bard imprecates a heavy curse.

† John Barber and Jacob Tonson

TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH.*

May 22, 1719.

I HAD an express sent to me yesterday by some friends, to let me know that you refused to accept my proxy, which I think was in a legal form, and with all the circumstances it ought to have. I was likewise informed of some other particulars, relating to your displeasure for my not appearing. You may remember, if you please, that I promised last year never to appear again at your visitations; and I will most certainly keep my word, if the law will permit me; not from any contempt of your lordship's jurisdictions, but that I would not put you under the temptation of giving me injurious treatment, which no wise man, if he can avoid it, will receive above once from the same person.

I had the less apprehension of any hard dealing from your lordship, because I had been more than ordinary officious in my respects to you from your first coming over. I waited on you as soon as I knew of your landing. I attended on you in your first journey to Trim. I lent you a useful book relating to your diocese; and repeated my visits, till I saw you never intended to return them. And I could have no design to serve myself, having nothing to hope or fear from you. I cannot help it, if I am called of a different party from your lordship:

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* John Evans was translated from the See of Bangor to that of Meath in 1715. From the date of his translation, as well as his disputes with our author, we may conjecture, with probability, that he was a keen Whig.

but that circumstance is of no consequence with me, who respect good men of all parties alike.

I have already nominated a person to be my curate, and did humbly recommend him to your lordship to be ordained, which must be done by some other bishop, since you were pleased, as I am told, to refuse it: and I am apt to think you will be of opinion, that when I have a lawful curate, I shall not be under the necessity of a personal appearance, from which I hold myself excused by another station. If I shall prove to be mistaken, I declare my appearance will be extremely against my inclinations. However, I hope that in such a case your lordship will please to remember in the midst of your resentments that you are to speak to a clergyman, and not to a footman.

I am your lordship's most obedient,

humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. PRIOR.

SIR, Westminster, Dec. 8, 1719.

HAVING spent part of my summer very agreeably in Cambridgeshire with dear Lord Harley, I am returned without him to my own palace in Duke Street, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noise of the neighbouring court of requests, and to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo*, till he comes to town. But there is worse than this yet, I

have treated Lady Harriot* at Cambridge (good God! a fellow of a college treat!) and spoke verses to her† in a gown and cap! What! the plenipotentiary, so far concerned in the damned peace at Utrecht; the man, that makes up half the volume of terse prose, that makes up the report of the committee, speaking verses! *Sic est, homo sum;* and am

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* Lady Harriot Harley, only daughter of Edward, Lord Harley; afterwards Duchess of Portland.—B.

† These verses here follow, as they do not occur in the common editions of Prior's works.

Verses spoken to Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley, Countess of Oxford, in the library of John's College, Cambridge, November 9, 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna visited the Muses' seat,
(Around her tomb, let weeping angels wait!
Hail! thou the brightest of thy sex, and best,
Most gracious neighbour,* and most welcome guest.
Not Harley's self, to Cam and Isis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir;
Not he such present honour shall receive,
As to his consort we aspire to give.
Writings of men our thoughts to-day neglects,
To pay due homage to the softer sex:
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great followers whom this house has bred,
To study lessons from thy morals given,
And shining characters impress'd by Heaven,
Science, in books, no longer we pursue,
Minerva's self, in Harriot's face we view;
For when with beauty we can virtue join,
We paint the semblance of a form divine.
Their pious incense let our neighbours bring,
To the kind memory of some bounteous king;
With grateful hand, due altars let them raise,
To some good knight's,† or holy prelate's‡ praise,
We tune our voices to another theme,
Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim;
Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.
Enjoin'd by statute to the fair we bow;
In spite of time, we keep our ancient vow;
What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriot Harley now.

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* The family seat was then at Wimple.
† Sir Thomas White, founder of St. John's College, Oxon.
‡ Archbishop Laud also was a generous benefactor.

not ashamed to send those very verses to one, who can make much better. And now let me ask you, How you do? and what you do? How your Irish country air agrees with you, and when you intend to take any English country air? In the spring I will meet you where you will, and go with you where you will; but I believe the best rendezvous will be Duke Street, and the fairest field for action Wimple;* the lords of both these seats agreeing, that no man shall be more welcome to either than yourself.

It is many months since the complaints of my subscribers are redressed, and that they have ceased to call the bookseller a blockhead, by transferring that title to the author. We have not heard from Mr. Hyde, but expect that at his leisure he will signify to Tonson what may relate to that whole matter, as to the second subscriptions. In the meantime, I hope the books have been delivered without any mistake: and shall only repeat to you, that I am sensible of the trouble my poetry has given you, and return you my thanks in plain prose. Earl of Oxford, *pro more suo*, went late into the country, and continues there still. Our friends are all well; so am I, *nisi cum pituita molesta est;* which is at this present writing, and will continue so all the winter. So, with weak lungs, and a very good heart, I remain always, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

M. Prior.

Service to Matthew Pennyfeather and all friends. Adieu.

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* The seat of Lord Harley.—H.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

December 19, 1719.

My Lord,

I first congratulate with you upon growing rich: for I hope our friend's information is true, *Omne solum diti patria.* Euripides makes the queen Jocasta ask her exiled son, how he got his victuals? But who ever expected to see you a trader or dealer in stocks? I thought to have seen you where you are, or perhaps nearer: but *diis aliter visum.* It may be with one's country as with a lady: if she be cruel and ill-natured, and will not receive us, we ought to consider that we are better without her. But, in this case, we may add, she has neither virtue, honour, nor justice. I have gotten a mezzotinto (for want of a better) of Aristippus, in my drawing room: the motto at the top is, *Omnis Aristippum, &c.*, and at the bottom, *Tantâ fœdus cum gente ferire, commissum juveni.* But, since what I heard of Mississippi, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that Plato followed merchandise three years, to shew he knew how to grow rich, as well as to be a philosopher: and I guess, Plato was then about forty, the period which the Italians prescribe for being wise, in order to be rich at fifty.—*Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* I have known something of courts and ministers longer than you, who knew them so many thousand times better; but I do not remember to have ever heard of, or seen, one great genius, who had long success in the ministry: and recollecting a great many, in my memory and acquaintance, those who had the smoothest time, were, at best, men of middling degree in understanding.

But, if I were to form a romance of a great minister's life, he should begin it as Aristippus has done; then be sent into exile, and employ his leisure in writing the memoirs of his own administration; then be recalled, invited to resume his share of power, act as far as was decent; at last retire to the country, and be a pattern of hospitality, politeness, wisdom, and virtue. Have you not observed, that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity, which seldom fails of raising men to the highest stations, in the court, the church, and the law? It must be so: for Providence, which designed the world should be governed by many heads, made it a business within the reach of common understandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? whereas, if he had used a razor, or a penknife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory implement, to those talents that thrive best at court. Think upon Lord Bacon, Williams, Strafford, Laud, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, the last Duke of Buckingham; and of my own acquaintance, the Earl of Oxford and yourself, all great geniuses in their several ways; and, if they had not been so great, would have been less unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was Lord Somers, whose timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer, and the consciousness of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman, or a gentleman usher. But of late years I have been refining upon this thought: for I plainly see, that fellows of low intellectuals, when they are gotten at the head of affairs, can sally into the highest exorbitancies, with much more safety, than a man of great talents can make

the least step out of the way. Perhaps it is for the same reason, that men are more afraid of attacking a vicious than a mettlesome horse: but I rather think it owing to that incessant envy, wherewith the common rate of mankind pursues all superior natures to their own. And I conceive, if it were left to the choice of an ass, he would rather be kicked by one of his own species, than a better. If you will recollect that I am toward six years older than when I saw you last, and twenty years duller, you will not wonder to find me abound in empty speculations: I can now express in a hundred words, what would have formerly cost me ten. I can write epigrams of fifty distichs, which might be squeezed into one. I have gone the round of all my stories three or four times with the younger people, and begin them again. I give hints how significant a person I have been, and nobody believes me: I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to desire I would shew them some things I have written, but cannot succeed; and wreak my spite, in condemning the taste of the people and company where I am. But it is with place, as it is with time. If I boast of having been valued three hundred miles off, it is of no more use than if I told how handsome I was when I was young. The worst of it is, that lying is of no use; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true. If I can prevail on any one to personate a hearer and admirer, you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is sure to have the first glass out of the bottle, and the best bit I can carve. Nothing has convinced me so much that I am of a little subaltern spirit, *inopis, atque pusilli animi*, as to reflect how I am forced into the most trifling amusements, to divert the vexation of former thoughts, and present objects. Why cannot you lend me a shred of your mantle, or

why did not you leave a shred of it with me when you were snatched from me? You see I speak in my trade, although it is growing fast a trade to be ashamed of.

I cannot but wish that you would make it possible for me to see a copy of the papers you are about; and I do protest it necessary that such a thing should be in some person's hands beside your own, and I scorn to say how safe they would be in mine. Neither would you dislike my censures, as far as they might relate to circumstantials. I tax you with two minutes a-day, until you have read this letter, although I am sensible you have not half so much from business more useful and entertaining.

My letter which miscarried was, I believe, much as edifying as this, only thanking and congratulating with you for the delightful verses you sent me. And I ought to have expressed my vexation, at seeing you so much better a philosopher than myself; a trade you were neither born nor bred to: But I think it is observed that gentlemen often dance better than those that live by the art. You may thank fortune that my paper is no longer, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

April 18, 1720.

SIR,

YOU would have great reason to be angry with me, if my long silence had been occasioned by anything but my care of you: for having no safe hand to send by till now, I would not write, for fear it might be

construed a sort of treason (misprision at least) for you to receive a letter from one half of a proscribed man. I inquire of everybody I see, that I imagine has either seen you or heard from you, how you have your health; for wealth and happiness I do not suppose you abound in; for it is hard to meet with either in the country you are in, and be honest as you are. I thank God our parliament has taken them to task, and finding how ill a use they made of their judicature when they had it, have thought it not fit to trust them with it any longer.* I hope the next thing will be to tax Ireland from hence, and then no more opportunities for bills of attainder, which is very happy; for else young Hopeful† might have been in danger. They were so good and obedient to the powers above, that whether there were reason or not, or, as Prince Butler‡ said, crime or no crime, the man was condemned, and a price set upon his head.

I want much to hear what you think of Great Britain; for all our relations here want much to see you, where are strange changes every day. You remember, and so do I, when the South Sea was said to be my Lord Oxford's brat, and must be

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* The House of Peers in Ireland having transmitted to King George I. a long representation, setting forth their right to the final judicature of causes in that kingdom, the House of Lords in England resolved, on the eighth of January 1719–20, on the contrary, that the barons of the Exchequer in Ireland had acted, in the affair of Annesley and Sherlock, with courage, according to law, in support of his majesty's prerogative, and with fidelity to the crown of Great Britain; and a bill was soon after brought in, for the better securing the dependency of the Kingdom of Ireland upon the Crown of Great Britain.—B.

† The Duchess seems to mean the Prince of Wales, afterward King George II., then upon ill terms with his father, and his father's ministers.—B.

‡ A madman who used to go about London.

starved at nurse.* Now the king has adopted it, and calls it his beloved child; though, perhaps, you may say, if he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much: but he loves it as well as he does the Duchess of Kendal,† and that is saying a good deal. I wish it may thrive, for many of my friends are deep in it: I wish you were so too. I believe, by this time, you are very sorry I have met with an opportunity of troubling you with this scrawl; but the strong must bear with the infirmities of the weak; and therefore, brother, I hope you will pardon the impertinencies of your poor sister, whose brain may be reasonably thought turned with all she has met with. But nothing will hinder her from being, as long as she lives, most sincerely,

Your very humble servant, and faithful friend,

M. ORMOND.

—o—

FROM MR. PRIOR.

SIR, Westminster, May 4, 1720.

FROM my good friend the Dean I have two letters before me, of what date I will not say, and I hope you have forgot, that call out for vengeance; or, as other readings have it, for an answer. You told me

* The South Sea scheme now began to rise into as much eminence in England, as the Mississippi project in France. The issue of both is well known.

† Ermengard Melesina Schuylenberg, Baroness of Schuylenberg in Germany. She was created Duchess of Kendal by King George I., April 30, 1710.—B. The duchess was the mistress, and it has been said the wife (married with the left hand) of George I.

in one of them, you had been pursued with a giddy head; and I presume you judged by my silence, that I had laboured under the same distemper. I do not know why you have not buried me as you did Partridge, and given the wits of the age, the Steeles and Addisons, a new occasion of living seven years upon one of your thoughts. When you have finished the copy of verses which you began in England, our writers may have another hint, upon which they may dwell seven years longer.

Are you Frenchman enough to know how a Gascon sustains his family for a week?

> Dimanche, une Esclanche;
> Lundi, froide et Salade;
> Mardi, j'aime la Grillade;
> Mercredi, Hachée;
> Jeudi, bon pour la Capillotade;
> Vendredi, Point de Gras;
> Samedi, qu'on me casse les os, et les chiens se creveront des restes de mon Mouton.

We can provide such sort of cookery, if you will but send us the *esclanche;* but rather bring it with you, for it will eat much better, when you are in the company.

Lord Oxford has been a twelvemonth in Herefordshire, as far from us, literally, though not geographically, as if he had been with you in Ireland. He has writ no more to us, than if we were still ministers of state. But in the balance of account, *per contra*, I have Lord Harley at London; and have either lived with him at Wimple, or upon him here, ever since his father left us. I know no reason why you should not expect his picture, but that he promised it to you so often. I wrote to him six months since, and instead of acknowledging my letter, he took a

more compendious way of sending a gentleman to Lady Harriot, in Dover-Street; and bid him call in Westminster, to know if I had anything to say to his lord. He was here to-day, when he was sure the scaffold was ready and the axe whetted; and is in Herefordshire, when the consent of all mankind either justifies his ministry, or follows the plan of it. The South Sea Company have raised their stocks to three hundred and fifty, and he has not sixpence in it. Thou art a stranger in Israel, my good friend; and seemest to know no more of this lord, than thou didst of the *Conde de Peterborow*, when first I construed him to thee at the coffeehouse.

I labour under the distemper you complain of, deafness; especially upon the least cold. I did not take care of my ears, till I knew if my head was my own or not; but am now syringing, and I hope to profit by it. My cousin is here, and well, and I see him sometimes; but I find he has had a caution, which depended upon his expecting more from court, and is justifiable in a man, who, like him, has a great family. I have given your compliments to my two favourites. We never forget your health.

I have seen Mr. Butler and served him to the utmost of my power with my *amici potentiores:* though he had a good cause, and a strong recommendation, he trusted wholly to neither of them, but added the greatest diligence to his solicitations.

Auditor Harley thanks you for remembering him and his singing man.* As to the affair of subscriptions, do all at your leisure, and in the manner you judge most proper; and so I bid you heartily farewell, assuring you, that I am ever most truly yours,

M. P.

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* Probably a person recommended to the Dean's cathedral. —H.

Friend Ford salutes you. Adieu.

Richardson, whom I take to be a better painter than any named in your letter, has made an excellent picture of me; from whence Lord Harley (whose it is) has a stamp taken by Vertue. He has given me some of them for you to give to our friends at or about Dublin. I will send them by Tonson's canal to Hyde at Dublin, in such a manner, as that, I hope, they may come safe to you.

—o—

TO ROBERT COPE, Esq.

Dublin, May 26, 1720.

If all the world would not be ready to knock me down for disputing the good nature and generosity of you and Mrs. Cope, I should swear you invited me out of malice; some spiteful people have told you I am grown sickly and splenetic; and, having been formerly so yourself, you want to triumph over me with your health and good humour; and she is your accomplice. You have made so particular a muster of my wants and humours, and demands and singularities, and they look so formidable, that I wonder how you have the courage to be such an undertaker. What if I should add, that once in five or six weeks I am deaf for three or four days together; will you and Mrs. Cope undertake to bawl to me, or let me mop in my chamber till I grow better?

*Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.**
Hor. Ep. ii. lib. ii. 55.

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* ———— The waning years apace
Steal off our thoughts, and rifle every grace.—Francis.

I hunted four years for horses, gave twenty-six pounds for one of three years and a half old, have been eighteen months training him, and when he grew fit to ride, behold my groom gave him a strain in the shoulder, he is rowelled, and gone to grass. Show me a misfortune greater in its kind. Mr. Charleton has refused Wadman's living; why, God knows; and got the duchess to recommend his brother to it; the most unreasonable thing in the world. The day before I had your letter, I was working with Mr. Nutley and Mr. Whaley, to see what could be done for your lad, in case Caulfeild should get the living which Mr. Whaley (the primate's chaplain) is to leave for Wadman's. Because, to say the truth, I have no concern at all for Charleton's brother, whom I never saw but once. We know not yet whether Whaley's present living will not be given to Dr. Kearney;* and I cannot learn the scheme yet, nor have been able to see Dr. Stone. The primate† is the hardest to be seen or dealt with in the world. Whaley seems to think the primate will offer Caulfeild's living to young Charleton. I know not what will come of it. I called at Sir William Fownes's;‡ but he is in the county of Wicklow.— If we could have notice of anything in good time, I cannot but think that, mustering up friends, something might be done for Barclay; but really the primate's life is not upon a very good foot, though I see no sudden apprehensions. I could upon any occasion write to him very freely, and I believe my

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* Treasurer of Armagh.—F. † Dr. Thomas Lindsay.

‡ An Alderman and lord-mayor of Dublin, father of Mr. Cope's lady. He was author of "Methods proposed for regulating the Poor, supporting some and employing others, according to their Capacities. By Sir W. F. 1725," 8vo; and there is a letter of his to the Dean, September 9, 1732, on the utility of an hospital for lunatics.

writing would be of some weight, for they say he is not wholly governed by *Crosse.** All this may be vision; however, you will forgive it. I do not care to put my name to a letter; you must know my hand. I present my humble service to Mrs. Cope; and wonder she can be so good to remember an absent man, of whom she has no manner of knowledge, but what she got by his troubling her. I wish you success in what you hint to me, and that you may have enough of this world's wisdom to manage it. Pray God preserve you and your fireside. Are none of them yet in your lady's opinion ripe for Sheridan? I am still under the discipline of the bark, to prevent relapses. Charles Ford comes this summer to Ireland. Adieu.

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* Rector of St. Mary's, Dublin.—F. Reading the name of Crosse in this page gives me reason to apprehend the letter is misdated: For Crosse, who had been chaplain to the Smyrna Company, was not Rector of St. Mary's until the year 1722; nor do I believe he was at all known in Ireland, further than, perhaps, by name, until his arrival there, when, by the virulence of party rage, Dean Francis, an old Tory, father to Mr. Francis, who translated Horace, was most spitefully turned out of the Rectory of St. Mary's, which he had enjoyed for eighteen years. Crosse was so universally detested for accepting a living, which had been absolutely refused by two or three others of the clergy, (particularly by Dr. Cobb, who lived to be promoted several years after to the archiepiscopal see of Dublin,) that I am sure Lindsay, who was an old and high Tory, would scorn to be acquainted with him. My real opinion is, that *Crosse*, in that passage, is no more than a pun.—D. S.

FROM SIR THOMAS HANMER.

SIR, Mildenhall, Oct. 22, 1720.

I RECEIVED the favour of a letter from you about ten days since, at which time the Duke of Grafton * was at London; but as he was soon expected in the country, and is now actually returned, I thought it best, rather than write, to wait for an opportunity of speaking to him; and yesterday I went over to his house, on purpose to obey your commands. I found he was not a stranger to the subject of my errand; for he had all the particulars of the story very perfect, and told me, my Lord Arran had spoke to him concerning it.† I added my solicitations, backed with the reasons with which you had furnished me; and he was so kind to promise, he would by this post write to the chief-justice; how explicitly or how pressingly I cannot say, because men in high posts are afraid of being positive in their answers; but I hope it will be in such a manner as will be effectual.

If the thing is done, it will be best that the means should be a secret by which it is brought about; and for this reason you will excuse me, if I avoid putting my name to the outside of my letter, lest it should excite the curiosity of the post-office. If this affair ends to your satisfaction, I am glad it

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* Charles, whose mother Isabella, daughter of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, married for her second husband Sir Thomas Hanmer.—H.

† The prosecution of Waters. See the letter from Sir Constantine Phipps, on the same subject.

has proved to me a cause of hearing from you, and an occasion of assuring you that I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

THO. HANMER.*

—o—

TO MR. POPE.†

Dublin, January 10, 1720–21.

A THOUSAND things‡ have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather choose to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief-Justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For I take this cause properly to lie before you: you are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence, would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe to those in furs; upon whose decision about the difference of style or sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

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* While Sir Thomas Hanmer was Speaker of Queen Anne's last House of Commons, Swift and he were great friends. But a coldness had occurred, in consequence of Hanmer's breaking off from Oxford and the Tory party, under a real or affected apprehension for the safety of the Protestant succession.

† This letter Mr. Pope never received.—POPE. Nor did he believe it was ever sent.—WARBURTON.

‡ No piece of Swift contains more political knowledge, more love of the English constitution, and rational liberty, than appears in this celebrated letter; and it is not a little wonderful that Pope should affirm he never received it.—WARTON.

Give me leave then to put you in mind, (although you cannot easily forget it,) that about ten weeks before the queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a discourse * which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister † now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long, that the queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns, farther than the Prayer-Book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal.

I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the queen's reign, with some other informations, which I received as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me; but, as it was at the disposal of

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* Some Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs.—Dub. Ed.

† Bolingbroke. See the correspondence respecting this tract in the preceding part of this vol.

a person * that had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time,† for I dare not venture any farther, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, (for they contain nothing of present times or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat or a spaniel in the house,) but to preserve them from being lost among messengers and clerks.

I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England:‡ this treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief-justice,§ and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published, with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing, at the same time, that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The chief-justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were practised effec-

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* Duke of Kent.—Dubl. Ed. It does not quite appear that the acceptance or refusal was placed in the Dean's option. See his Memorial on that subject, and the correspondence betwixt him and Arbuthnot.

† The History of the Four Last Years of the Queen.

‡ A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures, 1720; printed in vol. VI.

§ Lord Chief-Justice Whitshed.

tually with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial, the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry: the chief-justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the chief-justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that that author's design was to bring in the Pretender; although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the Duke of Grafton, the lord-lieutenant's arrival, his grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question; but, when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit, and low birth, who has no other endowment than that sort of knowledge, which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind.*

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* This is a very strange assertion. To suppose that a consummate knowledge of the laws by which civilized societies are governed can "give no one good quality to the mind," is making

It is true I have been much concerned for several years past, upon account of the public as well as for myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which politics, and South Sea, and party, and operas, and masquerades, have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some has entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a treatise, called A Dedication upon Dedications, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But, above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise, wherein there are several pages containing a panegyric on King George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either,

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ethics (of which public laws are so considerable a part) a very unprofitable study. The best division of the sciences is that old one of Plato, into ethics, physics, and logic. The severer philosophers condemn a total application to the two latter, because they have no tendency to mend the heart; and recommend the first as our principal study, for its efficacy in this important service. And sure, if any human speculations have this effect, they must be those which have man for their object, as a reasonable, a social, and a civil being. And these are all included under ethics, whether you call the science morality or law. With regard to the common law of England, we may justly apply to it what Tully says of the Law of the Twelve Tables:—"Fremant omnes licet, dicam quod sentio: bibliothecas meherculè omnium Philosophorum unum mihi videtur Pandectarum volumen, et authoritatis pondere, et utilitatis ubertate, superare." But the best evidence of its moral efficacy is the manners of its professors; and these, in every age, have been such as were the first improved, and the last corrupted.—WARBURTON.

living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I was asked or not; but never affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far outdone by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice; and this pedantry arises from a maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had succeeded, the public interest, both of church and state, would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant succession endangered.

But whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me, for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party, for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford; and for this I appeal to his lordship. He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele, although I freely confess that his lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for

their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Halifax, who, upon the first change of the ministry, interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve: it was by repeating these two lines of Virgil,—

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
*Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.**

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, adding, that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the ministers, that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve: which I do not say with any view toward making my court; for the new principles † fixed to those of that denomination I did then, and do now, from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state of all parties, than usually happens to men of my level; and I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people, whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of vanity or ambition. The first quickly wears off, (and is the vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain,) and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by

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* "Our hearts are not so cold, nor flames the fire
Of Sol so distant from the race of Tyre."—DRYDEN.

† He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them by their enemies, of an intention *to proscribe the Tories.* —WARBURTON.

their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named, (except Mr. Steele,) during all my Lord Oxford's ministry: and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my Lord Somers or Halifax, who were leaders of the opposite party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the queen's last ministers were pleased to have for me: and yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant succession, or the liberties and religion of their country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions, *tanquam in equo Trojano.*" But, if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any party virulence,* or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shewn among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the thing we called a Whig† in England, is a creature altogether dif-

* The Examiners, I suppose, were not then published among the Dean's Works.—WARBURTON.

† On a moderate computation, how many times have Whigs and Tories changed their principles, or rather their names! When Swift first set out in life, he was as true a Whig as Addison.—Dr. WARTON.

ferent from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or not, it has not been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then lord-lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here: he told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think, that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain minister about that Whiggish or fanatical genius so prevalent among the English of this kingdom: his lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the sourest leaven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed, that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for it is hardly worth contending who shall be an exciseman, a country vicar, a crier in the courts, or an underclerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill treated as I have been, must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government; in answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a Popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood: neither did I ever re-

gard the right line, except upon two accounts; first, as it was established by law; and, secondly, as it has much weight in the opinions of the people. For, necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics; and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people; which (under a weak prince and corrupt administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a revolution principle,* my opinion was this; that whenever those evils which usually attend and follow a violent change of government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievances we suffer under present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution; and this I took to have been the case in the Prince of Orange's expedition; although, in the consequence, it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace; because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family, for keeping his own children in slavery. And because I conceived that a prince who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects. Although I am not ignorant of those artificial necessities which a

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* A full, short, but solid defence of the principles on which the Revolution was built; as the preceding paragraph contains all that can be sensibly urged in favour of hereditary right. This topic he has enlarged upon, and placed in a perspicuous light, in the admirable "Sentiments of a Church of England Man," printed in Vol. VIII. p. 239.—Dr. WARTON.

corrupted ministry can create, for keeping up forces to support a faction against the public interest.

As to parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that gothic institution, which made them annual,* and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation, until that ancient law were restored among us. For who sees not, that while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty; which traffic would never answer the design nor expense, if parliaments met once a-year.

I ever abominated that scheme of politics, (now

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* When King William hesitated about passing the bill for triennial parliaments (for annual seem impracticable and out of the question), and sent down to Sir William Temple, who had retired from public business, to desire he would give him his free opinion on this important measure, Sir William dispatched Swift, then a young man, and who lived in his house, with a letter to his majesty, informing him, that the messenger was fully instructed to give him all possible information on the subject. The king listened to Swift with patience and attention, and gave his assent to the bill. As to extending the duration of parliament, in the reign of George I., Dr. Johnson has expressed himself with great emphasis, by saying, "That the sudden introduction of twelve new peers at once by Queen Anne, was an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal, and by no means to be compared with that contempt of national right, with which, some time afterwards, by the instigation of Whiggism, the Commons, chosen by the people for three years, chose themselves for seven." He should have said at the instigation of some who called themselves Whigs. It is in allusion to this sentiment of Swift, relating to parliaments, that Dr. Stopford, the learned and amiable Bishop of Cloyne, thus expresses himself in a Latin panegyric on Swift: "Incorruptus inter pessimos mores; magni atque constantis animi; libertatis semper studiosissimus, atque nostri reipublicæ status, à Gothis quondam sapienter instituti, laudator perpetuus, propugnator acerrimus. Cujus tamen formam, ambitu et largitione adeo fœdatam, ut vix nunc dignosci possit, sæpius indignabundus ploravit."—Dr. WARTON.

about thirty years old,) of setting up a moneyed interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, that the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South-Sea projects would never have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depended: neither do I think this practice has made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every rebellion subdued, and plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince. In the latter case, the knot of conspirators is entirely broken, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages; so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons, to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that maxim, which declares it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent suffer; but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a custom of choosing a dictator, during whose administration the power of other magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a war near their doors, or some civil dissension; for armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Cæsars and

their successors, the most infamous tyrants that have anywhere appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had relating to public affairs, while I was in the world; what they are at present, is of little importance either to that or myself; neither can I truly say I have any at all, or if I had, I dare not venture to publish them; for, however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed I have often wished, for some time past, that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a-year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, and write, and act, during the current quarter. I have by experienee felt the want of such an instructor: For, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old Whiggish principles, which it seems had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the spirit of faction has so universally possessed the minds of men, that they are not at leisure to attend to anything else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So, in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who were pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject, nor so stupid an author, as I have been represented by the virulence of libellers;

whose malice has taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid productions, which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill-treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words.* And if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least discretion enough left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

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FROM SIR CONSTANTINE PHIPPS.

Ormond Street, Jan. 14, 1720–21.

SIR,

HAVING been a little indisposed, I went at Christmas into the country, which prevented me from sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter.

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* Swift, in one sentence only of his admirable "Sentiments of a Church of England Man," demolished the slavish and absurd doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance. "Many of the clergy," says he, "and other learned men, mistook the object to which passive obedience was due. By the supreme magistrate is properly understood the legislative power, which in all governments must be absolute and unlimited. But the word magistrate seeming to denote a single person, and to express the executive power, it came to pass, that the obedience due to the legislature was, for want of knowing or considering this easy distinction, misapplied to the administration."—Dr. WARTON.

As to Waters's* case, I was informed of it; and the last term I spoke to Mr. Attorney-General† about it; but he told me, he could not grant a writ of error in a criminal case, without direction from the king; so that Waters is not likely to have much relief from hence, and therefore I am glad you have some hopes it will drop in Ireland. I think the chief justice‡ should have that regard to his own reputation, to let it go off so; for I believe the oldest man alive, or any law-book, cannot give any instance of such a proceeding. I was informed who was aimed at by the prosecution, which made me very zealous in it; which I shall be in everything, wherein I can be serviceable to that gentleman, for whom nobody has a greater esteem, than

Your most faithful humble servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

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* Dr. Swift's printer; who was prosecuted for printing "A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures," written in 1720. The Dean, in the preceding letter to Pope, p. 339, says, that "the jury which tried him, had been culled with the utmost industry; but that, notwithstanding, they brought him in not guilty: that Whitshed, the judge, sent them out nine times, and kept them eleven hours; till, being tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge by a special verdict. The Duke of Grafton, Lord-lieutenant, soon after, upon mature advice, and permission from England, granted a *noli prosequi*."—H.

† Sir Robert Raymond.—B.

‡ Whitshed.—H.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

DEAR SIR, Westminster, Feb. 28, 1720–21.

IF I am to chide you for not writing to me, or beg your pardon that I have not writ to you, is a question, for our correspondence has been so long interrupted, that I swear I do not know which of us wrote last. In all cases I assure you of my continual friendship, and kindest remembrance of you; and with great pleasure, expect the same from you. I have been ill this winter. Age, I find comes on; and the cough does not diminish.—

Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ—Pass for that.

I am tired with politics, and lost in the South Sea. The roaring of the waves, and the madness of the people, were justly put together. I can send you no sort of news, that holds either connection or sense. It is all wilder than St. Anthony's dream; and the *bagatelle* is more solid than anything that has been endeavoured here this year. Our old friend, Oxford, is not well, and continues in Herefordshire. John of Bucks * died last night, and Coningsby † was sent last night to the Tower. I frequently drink your health with Lord Harley, who is always the same good man, and grows daily more beloved as more universally known. I do so too with our honest

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* John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire.—B.

† Thomas, Earl of Coningsby, so created by King George I. in 1719.—B. He was the leader in the prosecution against Prior.

good-natured friend Ford, whom I love for many good reasons, and particularly for that he loves you.

As to the subscriptions, in which I have given you a great deal of trouble already, to make the rest of that trouble less, I desire you to send the enclosed letter to Mr. Hyde, that he may raze out the names of those gentlemen who have taken out their books, and take what convenient care he can of the remaining books. And as to the pecuniary part, I find no better way than that you will remit it, as you did the former sum, by bill of exchange. Mr. Ford likewise judges this the best and securest method.

How do you do as to your health? Are we to see you this summer? Answer me these questions. Give my service to all friends, and believe me to be ever, with great truth and esteem, dear Sir,

Yours,

M. PRIOR.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

Westminster, April 25, 1721.

DEAR SIR,

I KNOW very well, that you can write a good letter, if you have a mind to it; but that is not the question. A letter from you sometimes, is what I desire. Reserve your tropes and periods for those you love less; and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are; whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the women, or construing *propria quæ maribus* to the country curate. You and I are so

established authors, that we may write what we will, without fear of censure; and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the *bagatelle* to anything else, we deserved to have had our brains knocked out ten years ago.

I have received the money punctually of Mr. Dan. Hayes, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks that your friendship in that affair ought to claim, and your generosity does contemn. There is one turn for you: good.

The man you mentioned in your last* has been in the country these two years, very ill in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you observe of him is so true, that his sickness is all counted for policy, that he will not come up, till the public distractions force somebody or other (whom God knows) who will oblige somebody else to send for him in open triumph, and set him in *statu quo prius*. That, in the meantime, he has foreseen all that has happened; checkmated all the ministry; and to divert himself at his leisure hours, he has laid all those lime twigs for his neighbour Coningsby, that keep that precious bird in the cage, out of which himself slipped so cunningly and easily.

Things, and the way of men's judging them, vary so much here, that it is impossible to give you any just account of some of our friends' actions. *Roffen*† is more than suspected to have given up his party, as Sancho did his subjects, for so much a-head, *l'un portant l'autre*. His cause, therefore,

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* The Earl of Oxford, whose influence, it would seem, was still dreaded, though he had so long retired from public business.

† Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. Far from having deserted to the Whigs, as Prior's suspicions would seem to imply, it appeared soon afterwards that he had gone a step beyond Toryism, and espoused the cause of the Pretender.

which is something originally like that of Lutrin, is opposed or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly sustained by the ministry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of most men than he is; and I wish our friend Harcourt were higher than he is.

Our young Harley's vice is no more covetousness than plainness of speech is that of his cousin Tom. His lordship is really *amabilis;* and Lady *Harriette, adoranda.*

I tell you no news, but that the whole is a complication of mistakes in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it: of the ministers I speak, for the most part as well ecclesiastical as civil. This is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am sure you receive very kindly, that I am ever

Your friend and humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

Friend Shelton, commonly called Dear Dick, is with me. We drink your health. Adieu.

—o—

TO [STELLA] MRS. JOHNSON.*

Deanery House,
Sunday Morning, April 30, 1721.

JACK GRATTAN said nothing to me of it till last night; it is none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourselves may do well enough here,

* Indorsed by Mrs. Johnson, "An answer to no letter."

but pray send it soon. I wish you would give a body more early warning; but you must blame yourselves. Delany says he will come in the evening; and, for aught I know, Sheridan may be here at dinner: which of you was it that undertook this frolic? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at last I found it. Pray do not serve me these tricks often. You may be sure if there be a good bottle you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and therefore that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more positive in your answer to this.

Margoose,* and not *Mergoose:* it is spelt with an *a*, simpleton.

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon† got home safe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could easily have overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose; I told Delany I would.

—o—

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.‡

Dublin, May 13, 1721.

SIR,

I HAD your letter, and the copy of the bishop's circular enclosed, for which I thank you; and yet I

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* *Chateau Margoux*, a sort of claret so called. The Dean's spelling is not more correct than Stella's.

† Archdeacon Walls.

‡ This letter and the following respect the right of the Bishop of Meath to enforce the Dean of St. Patrick's personal attendance at his visitation. See Swift's letter to that bishop upon the same subject, 22d May, 1719.

will not pretend to know anything of it, and hope you have not told anybody what you did. I should be glad enough to be at the visitation, not out of any love to the business or the person, but to do my part in preventing any mischief. But in truth my health will not suffer it; and you, who are to be my proxy, may safely give it upon your veracity. I am confident the bishop would not be dissatisfied with wanting my company, and yet he may give himself airs when he finds I am not there. I now employ myself in getting you a companion to cure your spleen. I am,

Your faithful humble servant,

J. S.

—o—

TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH.

My Lord, July 5, 1721.

I have received an account of your lordship's refusing to admit my proxy at your visitation,* with several circumstances of personal reflections on myself, although my proxy attested my want of health; to confirm which, and to lay before you the justice and Christianity of your proceeding, above a hundred persons of quality and distinction can witness, that since Friday the 26th of May, I have been tormented with an ague, in as violent a manner as possible, which still continues, and forces me to make use of another hand in writing to you. At the same time, I must be plain to tell you, that if

* See the preceding letter to Mr. Wallis.

this accident had not happened, I should have used all endeavours to avoid your visitation, upon the public promise I made you three years ago, and the motives which occasioned it; because I was unwilling to hear any more very injurious treatment and appellations given to my brethren, or myself; and by the grace of God, I am still determined to absent myself on the like occasion, as far as I can possibly be dispensed with by any law, while your lordship is in that diocese, and I a member of it: In which resolution I could not conceive but your lordship would be easy; because, although my presence might possibly contribute to your real (at least future) interest, I was sure it could not to your present satisfaction.

If I had had the happiness to have been acquainted with any one clergyman in the diocese, of your lordship's principles, I should have desired him to represent me, with hopes of better success; but I wish you would sometimes think it convenient to distinguish men, as well as principles; and not to look upon every person, who happens to owe you canonical obedience, as if—— *

I have the honour to be ordinary over a considerable number of as eminent divines as any in this kingdom, who owe me the same obedience as I owe to your lordship, and are equally bound to attend my visitation: yet neither I, nor any of my predecessors, to my knowledge, did ever refuse a regular proxy.

I am only sorry that you, who are of a country famed for good nature, have found a way to unite

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* "He was your lordship's footman," may perhaps be the implied conclusion of the sentence. Swift makes direct use of such an expression in his former letter to the bishop, but here trusts to his apprehension to fill up the blank.

the hasty passion of your own countrymen,* with the long, sedate resentment of a Spaniard: but I have an honourable hope, that this proceeding has been more owing to party, than complexion. I am,

My Lord, your lordship's most humble servant.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

July 28, 1721.

I NEVER was so angry in all my life, as I was with you last week, on the receipt of your letter of the 19th of June. The extreme pleasure it gave me takes away all the excuses which I had invented for your long neglect. I design to return my humble thanks to those men of eminent gratitude and integrity, the weavers and the judges, and earnestly to entreat them, instead of tossing you in the person of your proxy, who had need to have iron ribs to endure all the drubbings you will procure him, to toss you in your proper person, the next time you offend, by going about to talk sense or to do good to the rabble. Is it possible that one of your age and profession should be ignorant, that this monstrous beast has passions to be moved, but no reason to be appealed to; and that plain truth will influence half a score men at most in a nation, or an age, while mystery will lead millions by the nose?

Dear Jonathan, since you cannot resolve to write as you preach, what public authority allows, what councils and senates have decided to be orthodox,

* The bishop was a Welshman.—D. S.

instead of what private opinion suggests, leave off instructing the citizens of Dublin. Believe me, there is more pleasure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendship, than in taking care of the state. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last; and none but men of sense and virtue are capable of the other. How comes it then to pass, that you, who have sense though you have wit, and virtue though you have kept bad company in your time, should be so surprised that I continue to write to you, and expect to hear from you, after seven years' absence?

Anni prædantur euntes, say you; and time will lop off my luxuriant branches: perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruning hook into a hand which works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut; and as they lessen in number, the bough, which bears the golden fruit of friendship, shoots, swells, and spreads.

Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly said, when he told you that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have resolved to think two minutes a-day about stocks, to flatter Law half an hour a-week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved nor valued, certain it is that I might have gained immensely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of these kinds, which France furnished, and which England sent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any secret, very negligently; and if I have secured enough to content me, it is because I was soon contented. I am sorry to hear you confess, that the love of money has got into your head. Take care, or it will, ere long sink into your heart, the proper seat of passions. Plato, whom you cite, looked upon riches, and the

other advantages of fortune, to be desirable; but he declared, as you have read in Diogenes Laërtius, *Ea etsi non affluerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore sapientem.* You may think it, perhaps, hard to reconcile his two journeys into Sicily, with this maxim, especially since he got fourscore talents of the tyrant. But I can assure you, that he went to the elder Dionysius only to buy books, and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a number of men, women, and children, to try his Utopia. Aristippus was in Sicily at the same time: and there passed some Billingsgate between these reverend persons. This philosopher had a much stronger fancy to grow rich than Plato: he flattered, he cracked jests, and danced over a stick to get some of the Sicilian gold; but still even he took care, *sibi res, non se rebus submittere.* And I remember, with great edification, how he reproved one of his catechumens, who blushed, and shrunk back, when his master shewed him the way to the bawdy-house. *Non ingredi turpe est, sed egredi non posse turpe est.* The conclusion of all is this; *un honnete homme* ought to have *cent mille livres de rente,* if you please; but a wise man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us not refuse riches, when they offer themselves; but let us give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let us enjoy wealth, without suffering it to become necessary to us. And, to finish with one of Seneca's quaint sentences: "Let us place it so, that fortune may take it without tearing it from us." The passage you mention does follow that which I quoted to you, and the advice is good. Solon thought so; nay, he went farther; and you remember the reason he gave for sitting in the council of Pisistratus, whom he had done his utmost to oppose, and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epistle is not writ by

Cicero, as you seem to think. It is, if I mistake not, an epistle of Dolabella to him. Cato, you say, would not be of the same mind. Cato is a most venerable name, and Dolabella was but a scoundrel with wit and valour; and yet there is better sense, nay, there is more virtue, in what Dolabella advises, than in the conduct of Cato. I must own my weakness to you. This Cato, so sung by Lucan in every page, and so much better sung by Virgil in half a line, strikes me with no great respect. When I see him painted in all the glorious colours which eloquence furnishes, I call to mind that image of him which Tully gives in one of his letters to Atticus, or to somebody else; where he says, that having a mind to keep a debate from coming on in the senate, they made Cato rise to speak, and that he talked till the hour of proposing matters was over. Tully insinuates that they often made this use of him. Does not the moving picture shift? Do you not behold Clarke of Taunton-Dean, in the gown of a Roman senator, sending out the members to piss? The censor used sharp medicines; but, in his time, the patient had strength to bear them. The second Cato inherited this receipt without his skill; and like a true quack, he gave the remedy, because it was his only one, though it was too late. He hastened the patient's death; he not only hastened it, he made it more convulsive and painful.

The condition of your wretched country is worse than you represent it to be. The healthful Indian follows his master, who died of sickness, to the grave; but I much doubt whether those charitable legislators exact the same, when the master is a lunatic, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over Ireland with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your letter, I feel your pulse; and I judge of your distemper as surely by the figures into which

you cast your ink, as the learned doctor at "The hand and urinal" could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You say your memory declines; I believe it does, since you forget your friends, and since repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind, as well as the body: and what do you imagine, that Plato, since you have set me upon quoting him, (who thanked Heaven, that he was not a Bœotian,) would have said of the *ultima Thule?* Shake off your laziness, ramble over hither, and spend some months in a kinder climate. You will be in danger of meeting but one plague here, and you will leave many behind you. Here you will come among people, who lead a life singular enough to hit your humour: so near the world, as to have all its conveniences; so far from the world, as to be strangers to all its inconveniencies; wanting nothing which goes to the ease and happiness of life; embarrassed by nothing which is cumbersome. I dare almost venture to say, that you will like us better than the persons you live with, and that we shall be able to make you retrograde, (that I may use a canonical simile,) as the sun did on the dial of Hezekiah, and begin anew the twelve years which you complain are gone. We will restore to you the *nigros angusto fronte capillos;* and with them, the *dulce loqui*, the *ridere decorum, et inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ. Hæc est vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique*, and not yours.

I was going to finish with my sheet of paper; but having bethought myself, that you deserve some more punishment, and calling all my anger against you to my aid, I resolve, since I am this morning in the humour of scribbling, to make my letter at least as long as one of your sermons; and, if you do not

mend, my next shall be as long as one of Dr. Manton's,* who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be a High-Churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more.

You must know, that I am as busy about my hermitage, which is between the chateau and the maison bourgeoise, as if I was to pass my life in it: and if I could see you now and then, I should be willing enough to do so. I have in my wood the biggest and the clearest spring perhaps in Europe, which forms, before it leaves the park, a more beautiful river than any which flows in Greek or Latin verse. I have a thousand projects about this spring, and, among others, one which will employ some marble. Now marble, you know, makes one think of inscriptions; and if you will correct this, which I have not yet committed to paper, it shall be graved, and help to fill the tablebooks of Spons and Missons † yet to come.

"Propter fidem adversus Reginam, et Partes,
Intemeratè servatam,
Propter operam in pace generali conciliandâ
Strenuè saltem navatam,
Impotentiâ vesanæ factionis
Solum vertere coactus,

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* Thomas Manton, D.D., who had been ejected from the Rectory of Covent Garden, for nonconformity, after the Restoration. He was a voluminous writer in divinity, and published a large folio volume of sermons on the 119th Psalm.—B. Sir Walter St. John and his lady were both somewhat addicted to puritanism; and their son was educated in early life among the dissenters. He mentions Manton in similar terms in a letter to Pope, as a puritanical parson, who made 119 sermons upon the 119th psalm; and whose folios he was compelled to read while a boy.

† James Spon, M.D., and Maximilian Misson, were two eminent travellers, who have published their travels; in which are inserted many inscriptions.—B.

Hîc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ
Injustè exulat,
Dulce vivit,
H. De B. An." &c.

Ob were better than *propter*, but *ob operam* would never please the ear. In a proper place, before the front of the house, which I have new built, I have a mind to inscribe this piece of patchwork :—

"Si resipiscat patria, in patriam rediturus ;
Si non resipiscat, ubivis melius quam inter
Tales cives futurus,
Hanc villam instauro et oxorno :
Hinc, velut ex portu, alienos casus
Et fortunæ ludum insolentem
Cernere suave est.
Hic, mortem nec appetens nec timens,
Innocuis deliciis,
Doctâ quiete,
et
Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate,
Fruiscor.
Hic mihi vivam quod superest aut exilii,
Aut ævi."

If in a year's time you should find leisure to write to me, send me some mottoes for groves, and streams, and fine prospects, and retreat, and contempt of grandeur, &c. I have one for my greenhouse, and one for an alley which leads to my apartment, which are happy enough. The first is, *Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.* The other is—*fallentis semita vitæ.*

You see I amuse myself *de la bagatelle* as much as you ; but here lies the difference ; your *bagatelle* leads to something better ; as fiddlers flourish carelessly, before they play a fine air. But mine begins, proceeds, and ends in *bagatelle.*

Adieu : it is happy for you that my hand is tired.

I will take care that you shall have my picture, and

I am simple enough to be obliged to you for asking for it. If you do not write to me soon, I hope it will fall down as soon as you have it, and break your head.

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

September 1, 1721.

SIR,

I DO not know how to account for your long silence, unless your time has been taken up in making an interest with those in power here, for one of the two archbishoprics,* that we heard were void, but I am very glad are not so. Set your heart at rest, for they are promised; and therefore you may as well write to a sister, when next you honour this kingdom with any dispatches, as to any greater people. It is a shame to think how you have neglected those of your own house. I had once determined to write to you no more, since no answer was to be expected; but then revenge came into my head, and I was resolved to teaze you, till at last, to be quiet, you will send me some plausible excuse at least, for never inquiring after brother or sister. I wonder when you will be good-natured enough to come and see how we do; but Ireland has such powerful charms, that I question whether you would leave it to be one of our archbishops. I was at your brother Arran's† a good while this summer, and have been much upon the ramble,

* Probably those of Tuam and Dublin, both incumbents being very old.

† A member of the club of sixteen.—H.

or else you would have sooner had these just reproaches from me; whom you have no way of appeasing, but by a letter of at least four sides of paper: though I am so good a Christian, upon this occasion, as to be, notwithstanding all this ill-treatment,

Sir,

Your most sincere friend, and humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

—o—

TO MR. WORRAL.

Gaulstown, Sept. 14, 1721.

DEAR JACK,

I ANSWERED your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I shall be in town by the beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day in spite of the rain, in spite of a broken shin, or falling into the lakes, and several other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the Lichfield-man? Has he mended his voice, or is he content to sit down with his Christ-church * preferment? I doubt Mrs. Brent will be at a loss about her industry-book,† for want of a new leaf, with a list drawn of the debtors. I

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* One of the cathedrals in Dublin.—F.

† The book wherein Mrs. Brent kept the account of the money lent by Dr. Swift to poor industrious tradesmen, in small sums, without interest.—F.

know you are such a bungler, you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey-list, in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve till I come. Present my service to Mrs. Worral. I wonder how you, and she, and your heir,* have spent the summer, and how often you have been at Dunleary,† and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying in the country as much as ever. Desire Mrs. Brent, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatenings with my head; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray send them enclosed to the post-office. I hear you have let your house to Mrs. Dopping, who will be a good tenant, if she lives. I suppose your new house is finished, and, if Mrs. Worral does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better than a boat at Dalky.‡ I hope you have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been so bad as usual during my sickness in town: if so, I have but an ill sub-dean.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

P.S.—Tell Mrs. Brent, that, if Lloyd agrees, I shall be glad one of his hogsheads was left unracked.

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* Mr. Fairbrother.—F.

† A village at the sea-side, near Dublin.—F.

‡ A most delightful island, within six or seven miles of Dublin. —F.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Gaulston, near Kinnegad,
Sept. 28, 1721.

My Lord,

I had the honour of your grace's letter of the 1st instant; and, although I thought it my duty to be the last writer in corresponding with your grace, yet I know you are so punctual, that, if I should write sooner, it would only be the occasion of giving you a new trouble, before it ought in conscience to be put upon you. Besides, I was in some pain that your letter of September 1st was not the first you had writ, because, about ten days after, a friend sent me word that your grace said you had writ to me six weeks before, and had no answer; whereas, I can assure your grace that I received but one from you; nor had I reason to expect it, having not done myself the honour to write to you before. I will tell you the secret of dating my letter; I was in fear lest the post should be gone, and so left a blank, and wisely huddled it up without thinking of the date; but we country gentlemen are frequently guilty of greater blunders; and in that article I grow more perfect every day.

I believe you seriously that you will take care of your health, to prevent a successor; that is to say, I believe you tell truth in jest; for I know it is not the value of life that makes you desire to live, and am afraid the world is much of your mind; for it is out of regard to the public, or some of themselves, more than upon your own account, that they wish your continuance among us.

It seems you are a greater favourite of the lieu-

tenant's* than you care to own; for we hear that he killed but two bucks, and sent you a present of one.

I hear you are likely to be the sole opposer of the bank:† and you will certainly miscarry, because it would prove a most perfidious thing. Bankrupts are always for setting up banks: how then can you think a bank will fail of a majority in both houses?

You are very perverse in misinterpreting the ladies' favour, as if you must die to obtain it; I assure you it is directly contrary, and, if you die, you will lose their favour for ever; I am commanded to tell you so; and therefore, at the peril of your life, and of their good graces, look to your health.

I hear the Bishop of Bangor,‡ despairing of doing any good with you, has taken up with Hereford. I am a plain man, and would be glad at any time to see fifty such bishops hanged, if I could thereby have saved the life of his predecessor, for whom I had a great esteem and friendship. I do not much approve the compliments made you by comparisons drawn from good and bad emperors, because the inference falls short on both sides. If Julian had immediately succeeded Constantine, it would have been more to the purpose. Sir James of the Peak§ said to Bouchier the gamester, "Sirrah, I shall look better than you, when I have been a month in my grave." A great man in England was blaming me for despising somebody or other; I assured him I did not at all despise the man he mentioned: that I was not so liberal of my contempt; nor would bestow it

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* Charles Duke of Grafton.

† At this time there was a proposal for a national bank in Ireland, which was rejected by parliament.—F.

‡ Dr. Benjamin Hoadley.—F.

§ Sir James of the Peak, called sometimes Sir James Baker, was a notorious gambler of that time.

where there was not some degree of merit. Upon this principle, I can see no proper ground of opposition between your grace, and that wretch of Bangor. I have read, indeed, that a dog was once made king of Norway, but I forgot who was his predecessor; and therefore am at a loss for the other part of the comparison.

I am afraid the clatter of ladies' tongues is no very good cure for a giddiness in the head. When your grace (as you say) was young, as I am not, the ladies were better company, or you more easily pleased. I am perpetually reproaching them for their ignorance, affectation, impertinence, (but my paper will not hold all,) except Lady Betty Rochfort, your old acquaintance.

I own my head and your grace's feet would be ill joined; but give me your head and take my feet, and match us in the kingdom, if you can.

My lord, I row after health like a waterman, and ride after it like a post-boy, and find some little success; but *subeunt morbi tristisque senectus.* I have a receipt to which you are a stranger; my Lord Oxford and Mr. Prior used to join with me in taking it; to whom I often said, when we were two hours diverting ourselves with trifles, *vive la bagatelle.* I am so deep among the workmen at Rochfort's canals and lakes, so dexterous at the oar, such an alderman after the hare ————*

I am just now told, from some newspapers, that one of the king's enemies, and my excellent friend, Mr. Prior,† is dead; I pray God deliver me from many such trials. I am neither old nor philosopher enough to be indifferent at so great a loss; and

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* See the lively poem entitled "The Country Life," describing the pastimes of Gaulstown, Vol. XIV. p. 164.

† He died September 18, 1721.

therefore I abruptly conclude, but with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your grace's most dutiful,

and obedient servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE REV. MR. JACKSON, AT GAULSTOWN.*

Dublin, October 6, 1721.

I HAD no mind to load you with the secret of my going, because you should bear none of the blame. I fell upon a supposition that Mr. Rochfort had a mind to keep me longer, which I will allow in him and you, but not one of the family besides, who, I confess, had reason enough to be weary of a man, who entered into none of their tastes, nor pleasures, nor fancies, nor opinions, nor talk. I baited at Clencurry, and got to Leslip between three and four, saw the curiosities there, and the next morning came to Dublin by eight o'clock, and was at prayers in my cathedral. There's a traveller! I forgot a

* Copied from the original, in the possession of two Irish ladies of the name of Shenton, (daughters of a late precentor of Christ-church, Dublin.)—N. From this curious letter, it appears that Swift had decamped as suddenly from Gaulstown, as he afterwards did from Pope's house in England. In the latter case, his excuse was too legitimate, being the dangerous illness of Stella; in the former, it can only be traced to a sudden fit of humour or spleen which was misrepresented into disrespect for the family in which he had been so hospitably entertained. See the introductory note to the "Country Life."

long treatise, copied by my Irish secretary, which I lent Clem. Barry.—Pray get it from him, and seal it up, and keep it, till you get a convenience of sending it. Desire Lady Betty to give you the old silver box that I carried the comfits in; it belongs to poor Mrs. Brent, and she asked me for it with a sigh. You may trust it with Arthur. You are now happy, and have nobody to teaze you to the oar, or the saddle. You can sit in your night-gown till noon without any reproaches.

I left a note for you with James Doyle, with commissions, which I hope you will fulfil, though you borrow the money; I will certainly be out of your debt in all articles between us when you come to town, or before, if you draw a bill upon me; for now I have money, and value no man. I am told your tribe here is all well, though I have seen none but Jack Jackson.

Farewell; go to cards, and lose your money with great gravity.

My service to all your girls.

I gave James Doyle two crowns, and a strict order to take care of [my/our] gray colt, which I desire you will second.

I had a perfect summer journey, and, if I had staid much longer, I should have certainly had a winter one, which, with weak horses and bad roads, would have been a very unpleasant thing.

JON. SWIFT.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Dublin, November 3, 1721.

SIR,

YOU stole in and out of town without seeing either the ladies or me; which was very ungratefully done, considering the obligations you have to us, for lodging and dieting with you so long. Why did you not call in the morning at the deanery? Besides, we reckoned for certain that you came to stay a month or two, as you told us you intended. I hear you were so kind as to be at Laracor, where I hope you planted something; and I intend to be down after Christmas, when you must continue a week. As for your plan, it is very pretty, too pretty for the use I intend to make of Laracor. All I would desire is, what I mention in the paper I left you, except a walk down to the canal. I suppose your project would cost me ten pounds and a constant gardener. Pray come to town, and stay some time, and repay yourself some of your dinners. I wonder how a mischief you came to miss us. Why did you not set out a-Monday, like a true country parson? Besides, you lay a load on us, in saying one chief end of your journey was to see us: but I suppose there might be another motive, and you are like the man that died of love and the colic. Let us know whether you are more or less monkish, how long you found yourself better by our company, and how long before you recovered the charges we put you to? The ladies assure you of their hearty services; and I am, with great truth and sincerity,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

January 1, 1721–2.

I RECEIVED your letter of the twenty-ninth of September, above a fortnight ago; and should have set you an example, by answering it immediately, (which I do not remember you ever set me,) if I had not been obliged to abandon the silence and quiet of this beloved retreat, and to thrust myself into the hurry and babble of an impertinent town. In less than ten days which I spent at Paris, I was more than ten times on the point of leaving my business there undone; and yet this business was to save four-fifths of four hundred thousand livres, which I have on the town-house; *restes misérables du naufrage de ma fortune.* Luckily I had the fear of you before my eyes; and though I cannot hope to deserve your esteem by growing rich, I have endeavoured to avoid your contempt by growing poor. The expression is equivocal; a fault which our language often betrays those, who scribble hastily, into; but your own conscience will serve for a comment, and fix the sense. Let me thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and for using your credit above so generously in my behalf. To despise riches with Seneca's purse, is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philosophy.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?

You are not like H. Guy,* who among other ex-

* Henry Guy, who had been secretary to the treasury during three successive reigns, died February 23, 1710, and left to

cellent pieces of advice gave me this, when I first came to court; to be very moderate and modest in my applications for my friends, and very greedy and importunate when I asked for myself. You call Tully names, to revenge Cato's quarrel; and to revenge Tully's I am ready to fall foul of Seneca. You churchmen have cried him up for a great saint; and as if you imagined, that to have it believed that he had a month's mind to be a Christian, would reflect some honour on Christianity, you employed one of those pious frauds, so frequently practised in the days of primitive simplicity, to impose on the world, a pretended correspondence between him and the great apostle of the Gentiles.* Your partiality in his favour shall bias me no more than the pique which Dion Cassius and others shew against him. Like an equitable judge, I shall only tax him with avarice in his prosperity, adulation in his adversity, and affectation in every state of life. Were I considerable enough to be banished from my country, methinks I would not purchase my restoration at the expense of writing such a letter to the prince himself, as your Christian stoic wrote to the emperor's slave, Polybius.† Thus I think of the man, and yet I read the author with pleasure; though I join in condemning those points which he introduced into

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William Pulteney, Esq., late Earl of Bath, near forty thousand pounds, with an estate of about five hundred pounds a-year; as the latter owns, in his answer to one part of a late infamous libel, &c., published in 1731, p. 39.—B.

* It consists of thirteen letters, which seemed to St. Jerome and St. Augustine to have been genuine. But Du Pin (Nouvelle Bibliothéque des Auteurs Ecclésiastiques, Tom. I. p. 24, edit. 1690, 4to) acknowledges, that they contain nothing worthy of the apostle or philosopher, and have not the least resemblance to the style of either. This is likewise the judgment of the most learned among the modern critics.—B.

† Seneca de Consolatione ad Polybium.—B.

the Latin style; those eternal witticisms strung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the passions, before he has gone about to convince the judgment; which Erasmus, if I remember right, objects to him. He is seldom instructive, but he is perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre. I have lately writ an excellent treatise in praise of exile.* Many of the hints are taken from *Consolatio ad Helviam*, and other parts of his works. The whole is turned on his style and manner; and there is as much of the spirit of the *portique* as I could infuse, without running too far into the *mirabilia, inopinato, et paradoxa*, which Tully, and I think Seneca himself, ridicules the school of Zeno for. That you may laugh at me in your turn, I own ingenuously, that I began in jest, grew serious at the third or fourth page, and convinced myself, before I had done, of what perhaps I shall never convince any other, that a man of sense and virtue may be unfortunate, but can never be unhappy. Do not imagine, however, that I have a mind to quarrel with Aristippus: he is still my favourite among the philosophers; and if I find some faults in him, they are few and venial.

You do me much honour, in saying, that I put you in mind of Lord Digby;† but say it to no one else, for fear of passing for partial in your parallels, which has done Plutarch more hurt than it has done good to his Grecian heroes. I had forgot, or I never knew, the remarkable passage which you mention. Great virtue, unjustly persecuted, may hold such

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* It is printed in his Works, under the title of "Reflections upon Exile."—B.

† George, Lord Digby, afterward Earl of Bristol. Dr. Swift, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, April 5, 1729, styles Lord Digby the prototype of Lord Bolingbroke.—B.

language, and will be heard with applause; with general applause, I mean, not universal. There was at Athens a wretch, who spit in the face of Aristides, as he marched firm, calm, and almost gay to execution. Perhaps there was not another man among the Athenians, capable of the same vile action. And for the honour of my country, I will believe, that there are few men in England, besides Lord Oxford, capable of hearing that strain of eloquence, without admiration. There is a sort of kindred in souls, and they are divided into more families than we are apt to imagine. Digbys and Harleys are absolute strangers to one another. Touch a unison, and all the unisons will give the same sound; but you may thrum a lute till your fingers are sore, and you will draw no sound out of a Jew's harp.

I thank you for correcting my inscriptions, and I thank you still more for promising to gather up mottoes for me, and to write often to me. I am as little given to beg correspondents as you are to beg pictures; but since I cannot live with you, I would fain hear from you. To grow old with good sense, and a good friend, was the wish of Thales; I add, with good health: to enjoy but one and a half of these three, is hard. I have heard of Prior's death, and of his epitaph;* and have seen a strange book,

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* In the following triplet, written by himself:—

"To me 'tis given to die: to you 'tis given
To live. Alas! one moment sets us even;
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven!

Bp. Atterbury, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 27, 1721, says, "I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave; else I would have done it, to have shewed his friends, that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He was buried as he desired, at the feet of Spenser. I will take care to make good, in every respect, what I said to him when living, particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while

writ by a grave and eloquent doctor,* about the Duke of Buckinghamshire. People, who talk much in that moment, can have, as I believe, but one of these two principles, fear, or vanity. It is therefore much better to hold one's tongue. I am sorry, that the first of these persons, our old acquaintance Matt., lived so poor as you represent him. I thought that a certain lord,† whose marriage with a certain heiress, was the ultimate end of a certain administration, had put him above want. Prior might justly enough have addressed himself to his young patron, as our friend Aristippus did to Dionysius; "You have money, which I want; I have wit and knowledge, which you want." I long to see your "Travels;" ‡ for, take it as you will, I do not retract what I said. I will undertake to find, in two pages of your *bagatelles*, more good sense, useful knowledge, and true religion, than you can shew me in the works of nineteen in twenty of the profound divines and philosophers of the age.

I am obliged to return to Paris in a month or six weeks' time, and from thence will send you my picture. Would to heaven I could send you as like

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we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster."—*Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence*, 1799, Vol. II. p. 117.—The quarrel between those eminent men arose from Prior's siding with Oxford against Atterbury and Bolingbroke in the last year of Queen Anne. Prior speaks with asperity of Rochester in a preceding letter to Swift.

* Richard Fiddes, D.D., published in 1721, in octavo, "A Letter in Answer to one from a Freethinker; occasioned by the late Duke of Buckinghamshire's Epitaph; wherein certain Passages in it that have been thought exceptionable, are vindicated; and the Doctrine of the Soul's Immortality asserted, &c." This was followed by a Second Letter, published the same year.—B.

† Edward, Lord Harley, who married in October, 1713, the Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter and heir of John, Duke of Newcastle.—B.

‡ Gulliver's.—N.

a picture of my mind: you would find yourself, in that draught, the object of the truest esteem, and the sincerest friendship.

—o—

FROM DR. SNAPE.

Windsor, April 13, 1722.

REVEREND SIR,

I TAKE the opportunity of two of our choir going over to try their fortune in your country, at once to return my thanks for a very obliging letter you favoured me with some years ago, and your kind interpretation of my endeavours at that time to assert the cause of our establishment against a prelate * who was undermining it; and also to recommend to your favour the bearer, Mr. Elford; who, upon the encouragement of your worthy primate, is going to settle at Armagh. I cannot pretend to say, he has the same compass of voice with his late brother, whom the good queen so much admired; but I will venture to say, he has a greater compass of understanding, and, upon the whole, that he is a good choirman. The other, that bears him company, was a very useful chorister to us. His voice, since its breaking, is somewhat harsh, but I believe will grow mellower. If you find either of them for your purpose, especially the bearer, when you have a vacancy in your church, I shall be much obliged to you for any favour you are pleased to shew; and be

* Bishop Hoadley.—B. Against whose low-church sermon Dr. Snape had written a criticism.

ready to approve myself on any occasion, reverend Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate servant,

A. SNAPE.

—o—

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

Dublin, Oct. 9, 1722.

I AM but just come to town, and therefore look upon myself to have just left Loughgall, and that this is the first opportunity I have of writing to you.

Strange revolutions since I left you: a bishop* of my old acquaintance in the Tower for treason, and a doctor of my new acquaintance made a bishop.† I hope you are returned with success from your Connaught journey, and that you tired yourself more than you expected in taking the compass of your new land; the consequence of which must be, that you will continue needy some years longer than you intended. Your new Bishop Bolton was born to be my tormentor; he ever opposed me as my subject,‡ and now has left me embroiled for want of him. The government, in consideration of the many favours they have shewn me, would fain have me give St. Bride's to some one of their hang-dogs, that Dr. Howard may come into St. Wer-

* Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, at this time imprisoned for his share in what was called Sayer's plot, in favour of the Chevalier St. George, for which he was afterwards banished by act of attainder.

† Dr. Theophilus Bolton, Bishop of Clonfert, Sept. 12, 1722; and in 1729 Archbishop of Cashell.

‡ Dr. Bolton had been Chancellor of St. Patrick's.

burgh's. So that I must either disoblige Whig and Tory in my chapter, or be ungrateful to my patrons in power. When you come to town, you must be ready, at what time you hear the sound of tabret, harp, &c., to worship the brazen image set up, or else be cast into a cold watery furnace; I have not yet seen it, for it does not lie in my walks, and I want curiosity. The wicked Tories themselves begin now to believe there was something of a plot; and every plot costs Ireland more than any plot can be worth. The court has sent a demand here for more money by three times than is now in the hands of the treasury, and all the collectors of this kingdom put together. I escaped hanging very narrowly a month ago; for a letter from Preston, directed to me, was opened in the post-office, and sealed again in a very slovenly manner, when Manley found it only contained a request from a poor curate. This hath determined me against writing treason: however, I am not certain that this letter may not be interpreted as comforting his most excellent majesty's enemies, since you have been a state prisoner. Pray God keep all honest men out of the hands of lions and bears, and uncircumcised Philistines!—I hoped my brother Orrery,* had loved his land too much to hazard it on revolution principles. I am told that a lady of my acquaintance was the discoverer of this plot, having a lover among the true Whigs, whom she preferred before an old battered husband.

You never saw anything so fine as my new Dublin plantations of elms; I wish you would come

* Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, an accomplished and literary character, inventor of the philosophical instrument to which he bequeathed his name, was about this time apprehended and committed to the Tower, for some real or supposed accession to the plot which cost Atterbury so dear.

and visit them; and I am very strong in wine, though not so liberal of it as you. It is said that Kelly the parson* is admitted to Kelly the squire;† and that they are cooking up a discovery between them, for the improvement of the hempen manufacture. It is reckoned that the best trade in London this winter will be that of an evidence. As much as I hate the Tories, I cannot but pity them as fools. Some think likewise, that the Pretender ought to have his choice of two caps, a red cap or a fool's cap. It is a wonderful thing to see the Tories provoking his present majesty, whose clemency, mercy, and forgiving temper, have been so signal, so extraordinary, so more than humane, during the whole course of his reign; which plainly appears, not only from his own speeches and declarations, but also from a most ingenious pamphlet just come over, relating to the wicked Bishop of Rochester. But enough of politics. I have no town news: I have heard nothing. Old Rochfort has got a dead palsy. Lady Betty has been long ill. Dean Percivale has answered the other dean's journal in Grub Street, justly taxing him for avarice and want of hospitality. Madam Percivale absolutely denies all the facts: insists that she never made candles of dripping; that Charley never had the chincough, &c.

My most humble service to Mrs. Cope, who entertained that covetous lampooning dean much

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* George Kelly, who went under the name of Johnson, an Irish clergyman, was apprehended by three messengers as an accessory to Sayer's plot: he defended himself until he had burned a parcel of papers, and then surrendered himself. He was a nonjuring clergyman, and is stated in the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, to have been the person principally entrusted by the Bishop of Rochester.

† Captain Dennis Kelly, a gentleman of fortune in Ireland, was also apprehended as an active agent in Atterbury's plot.

better than he deserved. Remember me to honest Nanty and boy Barclay.

Ever yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

October 11, 1722.

MY LORD,

I OFTEN receive letters franked *Oxford*, but always find them written and subscribed by your lordship's servant *Mynett*. His meaning is some business of his own, wherein I am his solicitor; but he makes his court by giving me an account of the state of your family; and perpetually adds a clause, "That your lordship soon intends to write to me." I knew you indeed when you were not so great a man as you are now, I mean when you were treasurer; but you are grown so proud since your retirement, that there is no enduring you: and you have reason, for you never acted so difficult a part of life before. In the two great scenes of power and persecution you have excelled mankind; and in this of retirement, you have most injuriously forgotten your friends. Poor Prior often sent me his complaints on this occasion: and I have returned him mine. I never courted your acquaintance when you governed Europe, but you courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I use all my insinuations to keep myself in your memory. I am very sensible, that next to receiving thanks and compliments, there is nothing you more hate than writing letters; but, since I never gave you thanks, nor made you compliments,

I have so much more merit than any of those thousands whom you have less obliged, by only making their fortunes, without taking them into your friendship, as you did me; whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner to be forgotten, either by the world or myself; for which, never man was more proud, or less vain.

I have now been ten years soliciting for your picture; and if I had solicited you for a thousand pounds (I mean of your money, not the public) I could have prevailed in ten days. You have given me many hundred hours; can you not now give me a couple? have my mortifications been so few, or are you so malicious to add a greater than I ever yet suffered? did you ever refuse me anything I asked you? and will you now begin? In my conscience, I believe, and by the whole conduct of your life I have reason to believe, that you are too poor to bear the expense. I ever told you, I was the richer man of the two: and I am now richer by five hundred pounds, than I was at the time when I was boasting at your table of my wealth, before Diamond Pitt.*

I have hitherto taken up with a scurvy print of you, under which I have placed this lemma:

——— *Veteres actus primamque juventam,*
Prosequar? ad sese mentem præsentia ducunt.

And this I will place under your picture, whenever you are rich enough to send it me. I will only promise, in return, that it shall never lose you the reputation of poverty; which, to one of your birth, patrimony, and employments, is one of the greatest

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* Thomas Pitt, Esq., who amassed great riches as governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies; he was noted as proprietor of the celebrated diamond, to which he gave a name, as he took a designation from it. It was esteemed the largest in the world.

glories of your life, and so shall be celebrated by me.

I entreat your lordship, if your leisure and your health will permit, to let me know when I can be a month with you at Brampton castle; because I have a great deal of business with you that relates to posterity. Mr. Mynett has, for some time, led me an uncomfortable life, with his ill accounts of your health; but, God be thanked, his style of late is much altered for the better.

My hearty and constant prayers are perpetually offered up for the preservation of you and your excellent family. Pray, my lord, write to me: or you never loved me, or I have done something to deserve your displeasure. My Lord and Lady Harriot, my brother and sister,* pretend to atone by making me fine presents; but I would have his lordship know, that I would value two of his lines, more than two of his manors, &c.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, London, Dec. 22, 1722.

AFTER every post-day, for these eight or nine years, I have been troubled with an uneasiness of spirit, and at last I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I do not deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve; for I have

* The members of the club of sixteen all called one another brothers, and consequently their wives were sisters to the several members.—D. S.

not professed to you, that I love you as much as ever I did: but you are the only person of my acquaintance almost, that does not know it. Whomever I see that comes from Ireland, the first question I ask is after your health; of which I had the pleasure to hear very lately from Mr. Berkeley. I think of you very often: nobody wishes you better, or longs more to see you. Duke Disney, who knows more news than any man alive, told me I should certainly meet you at the Bath this season: but I had one comfort in being disappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a colic, that I have been often troubled with of late; but have not found all the benefit I expected.*

I lodge at present in Burlington-house, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me: and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me some knowledge of them; so that I can say, that it is not in their power to disappoint me. You find I talk to you of myself; I wish you would reply in the same manner. I hope though you have not heard of me so long, I have not lost my credit with you; but that you will think of me in the same manner, as when you espoused my cause so warmly, which my gratitude never can forget. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged, and sincere humble servant,

J. Gay.

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* In a letter to Gay, during his illness, Mr. Pope says, "If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the southern part of France, may be thought useful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned state already in which I shall shortly be as to other cares and duties."

P.S. — Mr. Pope, upon reading over this letter, desired me to tell you, that he has been just in the same sentiments with me in regard to you, and shall never forget his obligations to you.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, Dec. 22, 1722.

WHAT care we, whether you swim or sink? Is this a time to talk of boats, or a time to sail in them, when I am shuddering? or a time to build boat-houses, or pay for carriage? No; but toward summer I promise hereby under my hand to subscribe a (guinea *) shilling for one; or, if you please me, what is blotted out, or something thereabouts, and the ladies shall subscribe three thirteens between them, and Mrs. Brent a penny, and Robert and Archy half-pence a-piece, and the old man and woman a farthing each; in short, I will be your collector, and we will send it down full of wine, a fortnight before we go at Whitsuntide. You will make eight thousand blunders in your planting: and who can help it? for I cannot be with you. My horses eat hay, and I hold my visitation on January 7, just in the midst of Christmas. Mrs. Brent is angry, and swears as much as a fanatic can do, that she will subscribe sixpence to your boat.——Well, I shall be a countryman when you are not; we are now at Mr. Fad's,† with Dan and Sam; and I steal out while

* The word *guinea* is struck through with a pen in the copy. —F.

† Faden.—F.

they are at cards, like a lover writing to his mistress. —We have no news in our town. The ladies have left us to-day, and I promised them that you would carry your club to Arsellagh, when you are weary of one another. You express your happiness with grief in one hand, and sorrow in the other. What fowl have you but the weep? what hares, but Mrs. Macfaden's grey hairs? what pease but your own? Your mutton and your weather are both very bad, and so is your wether mutton. Wild fowl is what we like.—How will this letter get to you?—A fortnight good from this morning, you will find Quilca not the thing it was last August; nobody to relish the lake; nobody to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night heroics, no morning epics; no stolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miserable Master Sheridan! No blind harpers! no journeys to Rantavan! Answer all this, and be my *Magnus Apollo.* We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but Stella, whose bones she recommends to you. Dan desires to know whether you saw the advertisement of your being robbed—and so I conclude,

Yours, &c.

T.

—o—

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722–3.

Coming home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these

last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.* What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which, however, is better than none! I am towards nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden, for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopped by too many reasons, besides years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return, after half-a-year among you, there would be to me *desiderio nec pudor nec modus.* I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business, to which fortune had condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threatened myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to ride and get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic: do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always *et tibi quos mihi dempserit apponet annos.* I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that

ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter, by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c., but you mention only Mr. Pope, who, I believe, is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great men's favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers: the defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt antichambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your Eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and besides, am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all courts have a sameness in them (as the parsons phrase it), things may be as they were in my time,* when all employments went to parliament-men's friends, who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury, which would at least take up your seven years' expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the

* At what period of time, in the English history, was not this the case, and the true state of things?—Dr. WARTON.

surest course would be, to get your friend who lodgeth in your house to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here, for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a-week at the deanery-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or, if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way, both for the late court and the successors; and, by the force of too much honesty, or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson, and get a bishopric here. Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side! I am ever, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

January 12, 1722–3.

I FIND a rebuke in a letter of yours that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed, as I cannot but own the lazi-

ness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us has both had and given*) a surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly entitled to my friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further deeds or writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this absence, Dean Swift still lives in England, in every place and company where he would choose to live; and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as were yours before; Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you:† Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me, with all his other hereditary rights; and, indeed, he seems grown so much a philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little as upon the poet you gave him. It is surely my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished. After both of you left England, my constant host was the Bishop of Rochester.‡ Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being overrun with too much politeness, and cannot regain one great genius but at the expense of another.§ I tremble for my

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* Alluding to his large work on Homer.—WARBURTON.

† This circumstance is curious, as it shows to whom Pope was indebted for his introduction to Lords Oxford, Harcourt, and Bolingbroke.—BOWLES.

‡ Dr. Atterbury.—WARBURTON.

§ The Bishop of Rochester thought this to be indeed the case;

Lord Peterborow, whom I now lodge with; he has too much wit, as well as courage, to make a solid general: * and, if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all sexes, parties, and professions.† A glut of study and retirement, in the first part of my life, cast me into this; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into study and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people have hindered me from being violent or sour to any party; but at the same time, the observations and experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprised at any: I am therefore the more afflicted, and the more angry, at the violences and hardships I see practised by either. The merry vein you knew me in is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind, which by fits improves into a certain degree of cheerfulness, enough to make me

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and that the price agreed on for Lord Bolingbroke's return, was his banishment; an imagination which so strongly possessed him when he went abroad, that all the expostulations of his friends could not convince him of the folly of it.—WARBURTON.

* This Mr. Walsh seriously thought to be the case, where, in a letter to Mr. Pope, September 9, 1716, he says, "When we were in the north, my Lord Wharton shewed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain (Lord Peterborow.) I told him I would by all means have that general recalled, and set to writing here at home, for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he shewed could be fit to command an army, or do any other business."—WARBURTON.

† This affected cant has been properly adverted to by Johnson. —BOWLES.

just so good humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves, (for fools I have learned to bear with,) and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain, and how to use the freedom of friendship, with men much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where, by great chance, I have found a modest one. By these means, I have had no quarrels with any personally; none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me; and, as there is no great need for an éclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, anything of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish: the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: but fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the millennium and the kingdom of the just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD, Dublin, January 24, 1722–3.

I RECEIVED lately from the Dean of Downe a favourable message from your grace, relating to a clergyman, who married my near relation, and whose estate is much encumbered by a long suit at law. I return my most humble acknowledgments for your grace's favourable answer. I can assure your grace, that in those times, when I was thought to have some credit with persons in power, I never used it to my own interest, and very rarely for that of others, unless where it was for the public advantage; neither shall I ever be a troublesome or common petitioner to your grace. I am sorry the Archbishop of Dublin* should interpose in petty matters, when he has justly so much weight in things of greater moment. How shall we, the humblest of your addressers, make our way to the smallest mark of your favour? I desired your secretary, Mr. Hopkins, (whom I have long known,) to deal plainly with me, as with a man forgotten, and out of the world, and if he thought my request unreasonable, I would drop it. This he failed to do: and therefore I here complain of him to your grace, and will do so to himself, because I have long done with court answers.

I heartily wish your grace full success in all your great and good endeavours for the service of your

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* Dr. William King.—B.

country, and particularly of this kingdom ; and am, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your grace's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MR. GAY.

London, February 3, 1722–3.

YOU made me happy in answering my last letter in so kind a manner, which, to common appearance, I did not deserve ; but I believe you guessed my thoughts, and knew that I had not forgot you, and that I always loved you. When I found that my book was not sent to you by Tooke, Jervas undertook it, and gave it to Mr. Maxwell, who married a niece of Mr. Meredith's. I am surprised you have heard nothing of it, but Jervas has promised me to write about it, so that I hope you will have it delivered to you soon. Mr. Congreve I see often : he always mentions you with the strongest expressions of esteem and friendship. He labours still under the same afflictions as to his sight and gout ; but in his intervals of health, he has not lost anything of his cheerful temper. I passed all the last season with him at the Bath, and I have great reason to value myself upon his friendship ; for I am sure he sincerely wishes me well. We pleased ourselves with the thoughts of seeing you there ; but Duke Disney, who knows more intelligence than anybody besides, chanced to give us a wrong information.

If you had been there, the duke promised, upon my giving him notice, to make you a visit. He often talks of you, and wishes to see you.

I was two or three days ago at Dr. Arbuthnot's, who told me, he had written you three letters, but had received no answer. He charged me to send you his advice, which is, to come to England and see your friends. This he affirms (abstracted from the desire he has to see you) to be very good for your health. He thinks, that your going to Spa, and drinking the waters there, would be of great service to you, if you have resolution enough to take the journey. But he would have you try England first. I like the prescription very much, but I own I have a self-interest in it; for your taking this journey would certainly do me a great deal of good. Pope has just now embarked himself in another great undertaking as an author; for, of late, he has talked only as a gardener. He has engaged to translate the Odyssey in three years, I believe rather out of a prospect of gain than inclination; for I am persuaded he bore his part in the loss of the South Sea. He lives mostly at Twickenham, and amuses himself in his house and garden. I supped about a fortnight ago with Lord Bathurst and Lewis, at Dr. Arbuthnot's. Whenever your old acquaintance meet, they never fail of expressing their want of you. I wish you would come, and be convinced that all I tell you is true.

As for the reigning amusement of the town, it is entirely music; real fiddles, bass-viols, and hautboys; not poetical harps, lyres, and reeds. There's nobody allowed to say, I sing, but an eunuch, or an Italian woman. Everybody is grown now as great a judge of music, as they were in your time of poetry; and folks, that could not distinguish one tune from another, now daily dispute about the different styles

of Handel, Bononcini, and Attilio. People have now forgot Homer, and Virgil, and Cæsar; or at least, they have lost their ranks. For, in London and Westminster, in all polite conversations, Senesino is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived.

I am obliged to you for your advice, as I have been formerly for your assistance, in introducing me into business. I shall this year be commissioner of the state lottery, which will be worth to me a hundred and fifty pounds. And I am not without hopes, that I have friends that will think of some better and more certain provision for me. You see I talk to you of myself, as a thing of consequence to you. I judge by myself; for to hear of your health and happiness, will always be one of my greatest satisfactions. Every one that I have named in the letter, give their service to you. I beg you to give mine, Mr. Pope's, and Mr. Kent's,* to Mr. Ford. I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and most humble servant,

J. Gay.

P.S.—My paper was so thin, that I was forced to make use of a cover. I do not require the like civility in return.

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* A celebrated gardener, to whom Pope, speaking of Esher, a seat of the late Mr. Pelham's, pays a most elegant compliment:

"Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love."—H.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Dublin, February 12, 1722–3.

SIR,

I WOULD have been at Laracor and Athboy before now, if an ugly depending chapter business had not tied me here. There is a long difficulty, that concerns the government, the archbishop, the chapter, the Dean, Dr. Howard, and Robin Grattan, and I know not whether it will be determined in a month. All my design is, to do a job for Robert Grattan; but the rest have their different schemes and politics, too deep and too contemptible for me to trouble myself about them. Meantime you grow negligent, and the improvements at Laracor are forgotten. I beg you will stop there for a day or two, and do what is necessary now, before the season is too late; and I will come when this affair is over, and bring down wine, (which will not be ready till then, for it is but just bottled;) and we will be merry at your house and my cottage.

I sent your memorial, drawn up by myself, with my opinion upon it, and a letter to Dr. Kearney, to recommend it to the primate. I likewise desired Mr. Morgan to second it. I have in vain hitherto sought Dr. Kearney, but shall find him soon; and I intend to engage Dr. Worth, and Mr. Cross, and probably all may come to nothing———*Sed quid tentare nocebit?* The ladies are as usually—Mrs. Johnson eats an ounce a-week, which frights me from dining with her. My crew has drunk near three hogsheads since I came to town, and we must take up with new when I come down. I suppose

you are in the midst of spleen and justice. I have often an ill head, and am so unfortunate as to pick out rainy days to ride in. What is it to you that old Proby the painter is dead?

I am ever yours,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, Deanery House, February 22, 1722–3.

MR. CHETWODE* intends to deliver in a petition to the government to-day, and entreated me to speak to your grace before he delivered it, which not having an opportunity to do, I make bold to enclose this letter, which your grace may please to read, and is the substance of what he desired me to say. I am, my Lord, with the greatest respect,

Your grace's most dutiful,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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* Knightly Chetwode, Esq., who had very good pretensions to an English peerage, for which he presented several memorials; but to no purpose.—B.

—o—

TO ROBERT COPE, Esq.

Dublin, May 11, 1723.

I PUT up your letter so very safe, that I was half an hour looking for it. I did not receive it till a few days before I came to town; for I often changed stages, and my last as well as my first was at Woodpark with Mr. Ford. This is the first minute of leisure I have had to answer you, which I did not intend to do, till I heard you were come and gone from hence like a spright. I will tell you that for some years I have intended a southern journey; and this summer is fixed for it, and I hope to set out in ten days. I never was in those parts, nor am acquainted with one Christian among them, so that I shall be little more than a passenger; from thence I go to the Bishop of Clonfert,* who expects me, and pretends to be prepared for me. You need not take so much pains to invite me to Loughgall. I am grown so peevish, that I can bear no other country place in this kingdom; I quarrel everywhere else, and sour the people I go to as well as myself. I will put the greatest compliment on you that ever I made; which is, to profess sincerely that I never found anything wrong in your house, and that you alone of all my Irish acquaintance have found out the secret of loving your lady and children, with some reserve of love for your friends, and, which is more, without being troublesome; and Mrs. Cope, I think, excels even you, at least you have made me think so, and I beg you will deceive me as long as I live. The worst of it is, that if you grow

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton.

weary of me, (and I wonder why you do not,) I have no other retreat. The neighbours you mention may be valuable, but I never want them at your house; and I love the very spleen of you and Mrs. Cope, better than the mirth of any others you can help me to; it is indeed one additional good circumstance that Tisdall* will be absent. I am sorry to say so of an old acquaintance; I would pity all infirmities that years bring on, except envy and loss of good nature; the loss of the latter I cannot pardon in any one but myself. My most humble service to Mrs. Cope; and pray God bless your fireside! I will spare Dr. Jinny† the trouble of a letter, if he knows from you in a few days that I intend in a week from your receiving this to begin my journey; for he promised to be my companion. It is probable I may be at Clonfert by the beginning of July.—It is abominable that you will get me none of Prior's guineas.—If you want news, seek other correspondents. Mr. Ford is heartily weary of us, for want of company. He is a tavern man, and few here go to taverns, except such as will not pass with him; and, what is worse, as much as he has travelled, he cannot ride. He will be undone when I am gone away; yet he does not think it convenient to be in London during these hopeful times. I have been four hours at a commission to hear the passing of accounts, and thought I should not have spirits left to begin a letter; but I find myself refreshed with writing to you. Adieu, and do me the justice to believe that no man loves and esteems you more than yours, &c.

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* Swift maintained a long acquaintance with Tisdall without ever liking him. He certainly felt rivalry in the case of Stella, to whom Tisdall had nearly been married.

† A clergyman in the neighbourhood.—F.

TO THE SAME.

June 1, 1723.

I WROTE to you three weeks ago: perhaps my letter miscarried: I desired you would let Dr. Jinny know that I intended my journey in ten days after my letter would reach you; and I staid five or six more, and do now leave this town on Monday, and take a long southern journey, and in five or six weeks hope to get to the Bishop of Clonfert's. My letter to you was very long, and full of civilities to you and Mrs. Cope, and it is a pity it should be lost. I go where I was never before, without one companion, and among people where I know no creature; and all this is to get a little exercise, for curing an ill head. Pray reproach Dr. Jinny soundly, if you received my letter, and sent my message; for I know not where to direct to him, but thought you might hear of him once a-week. Your friend Ford keeps still in Ireland, and passes the summer at his country-house with two sober ladies of his and my acquaintance. If there be time after my being at Clonfert, I will call at Loughgall; though I wish you would come to the bishop's, if Mrs. Cope will give you leave. It seems they are resolved to find out plots here when the parliament meets, in imitation of England; and the chief-justice and postmaster are gone on purpose to bring them over, and they will raise fifty thousand pounds on the Papists here. The Bishop of Meath* says, "The Bishop of Rochester was always a silly fellow."

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* Dr. John Evans, with whom Swift had so many disputes respecting attendance at his visitations.

I wish you many merry meetings with Tisdall. The graziers will be ruined this year. Praised be God for all things! Bermudas* goes low. The walk toward the Bishop of Clonfert's is full of grass. The college and I are fallen out about a guinea. We have some hangings, but few weddings. The next packet will bring us word of the King and Bishop of Rochester's† leaving England; a good journey and speedy return to one, and the other, is an honest Whig wish. And so I remain ever entirely yours, &c.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.‡

I AM not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge: You will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals: You resemble perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's

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* Alluding to Dr. Berkeley's project of founding a University at Bermuda.

† Dr. Atterbury embarked at Dover, June 18, 1723. See the Epistolary Correspondence of that learned prelate, ed. 1789, vol. II. p. 274.—N.

‡ This letter was printed at the end of the quarto edition very faulty, (as for instance, *Arabians* for *Zabians*, Egyptian *Seres* for *Seers*, &c.,) occasioned by its being taken from Curll's stolen copy only: the original having been since recovered among Dr. Swift's papers, it is now correctly printed.—F.

bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity) were it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform, and less dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one subject.* A great many misfortunes, (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly,) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves: those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you were nine years ago.

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* Bolingbroke's first wife, with whom he lived unhappily, was descended from the famous Jack of Newbury. Notwithstanding his lordship's former gallantries, no one was more sincerely and affectionately attached afterwards to his wife.—BOWLES. This second wife was the Marchioness de Villette, niece to the celebrated Madame Maintenon.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it, and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country, till that body of it which you promise to finish appears.

I am under no apprehensions that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is, that I fell so late into this course of life; my philosophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you. *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all: some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping

me of titles, and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any further than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenor of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad; I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly. I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them; my losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town, (which will be in a few days,) I shall fall back into that course of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both; but in the ordinary course of life, I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool: One must, indeed, with the former, be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures, the witty rascal will divert me: and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him; which I am not obliged to pay in other coin: the fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he

teazes me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.—Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort and love me on with all mine.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Clonfert, Aug. 3, 1723.

No, I cannot possibly be with you so soon, there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between; besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short visits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month; though it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your lousy p————t. Your dream is wrong, for this bishop is not able to lift a cat upon my shoulders; but if you are for a curacy of twenty-five pounds a-year, and ride five miles every Sunday to preach to six beggars, have at you: and yet this is no ill country, and the bishop has made, in four months, twelve miles of ditches from his house to the Shannon, if you talk of improving. How are you this moment? Do you love or hate Quilca the most of all places? Are you in or out of humour with the world, your friends, your wife, and your school? Are the ladies in town or in the country? If I knew, I would write to them; and how are they in health? Quilca (let me see) (you see I can (if I please) make parentheses as well as others) is about a hundred miles from Clonfert: and I am half weary

with the four hundred I have rid. With love and service, and so, adieu.

Yours, &c.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

RETURNING from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shows a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here——*Non sum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which, if you add the dulness of air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in your pretenders to retirement ; * you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga sæculi,* unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business.

* Swift was too sensible an observer of nature to be deceived by the language of Bolingbroke or Pope, however they might perhaps deceive themselves.—BOWLES.

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in choosing your favourites so indifferently among either party: this you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry, as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me;* I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners, if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have met with them, which, however, I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome, as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four contemporaries, and if they would be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus: but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers, I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen

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* Yet they are the Christian notions.—WARBURTON.

to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc est vita solutorum*, &c. I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who has passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the court of requests, the park, the operas, and the coffeehouse, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.——I think there are no more *eodem tertios* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you!

I am ever, &c.

—o—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.*

DEAR SIR, Nov. . . . 1723.

I HAVE as good a right to invade your solitude as Lord Bathurst, Gay, or Pope, and you see I make use of it. I know you wish us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you shall have a sheet of paper every post till you come to yourself. By a paragraph in yours to Mr. Pope, I find you are in the case of the man, who held the whole night by a broom bush, and found when daylight appeared, he was within two inches of the ground. You do not seem to know how well you stand with our great folks. I myself have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent Irish Whigs, the whole table turn all upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topic of your good qualities, and the good you did, I should have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expostulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes anybody that has the misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myself, if I had had a mind, and I will propose a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late sent several patients in that case to the Spa, to drink there of the Geronstere water, which will not carry from the spot. It has succeeded marvellously with them all. There was indeed one, who relapsed a little this last summer, because he would not take my advice,

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* Indorsed, "Received Nov. 17, 1723."—N.

and return to his course, that had been too short the year before. But, because the instances of eminent men are most conspicuous, Lord Whitworth, our plenipotentiary, had this disease, (which, by the way is a little disqualifying for that employment;) he was so bad that he was often forced to catch hold of anything to keep him from falling. I know he was recovered by the use of that water to so great a degree, that he can ride, walk, or do anything as formerly. I leave this to your consideration. Your friends here wish to see you, and none more than myself; but I really do not advise you to such a journey to gratify them or myself; but I am almost confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The dragon is just the old man, when he is roused. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities just as of old. Lord B——— is much improved in knowledge, manner, and everything else. The shaver* is an honest friendly man as before; he has a good deal to do to smother his Welsh fire, which, you know, he has in a greater degree than some would imagine. He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies' money at ombre, and convinces them, that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and Lady Masham, Mr. Hill and Mrs. Hill, often remember you with affection.

As for your humble servant, with a great stone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as cheerful as ever. In public affairs, he has kept, as Tacitus says, *Medium iter inter vile servitium, et abruptam contumaciam.*—He never rails at a great man but to his face; which I

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* Erasmus Lewis, Esq., who in Dr. Swift's imitation of Horace, Ep. VII. b. 1, is so called.

"This Lewis is an arrant shaver."

assure you, he has had both the opportunity and licence to do. He has some few weak friends, and fewer enemies: if any, he is low enough to be rather despised than pushed at by them. I am faithfully, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

—o—

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

December 9, 1723.

SIR,

I FIND by yours of the 6th of November, which I did not receive till last night, that you have been so good as to remember your poor relation here. But as your three last never came to hand, I think it very happy that you have kept your liberty thus long; for I cannot account for my not receiving them any other way, than that they were stopped in the post-office, and interpreted, as most innocent things are, to mean something very distant from the intention of the writer or actor.

I am surprised at the account you give me of that part of Ireland you have been in; for the best I expect from that grateful country is to be forgotten by the inhabitants. For, to remember with any kindness one under the frowns of the court, is not a gift the Irish are endowed with. I am very sorry to hear you have got the spleen, where a man of your sense must every day meet with things ridiculous enough to make you laugh; but I am afraid, the jests are too low to do so. Change of air is the best thing in the world for your distemper. And if

not to cure yourself, at least have so much goodness for your friends here, as to come and cure us; for it is a distemper we are overrun with. I am sure your company would go a great way toward my recovery; for I assure you, nobody has a greater value for you than I have, and I hope I shall have the good fortune to see you before I die.

I have no sort of correspondence with the person* you have not seen, and wonder at nothing they do, or do not do.

I will let your brother† and mine know, that you remembered him in my letter. He is as good a man as lives.

I am afraid you will wish you had not encouraged my scribbling to you, when you find I am still such an insipid correspondent; but with that, which I hope will make some amends, am, with great sincerity and respect,

Your most faithful friend,

and humble servant.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.‡

December 25, 1723.

NEVER letter came more opportunely than your last. The gout had made me a second visit, and

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* The Duke of Ormond.

† In the society of sixteen, Charles, Lord Butler of Weston, and Earl of Arran, brother to the Duke of Ormond, on whose attainder he was elected chancellor of the university of Oxford. —B.

‡ This letter appears to have been written from France, though

several persons were congratulating with me upon the good effect of the waters, which had determined my former illness to a distemper so desirable. My toe pained me; these compliments tired me; and I would have taken my fever again to give the gout to all the company. At that instant your letter was delivered to me, it cleared my brow, diverted my ill humour, and at least made me forget my pain. I told the persons who were sitting round my bed, and who testified some surprise at so sudden a change, that this powerful epistle came from Ireland; at which, to say the truth, I did not observe that their surprise diminished. But the dullest fellow among them, who was a priest, (for that happens to be the case sometimes in this country,) told the others, that Ireland had been called *insula sanctorum:* that by the acquaintance he had at the Irish college, he made no doubt of her deserving still the same appellation: and that they might be sure the three pages were filled with *matière d'édification, et matière de consolation,* which he hoped I would be so good as to communicate to them. A learned Rosicrucian of my acquaintance, who is a fool of as much knowledge and as much wit as ever I knew in my life, smiled at the doctor's simplicity; observed that the effect was too sudden for a cause so heavy in its operations; said a great many extravagant things about natural and theurgic magic; and informed us, that though the sages who deal in occult sciences have been laughed out of some countries, and driven out of others, yet there are, to his knowledge, many of them in Ireland. I stopped these guessers, and others who were perhaps ready, by assuring them,

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Lord Bolingbroke had come over to England in the latter end of June this year, in order to plead his pardon, which had passed the seals on the 28th of May.—B.

that my correspondent was neither a saint nor a conjurer. They asked me what he was then? I answered, that they should know it from yourself; and opening your letter, I read to them in French the character which you draw of yourself. Particular parts of it were approved or condemned by every one, as every one's habits induced him to judge: but they all agreed, that my correspondent stood in need of more sleep, more victuals, less ale, and better company. I defended you the best I could; and, bad as the cause was, I found means to have the last word, which in disputes you know is the capital point. The truth is, however, that I convinced nobody, not even the weakest of the company, that is myself.

I flatter my friendship for you with the hopes, that you are really in the case, in which you say that our friend Pope seems to be; and that you do not know your own character. Or did you mean to amuse yourself, like that famous painter, who instead of copying nature, tried in one of his designs, how far it was possible to depart from his original? Whatever your intention was, I will not be brought in among those friends, whose misfortunes have given you an habitual sourness. I declare to you once for all that I am not unhappy, and that I never shall be so, unless I sink under some physical evil. Retrench, therefore, the proportion of peevishness which you set to my account. You might for several other reasons retrench the proportions which you set to the account of others, and so leave yourself without peevishness, or without excuse. I lament, and have always lamented, your being placed in Ireland; but you are worse than peevish, you are unjust, when you say, that it was either not in the power or will of a ministry to place you in England. Write *minister*, friend Jonathan, and scrape out the

words, *either, power, or;* after which the passage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one man* who had power at that time, and that wretched man had neither the will nor the skill to make a good use of it. We talk of characters; match me that if you can, among all the odd phenomena which have appeared in the moral world. I have not a Tacitus by me; but I believe that I remember your quotation, and as a mark that I hit right, I make no comment upon it. As you describe your public spirit, it seems to me to be a disease, as well as your peevishness. Your proposals for reforming the state are admirable: and your schemes concise. With respect to your humble servant, you judge better than you did in a letter I received from you about four years ago. You seemed at that time not so afraid of the nightingale's falling into the serpent's mouth. This reflection made me recollect, that I writ you at that time a long epistle in metre. After rummaging among my papers, I found it, and send it with my letter: it will serve to entertain you the first fast-day. I depend on the fidelity of your friendship, that it shall fall under no eye but your own. Adieu.

I read in English (for she understands it) to a certain lady, the passage of your letter, which relates to her.† The Latin I most generously concealed. She desires you to receive the compliments of one, who is so far from being equal to fifty others of her sex, that she never found herself equal to any one of them. She says, that she has neither youth nor beauty, but that she hopes on the long and intimate acquaintance she has had with you, when you meet, if that ever happens, to cast such a mist before your

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* Lord Oxford. † His lady.

eyes, that you shall not perceive she wants either of them.

—o—

FROM LADY MASHAM.*

DEAR SIR, February, 1723–4.

IT is impossible for you to imagine with what satisfaction I received your kind letter; and though I had been so long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendship in one, whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. I had writ often to you; but having no safe conveyance, chose rather to inquire after your health and welfare of some people that could give me an account of it. And I do assure you, from the bottom of my heart, there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself. and shall have to the end of my life. Indeed now I can shew it only in expressions: but I flatter myself you believe them sincere. I long to see you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a most hearty welcome and faithful friends, and none more so than her who is

Your most affectionate, humble servant,

H. MASHAM.

My lord, children, brother, and sister, are your humble servants.

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* Indorsed, "Received February 20, 1723–4."—N.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET,

LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

My Lord, April 28, 1724.

Many of the principal persons in this kingdom, distinguished for their loyalty to his present majesty, hearing that I had the honour to be known to your excellency, have for some time pressed me very earnestly, since you were declared lord-lieutenant of this kingdom, to represent to your excellency the apprehensions they are under concerning Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence to pass in Ireland. Your excellency knows the unanimous sentiments of the parliament here upon that matter: and upon inquiry you will find that there is not one person of any rank or party, in this whole kingdom, who does not look upon that patent as the most ruinous project that ever was contrived against any nation. Neither is it doubted, that when your excellency shall be thoroughly informed, your justice and compassion for an injured people, will force you to employ your credit for their relief.

I have made bold to send you enclosed two small tracts on this subject, one written (as it is supposed) by the Earl of Abercorn: the other is entitled to a weaver, and suited to the vulgar, but thought to be the work of a better hand.

I hope your excellency will forgive an old humble servant, and one who always loved and esteemed you, for interfering in matters out of his province; which he would never have done, if many of the

greatest persons here had not, by their importunity, drawn him out of his retirement, to venture giving you a little trouble, in hopes to save their country from utter destruction; for which the memory of your government will be blessed by posterity.

I hope to have the honour of seeing your excellency here; and do promise neither to be a frequent visitor, nor troublesome solicitor; but ever, with the greatest respect, my Lord, remain,

Your excellency's most obedient

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, June 9, 1724.

IT is above a month since I took the boldness of writing to your excellency, upon a subject wherein the welfare of this kingdom is highly concerned.

I writ at the desire of several considerable persons here, who could not be ignorant that I had the honour of being well known to you.

I could have wished your excellency had condescended so far, as to let one of your under clerks have signified to me that a letter was received.

I have been long out of the world; but have not forgotten what used to pass among those I lived with while I was in it: and I can say, that during the experience of many years, and many changes in affairs, your excellency, and one more, who is not worthy to be compared to you, are the only great

persons that ever refused to answer a letter from me, without regard to business, party, or greatness; and if I had not a peculiar esteem for your personal qualities, I should think myself to be acting a very inferior part in making this complaint.

I never was so humble, as to be vain upon my acquaintance with men in power, and always rather chose to avoid it when I was not called. Neither were their power or titles sufficient, without merit, to make me cultivate them; of which I have witnesses enough left, after all the havoc made among them, by accidents of time, or by changes of persons, measures, and opinions.

I know not how your conceptions of yourself may alter, by every new high station: but mine must continue the same, or alter for the worse.

I often told a great minister, whom you well know, that I valued him for being the same man through all the progress of power and place. I expected the like in your lordship; and still hope that I shall be the only person who will ever find it otherwise.

I pray God to direct your excellency in all your good undertakings, and especially in your government of this kingdom.

I shall trouble you no more; but remain, with great respect, my Lord,

Your excellency's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, Arlington-Street, June 20, 1724.

To begin by confessing myself in the wrong, will, I hope, be some proof to you, that none of the stations which I have gone through have hitherto had the effects upon me which you apprehend. If a month's silence has been turned to my disadvantage in your esteem, it has at least had this good effect, that I am convinced by the kindness of your reproaches, as well as by the goodness of your advice, that you still retain some part of your former friendship for me, of which I am the more confident from the agreeable freedom with which you express yourself: and I shall not forfeit my pretensions to the continuance of it, by doing anything that shall give you occasion to think that I am insensible of it.

But to come to the point: your first letter is dated the 28th of April, your second the 9th of June. By the date of this, you will see that the interval of silence may be accounted for by a few excursions which I have made into the country: therefore I desire you will put the most favourable sense.

The principal affair you mention is under examination,* and till that is over, I am not informed sufficiently to make any other judgment of the matter, than that which I am naturally led to make, by the general aversion which appears to it in the whole nation.

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* That of Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence and farthings for Ireland, which was referred to the lords of the privy-council of England, who, on the 24th of July 1724, drew up a report, justifying the patentee.—B.

I hope the nation will not suffer by my being in this great station; and if I can contribute to its prosperity, I shall think it the honour and happiness of my life. I desire you to believe what I say, and particularly when I profess myself to be with great truth, Sir,

Your most faithful and

affectionate humble servant,

CARTERET.

—o—

TO LORD CARTERET.

MY LORD, July 9, 1724.

I HUMBLY claim the privilege of an inferior, to be the last writer; yet, with great acknowledgments for your condescension in answering my letters, I cannot but complain of you for putting me in the wrong. I am in the circumstances of a waiting-woman, who told her lady, "That nothing vexed her more than to be caught in a lie." But what is worse, I have discovered in myself somewhat of the bully; and after all my rattling, you have brought me down to be as humble as the most distant attender at your levee. It is well your excellency's talents are in few hands; for if it were otherwise, we who pretend to be free speakers in quality of philosophers, should be utterly cured of our forwardness; at least I am afraid there will be an end of mine, with regard to your excellency. Yet, my lord, I am ten years older than I was when I had the honour to see you last, and consequently ten times more testy. Therefore I foretell that you, who could so easily conquer so

captious a person, and of so little consequence, will quickly subdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you.

I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, Dublin, July 14, 1724.

YOUR grace will have received, before this comes to your hands, an account of the primate's death,* who died yesterday, at twelve o'clock at noon. He had left off spitting for about ten days before; and the want of that is thought to have been the

* When our Author was chaplain to Lord Berkeley, he was set aside from the deanery of Derry, on account of youth; but, as if his stars had destined to him a parallel revenge, he lived to see the Bishop of Derry afterward set aside on account of age. That prelate had been Archbishop of Dublin many years, and had been long celebrated for his wit and learning, when Dr. Lindsay died. Upon his death, Archbishop King immediately laid claim to the primacy, as a preferment to which he had a right from his station in the see of Dublin, and from his acknowledged character in the church. Neither of these pretensions were prevalent: he was looked upon as too far advanced in years to be removed. The reason alleged was as mortifying as the refusal itself: but the archbishop had no opportunity of showing his resentment, except to the new primate, Dr. Boulter, whom he received at his own house and in his dining-parlour, without rising from his chair; and to whom he made an apology, by saying, in his usual strain of wit, and with his usual sneering countenance, "My lord, I am certain your grace will forgive me, because you know I am too old to rise." See Orrery's Remarks, Let. iii.—W. B.

immediate cause of his death, although he eat heartily until the two last days. He has left the Bishop of Kildare,* and his steward, Mr. Morgan, his executors, who were both out of town; but I suppose are sent for. Some who formerly belonged to him think he has left £40,000; others report he died poor.

The vogue is, that your grace will succeed him, if you please: but I am too great a stranger to your present situation at court to know what to judge. But if there were virtue enough, I could wish your grace would accept the offer, if it should be made you; because I would have your name left to posterity among the primates; and because entering into a new station is entering after a sort, on a new lease of life; and because it might be hoped that your grace would be advised with about a successor; and because that diocese would require your grace's ability and spirit to reform it; and because—but I should never be at an end if I were to number up the reasons why I would have your grace in the highest stations the crown can give you.

I found all the papers in the cabinet relating to Dr. Stephen's hospital, and therefore I brought them home to the deanery. I opened the cabinet in the presence of Mr. Bouhereau,† and saw one paper, which proved a bank note for £500. The greatness of the sum startled me, but I found it belonged to the same hospital; I was in pain, because workmen were in the room and about the house. I therefore went this morning to St. Sepulchre's; and, in the presence of Mrs. Green,‡ I took away the note, and have it secured in my cabinet, leaving her my receipt for it, and am very proud to find that a scrip under

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* Dr. Ellis.—N. † A French clergyman.—F.

‡ The archbishop's housekeeper.—F.

my hand will pass for £500. I wish your grace a good journey to the establishment of your health; and am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your grace's most dutiful

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD.

July, 1724.

MY LORD,

ALTHOUGH I had, for two years past, inured myself to expect the death of my lord your father, from the frequent accounts of the bad condition of his health, yet the news of it struck me so sensibly, that I had not spirit enough to condole with your lordship, as I ought to have done, for so great a loss to the world and yourself. It is true, indeed, you no longer wanted his care and tenderness, nor his example to incite you to virtue; but his friendship and conversation you will ever want, because they are qualities so rare in the world, and in which he so much excelled all others. It has pleased me, in the midst of my grief, to hear that he preserved the greatness, and calmness, and intrepidity of his mind to his last minutes: for it was fit that such a life should terminate with equal lustre to the whole progress of it.

I must now beg leave to apply to your lordship's justice. He was often pleased to promise me his picture; but his troubles and sickness, and want of

opportunity, and my absence, prevented him. I do therefore humbly insist, that your lordship will please to discharge what I almost look upon as a legacy.

I would entreat another and much greater favour of your lordship, that at your leisure hours, you would please to inspect among your father's papers, whether there be any memorials that may be of use toward writing his life: which I have sometimes mentioned to him, and often thought on, when I little thought to survive him. I have formerly gathered several hints; but want many memorials, especially of his more early times, which might be easily supplied. And such a work most properly belonged to me, who loved and respected him above all men, and had the honour to know him better than any other of my level did.

I humbly beg your lordship's pardon for so long a letter upon so mournful an occasion; and expect your justice to believe, that I am, and shall ever be, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,

most obliged, and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

Arlington Street, Aug. 4, 1724.

SIR,

YOUR claim to be the last writer is what I can never allow: that is the privilege of ill writers, and I am resolved to give you complete satisfaction by leaving it with you, whether I shall be that last writer or not. Methinks I see you throw this letter upon your table in the height of spleen, because it may have interrupted some of your more agreeable thoughts. But then, in return, you may have the comfort of not answering it, and so convince my lord-lieutenant, that you value him less now than you did ten years ago. I do not know but this might become a free speaker and a philosopher. Whatever you may think of it, I shall not be testy, but endeavour to shew, that I am not altogether insensible of the force of that genius, which has outshone most of this age, and, when you will display it again, can convince us that its lustre and strength are still the same.

Once more, I commit myself to your censure, and am, Sir, with great respect, your most affectionate humble servant,

CARTERET.

TO LORD CARTERET.

My Lord, September 3, 1724.

Being ten years older than when I had the honour to see your excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse; and so it has happened. For I have been, this month past, so pestered with the return of a noise and deafness in my ears, that I had not spirit to perform the common offices of life, much less to write to your excellency, and least of all to answer so obliging and condescending a letter as that I received from you. But these ugly ten years have a worse consequence; that they utterly destroy any title to the good opinion you are pleased to express of me, as an amuser of the world and myself. To have preserved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, instead of being sunk for life in a worse. I imagine France would be properer for me now, and Italy ten years hence. However, I am not so bad as they would make me: for, since I left England, such a parcel of trash has been there fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce alive.

There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England; it is Dr. George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth eleven hundred pounds a-year. He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will, of course, attend your excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by his

friend my Lord Burlington. And because I believe you will choose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill-entertained with some account of the man, and his errand. He was a fellow of the university here; and going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there called the *immaterialists*, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject. Dr. Smalridge, and many other eminent persons, were his proselytes. I sent him secretary, and chaplain to Sicily, with my Lord Peterborow; and upon his lordship's return, Dr. Berkeley spent above seven years in travelling over most parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England, he found so many friends, that he was effectually recommended to the Duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made Dean of Derry. Your excellency will be frighted, when I tell you all this is but an introduction; for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher, with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past has been struck with a notion of founding an university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen, and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment: but in England, his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He shewed me a little tract, which he designs to publish; and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical, (I shall make you remember what you were,) of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries; where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student.

His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him, and left to your excellency's disposal.* I dis-

* The following is a full account of this noble, though enthusiastic plan, its progress, and its failure:—

"May 18, 1724.—Dr. Berkeley resigned his fellowship, being promoted by his patron, the Duke of Grafton, to the deanery of Derry, worth £1100 *per annum*. In the interval between this removal and his return from abroad, his mind had been employed in conceiving that benevolent project, which alone entitles him to as much honour as all his learned labours have procured him, the 'Scheme for converting the Savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.' He published a proposal for this purpose, at London, in 1725, and offered to resign his own opulent preferment, and to dedicate the remainder of his life to the instructing the youth in America, on the moderate subsistence of £100 yearly. Such was the force of this disinterested example, supported by an enthusiast for the good of mankind, that the three junior fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, the Reverend William Thomson, Jonathan Rogers, and James King, Masters of Arts, consented to take their fortunes with the author of the project, and to exchange, for a settlement in the Atlantic ocean at £40 *per annum*, all their prospects at home; and that too at a time when a fellowship at Dublin was supposed to place the possessor in a very fair point of view for attracting the notice of his superiors, both in the church and the state. . . . His majesty was pleased to grant a charter for erecting a college by the name of St. Paul's College, in Bermuda, to consist of a president and nine fellows, who were each obliged to maintain and educate Indian scholars, at the rate of £10 *per annum*, for each. The first president, Dr. George Berkeley, and first three fellows named in the charter, (being the gentlemen above-mentioned,) were licensed to hold their preferments in these kingdoms, till the expiration of one year and a half after their arrival in Bermuda. The Commons, May 11, 1726, voted, 'That an humble address be presented to his majesty, that, out of the lands in St. Christopher's, yielded by France to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht, his majesty would be graciously pleased to make such grant, for the use of the president and fellows of the college of St. Paul, in Bermuda, as his majesty shall think proper.' The sum of £10,000 was accordingly promised by the minister; and several private subscriptions were immediately raised, for promoting 'so pious an undertaking,' as it is styled in the king's answer to this address. . . . He actually set sail, in the execution of it, for Rhode Island, about

couraged him, by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible, and

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the middle of September following. He carried with him his lady, a Miss Handcock, two gentlemen of fortune, Messrs. James and Dalton, a pretty large sum of money of his own property, and a collection of books for the use of his intended library. He directed his course to Rhode Island, which lay nearest to Bermuda, with a view of purchasing lands on the adjoining continent, as estates for the support of his college; having a positive promise from those in power, that the parliamentary grant should be paid him as soon as ever such lands should be pitched upon and agreed for. . . . But the minister had never heartily embraced the project; and parliamentary influence had by this time interposed, in order to divert the grant into another channel. The sale of the lands in St. Christopher's, it was found, would produce £90,000. Of this sum, £80,000 were destined to pay the marriage-portion of the princess royal, on her nuptials with the Prince of Orange; the remainder, General Oglethorpe had interest enough in parliament, for the purpose of carrying over, and settling foreign and other Protestants in his new colony of Georgia, in America. The project, indeed, of the trustees for establishing this colony, appears to have been equally humane and disinterested: but it is much to be lamented that it should interfere with another of more extensive and lasting utility; which, if it had taken effect, by the education of the youth of New-England and other colonies, we may venture, with great appearance of reason, to affirm, would have planted such principles of religion and loyalty among them, as might have gone a good way towards preventing the present unhappy troubles in that part of the world. But to proceed: After having received various excuses, Bishop Gibson, at that time Bishop of London, (in whose diocese all the West Indies are included,) applying to Sir Robert Walpole, then at the head of the treasury, was favoured, at length, with the following very honest answer: 'If you put this question to me,' says Sir Robert, 'as a minister, I must, and can assure you, that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid as soon as suits with public convenience: but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dr. Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of £10,000, I advise him by all means to return to Europe, and to give up his present expectations.' The dean being informed of this conference, by his good friend the bishop, and thereby fully convinced that the bad policy of one great man had rendered abortive a scheme whereon he had expended much of his private fortune, and more than seven years of the prime of his life, re-

a vision: but nothing will do.* And therefore I humbly entreat your excellency, either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home; or assist him by your credit, to compass his romantic

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turned to Europe. Before he left Rhode Island, he distributed what books he had brought with him among the clergy of that province; and immediately after his arrival in London, he returned all the private subscriptions that had been advanced for the support of this undertaking. In February 1732, he preached before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, a sermon, since printed at their desire; wherein, from his own knowledge of the state of religion in America, he offers many useful hints towards promoting the noble purposes for which that society was formed."—Biographia Britannica, Lond. 1780, fol. II. 253, 254, 255.

* In the prospect of his romantic undertaking, Berkeley composed the following spirited verses:—

THE muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of art, by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides, and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way:
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.

I must now, in all humility, entreat one favour of you as you are lord-lieutenant. Mr. Proby, surgeon of the army here, laid out the greatest part of his fortune to buy a captainship for his eldest son. The young man was lately accused of discovering an inclination to Popery, while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court-martial is transmitted to your excellency. The universal opinion here is, that the accusation is false and malicious; and the Archbishop of Tuam, in whose diocese Galway is, upon a strict inquiry, has declared it to be so. But all this is not to sway with your excellency, any more than that the father is the most universally beloved of any man I ever knew in his station. But I entreat that you will please to hear the opinion of others, who may speak in his favour, and, perhaps, will tell you, "That as party is not in the case, so you cannot do any personal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland, than in inclining toward lenity to Mr. Proby and his family;" although I have reason to be confident, that they neither need nor desire more than justice. I beg your excellency will remember my request to be only that you would hear others; and not think me so very weak as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the least turn to your mind. Therefore, I hope what I have said is pardonable in every respect, but that of taking up your time.

My lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet session under your government; but whether you approve the manner, I can only guess. It is by universal declaration against Wood's coin. One thing I am confident of, that your excellency will find and leave us under dispositions very

different, toward your person and high station, from what have appeared toward others.

I have no other excuse for the length of this letter, but a faithful promise that I will never be guilty of the same fault a second time.

I am, &c.

—o—

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.*

September 12, 1724.

It is neither sickness, nor journeys, nor ill-humours, nor age, nor vexation, nor stupidity, which has hindered me from answering sooner your letter of the month of June; but a very prudent consideration, and one of the greatest strains of policy I ever exercised in my life. Should I answer you in a month, you might think yourself obliged to answer me in six; and, scared at the sore fatigue of writing twice a-year to an absent friend, you might (for aught either you or I can tell) stop short, and not write at all. Now this would disappoint all my projects; for, to confess the truth, I have been drawing you in these several years, and, by my past success, I begin to hope, that in about ten more, I may establish a right of hearing from you once a-quarter. The gout neither clears my head, nor warms my imagination: and I am ashamed to own to you, how near the truth I kept in the description of what passed by my bedside in the reading of your letter. The scene was really such as I painted it; and the company was much better than you seem to

* Indorsed, "Answered, December."—N.

think it. When I, who pass a great part, very much the greatest, of my life alone, sally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myself by the conversation I find there; and still farther from caring one jot of what passes there. In short, I am no longer the bubble you knew me; and therefore, when I mingle in society, it is purely for my amusement. If mankind divert me, (and I defy them to give me your distemper, the spleen,) it is all I expect or ask of them. By this sincere confession, you may perceive that your great masters of reason are not for my turn; their thoroughbass benumbs my faculties. I seek the fiddle or the flute; something to raise, or something to calm my spirits agreeably; gay flights, or soothing images. I do not dislike a fellow whose imagination runs away with him, and who has wit enough to be half-mad; nor him who atones for a scanty imagination by an ample fund of oddnesses and singularity. If good sense and real knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I desire there may be at least some latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occasion, and render the person a tolerable companion. By this sketch, you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends with whom I pass my time you know. The living ones are of the same sort, and therefore few.

I pass over that paragraph of your letter which is a kind of an elegy on a departed minister;* and I promise you solemnly neither to mention him nor think of him more, till I come to do him justice in a history of the first twenty years of this century, which I believe I shall write, if I live three or four years longer. But I must take a little more notice of the paragraph which follows. The verses I sent

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* The Earl of Oxford, who died in June, 1724.—N.

you are very bad, because they are not very good: *mediocribus esse poëtis, non dî, non homines*, &c. I did not send them to be admired; and you would do them too much honour if you criticised them. Pope took the best party, for he said not one word to me about them. All I desire of you is, to consider them as a proof that you have never been out of my thoughts, though you have been so long out of my sight; and, if I remember you upon paper for the future, it shall be in prose.

I must, on this occasion, set you right as to an opinion, which I should be very sorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *esprit fort*, in English, freethinker, is, according to my observation, usually applied to them whom I look upon to be the pests of society; because their endeavours are directed to loosen the bands of it; and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man, when it would be well if he was checked by half a score others. Nay, they go farther. Revealed Religion is a lofty and pompous structure, erected close to the humble and plain building of Natural Religion. Some have objected to you, who are the architects, *et les concierges*, (we want that word in English,) of the former, to you who built, or at least repair, the house, and who shew the rooms, that to strengthen some parts of your own building, you shake and even sap the foundations of the other. And, between you and me, Mr. Dean, this charge may be justified in several instances. But still your intention is not to demolish. Whereas, the *esprit fort*, or the freethinker, is so set upon pulling down your house about your ears, that, if he was let alone, he would destroy the other for being so near it, and mingle both in one common ruin. I therefore not only disown, but detest this character. If, indeed, by *esprit fort*, or freethinker, you only mean a man

who makes a free use of his reason, who searches after truth without passion or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it, you mean a wise and honest man, and such a one as I labour to be. The faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, true and false, which we call reason, or common sense, which is given to every man by our bountiful Creator, and which most men lose by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to guide all operations of it. To abandon this rule, and to guide our thoughts by any other, is full as absurd as it would be, if you should put out your eyes, and borrow even the best staff that ever was in the family of the *Staffs*,* when you set out upon one of your dirty journeys. Such free-thinkers as these I am sure you cannot, even in your apostolical capacity, disapprove; for, since the truth of the divine revelation of Christianity is as evident as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of justice, these freethinkers must needs be Christians on the best foundation; on that which St. Paul himself established, (I think it was St. Paul,) *omnia probate, quod bonum est tenete.*

But you have a farther security from these free-thinkers, I do not say a better, and it is this: the persons I am describing think for themselves, and to themselves. Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty not to disturb the peace of the world by opposing you.† The peace and happiness

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* An allusion to Bickerstaff.—N.

† Notwithstanding the declarations made by my Lord Bolingbroke in this letter, he left his writings against religion to Mr. Mallet, with a view to their being published, as appears by his will; and with a positive and direct injunction to publish them, as appears by a letter from Mr. Mallet to Lord Hyde, Viscount

of mankind is the great aim of these freethinkers; and therefore, as those among them who remain incredulous will not oppose you, so those whom reason, enlightened by grace, has made believers may be sorry, and may express their sorrow as I have done, to see religion perverted to purposes so contrary to her true intention and first design. Can a good Christian behold the ministers of the meek and humble Jesus exercising an insolent and cruel usurpation over their brethren? or the messengers of peace and good news setting all mankind together by the ears? or that religion, which breathes charity and universal benevolence, spilling more blood, upon reflection and by system, than the most barbarous heathen ever did in the heat of action and fury of conquest? Can he behold all this without a holy indignation and not be criminal? Nay, when he turns his eyes from those tragical scenes, and considers the ordinary tenor of things, do you not think he will be shocked to observe metaphysics

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Cornbury, now in the British Museum. We have therefore his lordship's own authority to say, that he was one of the pests of society, even if the opinions which he has advanced against religion are true: for his endeavour is certainly directed to loosen the bands of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man. Expressly to direct the publication of writings which he believed would subvert the morals and the happiness of society, at a time when he could derive no private advantage from the mischief, was perhaps an act of wickedness more purely diabolical than any hitherto upon record in the history of any age or nation. Mallet had a pecuniary temptation to assassinate the morals and happiness of his country at Bolingbroke's instigation; his crime, therefore, is not equally a proof of natural depravity, though it is impossible to suppose he had less conviction of the mischief he was doing; and it is also impossible to suppose that he could seriously think any obligation to print Bolingbroke's infidelity, in consequence of his injunction, equivalent to the obligation he was under to suppress it, arising from the duty which, as a man, he owed to human nature.

substituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality ?

I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the same breath with Spinosa, whose system of one infinite substance I despise and abhor, as I have a right to do, because I am able to shew why I despise and abhor it.

You desire me to return home, and you promise me, in that case, to come to London, loaden with your travels. I am sorry to tell you, that London is, in my apprehension, as little likely as Dublin to be our place of rendezvous. The reasons for this apprehension I pass over; but I cannot agree to what you advance with the air of a maxim, that exile is the greatest punishment to men of virtue, because virtue consists in loving our country. Examine the nature of this love, from whence it arises, how it is nourished, what the bounds and measures of it are : and after that you will discover how far it is virtue, and where it becomes simplicity, prejudice, folly, and even enthusiasm. A virtuous man in exile may properly enough be styled unfortunate, but he cannot be called unhappy. You remember the reason which Brutus gave, " Because wherever he goes he carries his virtue with him." There is a certain bulky volume, which grows daily, and the title of which must, I think, be *Noctes Gallicæ*. There you may perhaps one day or other see a dissertation upon this subject; and to return you threatening for threatening, you shall be forced to read it out, though you yawn from the first to the last page.

The word Ireland was struck out of the paper you mention; that is, to satisfy your curiosity, and to kindle it anew, I will tell you, that this anecdote, which I know not how you came by, is neither the

only one, nor the most considerable one of the same kind. The person you are so inquisitive about* returns into England at the end of October. She has so great a mind to see you, that I am not sure she will not undertake a journey to Dublin. It is not so far from London to Dublin as from Spain to Padua; and you are as well worth seeing as Livy. But I would much rather you would leave the humid climate, and the dull company, in which, according to your account, a man might grow old between twenty and thirty. Set your foot on the continent; I dare promise that you will, in a fortnight, have gone back the ten years you lament so much, and be returned to that age at which I left you. With what pleasure should I hear you

Inter vina fugam Stellæ mœrere protervæ?

Adieu.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

GOOD MR. DEAN, Wimpole, Nov. 2, 1724.

THERE has nothing of late given me so much real trouble and uneasiness, as my having so long deferred writing to you, to make my acknowledgments for your most kind letter, and to assure you that I took every part of your obliging letter in the manner you would wish me to do: I must say, that amid my grief and concern, it gave me a secret pleasure to find that I was thought of by you; and

* His lordship's second wife, a French lady.—H.

what was a greater addition, that you still retained the same thoughts and sentiments of my dear father, and that you had not laid aside the design you once entertained of transmitting his name and story to posterity. I did delay writing some time, because I was in great hopes I should have been able to have given you a much more satisfactory account than I am now able to give, notwithstanding the search I have made in answer to your question, "If he had left any memoirs behind him;" I suppose you mean in relation to himself. I have not been able to find any among his papers in town. This, with some other affairs, drew the time into the length it is; but I assure you, if I have the satisfaction to hear from you again, (as I hope I shall,) I will be more punctual in my returns; for I will allow nobody to value and esteem you more than I do.

There is certainly a very great number of materials for a history, a vast collection of letters and other papers; a great deal may be supplied elsewhere; but give me leave to say, that if you do not come into England, nothing can be done; it will not be possible to do anything to purpose. Without this view, there would be nobody more welcome to me than yourself; you should live in your own way, and do just what was most agreeable to you; I have houses enough, you shall take your choice: I must with earnestness repeat it to you again, that I beg you will think of this matter seriously.

As to what you mention of the picture, I have often heard my father say, that he did design to sit for you, but did not: I shall certainly take care that you shall have a picture, and a good one: pray let me know what size you would have it of; if you design it should fit any particular place, you must send me the exact measure of the place.

Your sister,* as you used to call her, is much your servant; she has been at the Bath for some time; she is better than when she went. I suppose you hear sometimes from our friend Mr. Pope: he has taken another voyage into Homerland,† as Gay calls it; I wish he may make an advantageous voyage of it.

I doubt you will say, that since I was so long before I began to write, that, now I have begun, I do not know when to end; I will therefore tell you that I am, with great truth, Sir,

Your most obedient

humble servant,

OXFORD.

I desire your acceptance of a ring, a small remembrance of my father. How shall I send it you?

—o—

FROM A QUAKER,

WHEN THREE HUNDRED POUNDS WERE OFFERED FOR TAKING UP THE DRAPIER, IN 1724.

"AND the people said unto Saul, Shall Jonathan die, who had wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan that he died not." ‡

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* Lady Oxford.—D. S.

† Translation of the Odyssey.—D. S.

‡ 1 Sam. chap. xiv. v. 45.

TO DR SHERIDAN.*

January 25, 1724–5.

I HAVE a packet of letters, which I intended to send by Molly, who has been stopped three days by the bad weather; but now I will send them by the post to-morrow to Kells, and enclosed to Mr. Tickell; there is one to you, and one to James Stopford.

I can do no work this terrible weather; which has put us all seventy times out of patience. I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray desire Mr. Stanton and Mr. Worral to continue giving themselves some trouble with Mr. Pratt; but let it succeed or not, I hope I shall be easy.

Mrs. Johnson swears it will rain till Michaelmas. She is so pleased with her pick-axe, that she wears it fastened to her girdle on her left side, in balance with her watch. The lake is strangely overflown,† and we are desperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off: and Mrs. Johnson (God help her!) gives you many a curse. Your mason is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the rest, *vide* the letter you will have on Monday, if Mr. Tickell uses you well.

The news of this country is, that the maid you sent down, John Farelly's sister, is married; but the

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* Written from Quilca, Dr. Sheridan's country-house, where Swift resided for some time. See his verses upon it, beginning

"Let me thy properties explain."—Vol. XV. p. 114.

† This should be "*overflowed*," as overflown is the participle of the verb to overfly.—S.

portion and settlement are yet a secret. The cows here never give milk on Midsummer eve.

You would wonder what carking and caring there is among us for small beer and lean mutton, and starved lamb, and stopping gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dingleyed.

The ladies' room smokes; the rain drops from the skies into the kitchen; our servants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards and sleep; which are much lighter than spades, sledges, and crows. Their maxim is,

Eat like a Turk,
Sleep like a dormouse;
Be last at work,
At victuals foremost.

Which is all at present; hoping you and your good family are well, as we are all at this present writing, &c.

Robin has just carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfast; this is their way; but now a cloud hangs over them, for fear it should hold up, and the clouds blow off.

I write on till Molly comes in for the letter. O, what a draggletail will she be before she gets to Dublin! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

I affirm against Aristotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes, for they gather together you and your crew, at whist, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs. Maul, Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and laziness.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.*

Far from our debtors,
No Dublin letters,
Not seen by our betters.

See Vol. XV. p. 117.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A companion with news,
A great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat, or choose;
A church without pews.
Our horses astray,
No straw, oats, or hay;
December in May,
Our boys run away,
All servants at play.

Molly sends for the letter.

—o—

TO MRS. PRATT,

ON HER PRESENT OF A FIRE-SCREEN, ADORNED WITH PAINTED MAPS.

March 18, 1724–5.

MADAM,

MRS. FITZMAURICE did the unkindest thing she could imagine: she sends an open note by a servant, (for she was too much a prude to write me a letter,) desiring that the Dean of St. Patrick's should inquire for one Howard, master of a ship, who had brought over a screen to him, the said dean, from Mrs. Pratt. Away I ran to the Customhouse, where they told me the ship was expected every day: but the god of winds, in confederacy with Mrs. Fitzmaurice to teaze me, kept the ship at least a month longer, and left me miserable in a state of impatience, between hope and fear, worse than a lady who is in pain that her clothes will not be ready against the birth-day. I will not move your good nature, by

representing how many restless nights and days I have passed, with what dreams my sleep hath been disturbed, where I sometimes saw the ship sinking, my screen floating in the sea, and the mermaids struggling which of them should get it for their own apartment. At last Mr. Medlycott, whose heart inclines him to pity the distressed, gave me notice of its safe arrival: he interposed his authority, and, overruling the tedious forms of the Customhouse, sent my screen to the deanery, where it was immediately opened, on Tuesday the 16th instant, three minutes seven seconds after four o'clock in the afternoon, the day being fair, but somewhat windy, the sun in Aries, and the moon within thirty-nine hours eight seconds and a half of being full; all which I had, by consulting Ptolemy, found to be fortunate incidents, prognosticating that, with due care, my screen will escape the mops of the housemaid, and the greasy hands of the footmen.

At the opening the screen just after dinner, some company of both sexes were present: the ladies were full of malice, and the men of envy, while I remained very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing shewed a better judgment, than to know how to make a proper present, and that no present could be more judiciously chosen; for no man in this kingdom wanted a screen so much as myself, and besides, since I had left the world, it was very kind to send The World to me. However, one of the ladies affirmed, "That your gift was an open reflection upon my age; that she had made the same present some time ago to her grandfather; and that she could not imagine how any of her sex would send a screen to a gentleman, without a design to insinuate, that he was absolutely *un homme sans consequence.*" For my own part, I confess, I never expected to be sheltered by the world,

when I have been so long endeavouring to shelter myself from it.

See how ill you bestow your favour, where you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches instead of acknowledgments, for thinking, in the midst of courts and diversions, upon an absent and insignificant man, buried in obscurity: but I know it is as hard to give thanks as to take them; therefore I shall say no more, than that I receive your acceptable present, just as I am sure you desire I should. Though I cannot sit under my own vine, or my own fig-tree, yet I will sit under my own screen, and bless the giver; but I cannot promise it will add one jot to the love and esteem I have for you, because it is impossible for me to be more than I have always been, and shall ever continue,

Madam,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I just observe, that the two celestial maps are placed at the bottom, within two inches of the ground; which is the most fashionable circumstance in the whole work.

I sometimes dine in a third place with your stoic Mr. Pratt; and find he continues in health, but of late very busy, and a courtier.

I desire to present my most humble service to my Lady Saville.

Mr. Fitzmaurice dines temperately at a tavern; and sometimes with clergymen, for want of better company.

Mr. Medlycott dines with me every Sunday, and goes to church like anything.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice is left desolate; I reckoned but fifteen ladies and five gentlemen the other night in

her play-room, and I condoled with her upon it. It is thought she will fall out with my Lady Carteret, for drawing away her company; but at present they are very great, as I find by consulting them both.

I think you are acquainted with Lady Worseley; if so, tell her how angry I am at her not coming to Ireland as I expected, and was told she was actually landed; whereupon being at that time confined by a deafness, I writ her a most cavalier letter, which being brought back, I tore in a rage.

Miss Carteret is every day getting new magazines of arms, to destroy all England upon her return.

—o—

TO LORD CARTERET.*

Deanery-House, April 17, 1725.

My Lord,

I have been so long afflicted with a deafness, and at present with a giddiness in my head, (both old distempers,) that I have not been able to attend your excellency and my Lady Carteret, as my inclination and duty oblige me; and I am now hastening into the country to try what exercise and better air will do toward my recovery. Not knowing how long I may be absent, or how soon you may think fit to leave this kingdom, I take this occasion of returning your excellency and my Lady Carteret, my most humble acknowledgments for

* In consequence of this letter, Dr. Sheridan was promoted to a living in the south of Ireland by Lord Carteret, which he afterwards exchanged for that of Dunboyne, as being nearer his little property of Quilca.

your great civilities toward me, which I wish it were in my power to deserve.

I have only one humble request to make to your excellency, which I had in my heart ever since you were nominated lord-lieutenant; and it is in favour of Mr. Sheridan. I beg you will take your time for bestowing on him some church living, to the value of one hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*. He is agreed on all hands to have done more public service, by many degrees, in the education of lads, than any five of his vocation; and has much more learning than usually falls to the share of those who profess teaching, being perfectly skilled in the Greek as well as Latin tongue, and acquainted with all the ancient writers, in poetry, philosophy, and history. He is a man of good sense, modesty, and virtue. His greatest fault is a wife and four children; for which there is no excuse but that a wife is thought necessary to a schoolmaster. His constitution is so weak, that in a few years, he must give up his business; and probably must starve, without some preferment, for which he is an ill solicitor. My Lord Bishop of Elphin has promised to recommend this request to your excellency. And I hope you will please to believe that it proceeds wholly from justice and humanity, for he is neither a dependant nor relation of mine.

I humbly take my leave; and remain with the utmost respect, my Lord, &c.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 28, 1725.

You run out of your time so merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it like a young heir, that spends his fortune faster than it comes in; for your letter is dated to-morrow, June 29, and God knows when it was writ, or what Saturday you mean; but I suppose it is the next, and therefore your own mare, and Dr. Swift's horse or mare, or some other horse or mare, with your own mare aforesaid, shall set out on Wednesday next, which will be June 30, and so they will have two nights' rest, if you begin your journey on Saturday. You are an unlucky devil, to get a living* the farthest in the kingdom from Quilca.† If it be worth two hundred pounds a-year, my lord-lieutenant has but barely kept his word, for the other fifty must go in a curate and visitation charges, and poxes, proxies I mean. If you are under the Bishop of Cork,‡ he is a capricious gentleman; but you must flatter him monstrously upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book against Toland a hundred times, and his sermons (if he has printed any) have been always your model, &c. Be not disappointed if your living does not answer the sum. Get letters of recommendation to the bishop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parson or parsons particularly. I often

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* In the county of Cork.—H.

† This and the following letter of advice to Sheridan, upon his preferment, is fraught with the Dean's acute knowledge of the world.

‡ Dr. Peter Brown.—H.

advised you to get some knowledge of tithes and church livings. You must learn the extent of your parish, the general quantity of arable land and pasture in your parish, the common rate of tithes for an acre of the several sorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to see whether you have any glebe. Pray act like a man of this world. I doubt, being so far off, you must not let your living as I do, to the several farmers, but to one man: but by all means do not let it for more than one year, till you are surely apprised of the real worth: and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very busy, while you are there. It is one good circumstance that you got such a living in a convenient time, and just when tithes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb are due in spring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the spot, and your neighbouring parsons may be very useful, if they please, but do not let them be your tenants. Advise with Archdeacon Wall, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal squire or squires, they will all tell you the worst of your living: so will the proctors and tithe-jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray show yourself a man of abilities. After all I am but a weak brother myself; perhaps some clergy in Dublin, who know that country, will farther inform you. Mr. Townshend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account, without any letter. Take the oaths heartily * to the powers that be, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies. I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly through all the forms of oaths and inductions; for the least wrong step will

* From this admonition, it would seem that Swift suspected Sheridan of a hankering towards Jacobitical principles.

put you to the trouble of repassing your patent, or voiding your living.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 29, 1725.

I WROTE to you yesterday, and said as many things as I could then think on, and gave it to a boy of Kells who brought me yours. It is strange that I, and Stella, and Mrs. Mackfadin,* should light on the same thought to advise you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. Johnson and I go further, and say, you must needs observe all grave forms, for the want of which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the Bishop of Cork, I send you a letter enclosed to him, which I desire you will seal. Mrs. Johnson put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company, for you know his weak side in that matter.† I hope Mr. Tickell has not complimented you with what fees are due to him for your patent; I wish you would say to him (if he refuses them) that I told you it was Mr. Addison's maxim to excuse nobody; for here, says he, I may have forty friends, whose fees may be two guineas a-piece; then I lose eighty guineas, and my friends save but two a-piece.

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* Mrs. Macfadin was mother to Dr. Sheridan's wife.—H.

† He wrote a pamphlet against drinking to the memory of the dead.—H. This may be at present thought a very odd subject for a treatise: but the healths to the glorious and immortal memory of King William were at this time a party signal, and occasioned many quarrels.

I must tell you, Dan Jackson ruined his living by huddling over the first year, and then hoping to mend it the next; therefore pray take all the care you can to inquire into the value, and set it at the best rate to substantial people.

I know not whether you are under the Bishop of Cork or not; if not, you may burn the letter.

I must desire that you will not think of enlarging your expenses, no, not for some years to come, much less at present; but rather retrench them. You might have lain destitute till Antichrist came, for anything you could have got from those you used to treat; neither let me hear of one rag of better clothes for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is positively Stella's advice as well as mine. She says now you need not be ashamed to be thought poor.

We compute you cannot be less than thirty days absent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling a-bed till noon to read Homer, but mind your business effectually: and we think you ought to have no breaking up this August; but affect to adhere to your school closer than ever; because you will find that your ill-wishers will give out you are now going to quit your school, since you have got preferment, &c.

Pray send me a large bundle of exercises, good as well as bad, for I want something to read.

I would have you carry down three or four sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout.

I sent you in my last a bill of twenty pounds on Mr. Worral; I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Worral, and give him directions, unless you have settled it already some other way. You know it must come out just when the parliament meets.

Keep these letters where I advise you about your living, till you have taken advice.

Keep very regular hours for the sake of your health and credit; and wherever you lie a night within twenty miles of your living, be sure call the family that evening to prayers.

I desire you will wet no commission with your old crew, nor with any but those who befriend you, as Mr. Tickell, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO LORD CARTERET.*

MY LORD, July 3, 1725.

I AM obliged to return your excellency my most humble thanks for your favour to Mr. Sheridan, because when I recommended him to you, I received a very gracious answer; and yet I am sensible, that your chief motive to make some provision for him was, what became a great and good person, your distinguishing him as a man of learning, and one who deserved encouragement on account of his great diligence and success in a most laborious and difficult employment.†

Since your excellency has had an opportunity so

* Lord Carteret's disposition to form a party in Ireland independent of that of Walpole, led him to favour the Tories, and rendered him accessible to the various solicitations which Swift made in behalf of persons holding such principles. This conduct appeared rather suspicious to the leaders of the Whig interest, in ridicule of whose fears and jealousies, Swift wrote his ironical apology for Lord Carteret, defending him against the charge of favouring the Tories.—See Vol. VII. p. 277.

† A schoolmaster.

early in your government of gratifying your English dependants by a bishopric, and the best deanery in the kingdom,* I cannot but hope that the clergy of Ireland will have their share in your patronage. There is hardly a gentleman in the nation, who has not a near alliance with some of that body; and most of them who have sons, usually breed one of them to the church; although they have been of late years much discouraged, and discontented, by seeing strangers to the country almost perpetually taken into the greatest ecclesiastical preferments; and too often, under governors very different from your excellency, the choice of persons was not to be accounted for either to prudence or justice.

The misfortune of having bishops perpetually from England, as it must needs quench the spirit of emulation among us to excel in learning and the study of divinity, so it produces another great discouragement, that those prelates usually draw after them colonies of sons, nephews, cousins, or old college companions, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift; and thus the young men sent into the church from the university here, have no better prospect than to be curates, or small country vicars, for life.

It will become so excellent a governor as you, a little to moderate this great partiality; wherein, as you will act with justice and reason, so you will gain the thanks and prayers of the whole nation, and take away one great cause of universal discontent. For I believe your excellency will agree, that there is not another kingdom in Europe, where the natives (even those descended from the conquerors) have been treated, as if they were almost unqualified for any employment either in church or state.

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* Down.

Your excellency, when I had the honour to attend you, was pleased to let me name some clergymen, who are generally understood by their brethren to be the most distinguished for their learning and piety. I remember the persons were Dr. Delany, Dr. Ward of the north, Mr. Ecklin, Mr. Synge of Dublin, and Mr. Corbet; they were named by me without any regard to friendship, having little commerce with most of them, but only the universal character they bear: this was the method I always took with my Lord Oxford at his own command, who was pleased to believe that I would not be swayed by any private affections, and confessed I never deceived him; for I always dealt openly when I offered anything in behalf of a friend, which was but seldom: because, in that case, I generally made use of the common method at court, to solicit by another.

I shall say nothing of the young men among the clergy, of whom the three hopefullest are said to be Mr. Stopford, Mr. King, and Mr. Dobbs, all fellows of the college, of whom I am only acquainted with the first. But these are not likely to be great expecters under your excellency's administration, according to the usual period of governors here.

If I have dealt honestly in representing such persons among the clergy, as are generally allowed to have the most merit, I think I have done you a service, and am sure I have made you a great compliment, by distinguishing you from most great men I have known these thirty years past; whom I have always observed to act as if they never received a true character, nor had any value for the best; and consequently dispensed their favours without the least regard to abilities or virtue. And this defect I have often found among those from whom I least expected it.

That your excellency may long live a blessing and ornament to your country, by pursuing, as you have hitherto done, the steps of honour and virtue, is the most earnest wish and prayer of,

My Lord,

Your excellency's most obedient

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE REV. MR. WORRALL.

Quilca, July 12, 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not anybody, except yourself, who would have been at so much trouble to assist me, and who could have so good success, which I take as kindly as if you had saved me from utter ruin; although I have witnesses that I acted with indifferency enough, when I was sure I was not worth a groat, besides my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account, (except this last quarter,) and if I lose it, it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. Pratt* has acted very generously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks

* Deputy vice-treasurer of Ireland. It would appear that a considerable part of Swift's fortune was vested in his hands, that he had been under pecuniary difficulties, and that the Dean's property had been saved by the activity of Mr. Worrall.

to you, but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say no more on this subject, only that you may inquire where the money may be safely put out at six pounds *per cent.* I beg pardon that I did not compute the interest of Sir William Fownes's money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds. All of consequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds.

I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather. But Charles Grattan,* the critic, says, the cocks are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best.

Mrs. Johnson says you are an ill manager; for you have lost me above three hundred apples, and only saved me twelve hundred pounds.

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the —— from the wall-fruit.† You have got so ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuse; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it should cost me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you please, as it must likewise be new dunged, as good husbandry requires; friend Ellis will assist you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of Sheriff and White, and all you have done for me with Mr. Pratt signifies nothing, if I must lose ten pounds.

I had your letter about Mrs. Johnson's money, and she thanks you for your care; and says, considering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money matters I am the greatest cully alive.

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* Master of the free-school at Enniskillen.—F.

† In Naboth's vineyard.—D. S.

Little good may you do with your favourable weather; we have had but five good days these twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs. Johnson, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and so do I, and am ever yours, &c.

Jo.,* who brings you this, desired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very prudently refused; but said, if he would leave the worth of it in soap and candles in the deanery house, Mrs. Brent viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

JON. SWIFT.

Pray desire Mrs. Brent to have ready a hogshead of bottles packed up as usual, of the same wine with the last she sent, and the next carrier shall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs. Brent take out what candles or soap are necessary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that Jo. may have them; I mean out of those boxes which he is to leave at the deanery for my security for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

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* Mr. Beaumont, an eminent tallow-chandler at Trim, in the county of Meath.—D. S.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

London, July 24, 1725.

MR. FORD will tell you how I do, and what I do. Tired with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life, I desired, after nine years of autumnal promises, and vernal excuses, a decision; and very little cared what that decision was, provided it left me at liberty to settle abroad, or put me on a foot of living agreeably at home. The wisdom of the nation has thought fit, instead of granting so reasonable a request, to pass an act, which, fixing my fortune unalterably to this country, fixes my person here also; and those who had the least mind to see me in England, have made it impossible for me to live anywhere else. Here I am then, two-thirds restored, my person safe (unless I meet hereafter with harder treatment than even that of Sir Walter Raleigh;) and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired or may acquire, secured to me. But the attainder is kept carefully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the House of Lords, and his bad leaven should sour that sweet untainted mass. This much I thought I might say about my private affairs to an old friend, without diverting him too long from his labours to promote the advantage of the church and state of Ireland; or, from his travels into those countries of giants and pigmies, from whence he imports a cargo I value at a higher rate than that of the richest galleon. Ford brought the Dean of Derry* to see

* Dr. Berkeley, of whom see a further account in a letter to Lord Carteret, Sept. 3, 1724, p. 430 of this Vol.—H.

me. Unfortunately for me, I was then out of town: and the journey of the former into Ireland will perhaps defer for some time my making acquaintance with the other; which I am sorry for. I would not by any means lose the opportunity of knowing a man, who can espouse in good earnest the system of Father Malebranche,* and who is fond of going a missionary into the West Indies.† My zeal for the propagation of the gospel will hardly carry me so far; but my spleen against Europe has more than once made me think of buying the dominion of Bermudas, and spending the remainder of my days as far as possible from those people with whom I have past the first and greatest part of my life. Health and every other natural comfort of life is to be had there better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleasures, we are philosophers enough to despise them. What say you? Will you leave your Hibernian flock to some other shepherd, and transplant yourself with me into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean? We will form a society more reasonable, and more useful, than that of Dr. Berkeley's college: and I promise you solemnly, as supreme magistrate, not to suffer the currency of Wood's halfpence; nay, the coiner

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* The system of Malebranche, here referred to, was, "that our ideas are distinct from our understanding, and that we see all things in God." In other words, material objects are but the causes of our ideas. Berkeley, in the early part of his life, wrote a dissertation against the existence of material beings and external objects with such subtility, that Whiston acknowledged himself unable to confute it, and recommended the task to Dr. Clarke. The doctor, however, did not perform it, and the dissertation remains unanswered to this time, except what has been attempted by Baxter in his Treatise on the Soul. Bayle says, that Malebranche's system was only that of Democritus, amended and unfolded.—H.

† For Berkeley's scheme for settling in the Bermudas, see p. 432 of this vol.

of them shall be hanged, if he presumes to set his foot on our island.

Let me hear how you are, and what you do; and if you really have any latent kindness still at the bottom of your heart for me, say something very kind to me, for I do not dislike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, say nothing, that I may take the hint, and wean myself from you by degrees. Whether I shall compass it or not, God knows: but surely this is the properest place in the world to renounce friendship in, or to forget obligations. Mr. Ford says, he will be with us again by the beginning of the winter. Your star* will probably hinder you from taking the same journey. Adieu, dear Dean. I had something more to say to you, almost as important as what I have said already, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, Dover Street, July 26, 1725.

MR. CLAYTON going to Ireland, I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the first place to tell you, that I am ready to make good my promise which I made of sending you a picture of my father. The painter has done his part, so that the picture is now ready, but I do not know how to send it to you safe: you did tell me a gentleman should call, but where he lives, or who he is, I know not. I am

* Mrs. Johnson, the lady whom he celebrated by the name of Stella.—H.

very desirous you should have it, because it has been so long coming: and I am very ambitious of doing anything that may in the least be agreeable to you. You had heard of this sooner, but I have been for three months out of town; I made a long progress, even beyond Edinburgh fifty miles.

I inquire of you sometimes of Dean Berkeley:* I was sorry to hear that you were troubled with that melancholy distemper, the want of hearing, although in some cases it is good; but one would have it in one's power to hear or not hear, as it suits best with one's inclinations.

I am also sorry that there is no mention made of any design of your coming into England. I long much for it, and do flatter myself with the thoughts of seeing you under my roof, where you shall exert more authority than I will allow to belong to any bishops made since ———.† Do not lay aside all thoughts of coming over; change of air may do you good as well as the voyage. I thank God your sister is very well, considering the way she is in; I hope in two months, or thereabouts, she will be much better: she presents her humble service to you. Peggy is very well.

Pope is well, I suppose; he is rambling about the country. I have the pleasure of seeing a picture which is very like you every day, and is as good a picture as ever Jarvis painted.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant and brother,

OXFORD.

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* Dr. Berkeley was then the Dean of Derry.—D. S.

† "The accession of George I." probably.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Quilca, Aug. 27, 1725.

I WAS heartily sorry to hear you had got the gout, being a disease you have so little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your disease, since it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an instrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to shew your activity in leaping down a ditch, hurt your foot in such a manner, as to end in your present disease.

I have not yet heard of Mr. Webb, and if he should come here, I can do nothing with him; for I shall not take my own judgment, but leave it to some able lawyer to judge and recommend the security; for now it is time for me to learn some worldly wisdom.

I thank you for the purchase you have made of Bristol beer; it will soon pay for itself, by saving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafness has left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a visit from it soon; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it.

Mrs. Worrall's observation is like herself; she is an absolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleasures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniences. But Mrs. Dingley is of her opinion, and would rather live in a Dublin cellar, than a country palace.

I would fain have a shed thrown up in the farthest corner of Naboth's vineyard, toward the lower end of Shebb's garden, till I can find leisure and courage to build a better in the centre of the field. Can it be done?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the summer, and it will have some very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave Jack Grattan* the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled, by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promised to transcribe them time enough, and my desire is they may be ready to be published upon the first day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you, that it may be sent unknown (as usual) to some printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me that I have got a sop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we must have that grievance, &c., forced on us.

My intention is to return about the beginning of October, if my occasions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be seen how the parliament will act. They who talk with me think they will be slaves as usual, and led where the government pleases.

My humble service to Mrs. Worrall. The ladies present theirs to you both.

JON. SWIFT.

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* A very worthy clergyman.—F. The papers referred to the controversy about Wood's halfpence. See the next letter but one.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover Street, Aug. 30, 1725.

REVEREND SIR,

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter; I am vexed that the trifle of the ring should not have reached you; I found where the fault lay; I hope you will soon receive both the picture and the ring safe: I have ordered them to the care of Erasmus Lewis, Esq., our old friend, and he is a punctual man, and is well acquainted with Mr. Ford, and my Lord Arran's chaplain, Mr. Charleton; so I hope this method will not fail that I have now taken. I would not be wanting in the least trifle, by which I might shew the value and esteem I have, and always must and will have for you.

The picture I have of you is the same which Mr. Jervis drew of you in Ireland, and it is very like you, and is a very good picture; and though Mr. Jervis is honoured with the place of his majesty's painter, he cannot paint a picture I shall so much value as I do that of the Dean of St. Patrick's.

My old fellow collegiate* has done so right a thing as to prefer one of your recommendation.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

My wife sends her compliments to you; she is as well as can be expected.

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* Lord Carteret. The passage probably alludes to Sheridan's preferment.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Quilca, Aug. 31, 1725.

I HAVE yours of the 28th. I am still to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I shall not want the silver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of October, unless extreme good weather shall invite me to continue.

Since Wood's patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I suppose you, and Jack Grattan, and Sheridan will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer,* I would have it taken back, and the press broke, and let her be satisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs. Johnson does not understand what you mean by her stamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but supposes it is some jest.

The ladies are well; all our services to Mrs. Worrall. Mrs. Dingley at last discovered the meaning of the stamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needless.

Pray pay Jo. Beaumont four pounds for a horse I bought from him, and place it to my account.

JON. SWIFT.

When Jo. brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him six pounds eight shillings.

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* Mrs. Harding.—F.

FROM MR. ROCHFORT.

Wednesday morning, Sept. 9, 1725.

DEAR SIR,

I FIND myself stand in need of the advice I bestowed on you the other night, and therefore, if you have not got rid of your cold, I would prescribe a small jaunt to Belcamp * this morning. If you find yourself thus disposed, I will wait for you here in my boots: the weather may perhaps look gloomy at the deanery; but I can assure you it is a fine day in the parish,† where we set up for as good tastes as our neighbours: to convince you of mine, I send you this invitation.

I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,

GEORGE ROCHFORT.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.‡

Quilca, Sept. 11, 1725.

IF you are indeed a discarded courtier, you have reason to complain, but none at all to wonder; you

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* Dr. Grattan's, about five miles from Dublin.—F.

† St. Mary's parish, about a mile from the deanery.—F.

‡ Sheridan lost his appointment as chaplain to Lord Carteret (then lord-lieutenant) by his unwary choice of a text for the 1st of August, anniversary of Queen Anne's death, and of the accession of the House of Hanover. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," was the theme upon which, although a violent Tory, and

are too young for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so. And since the last was the case, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner preferred by the government, though in a poor way? I tell you, there is hardly a Whig in Ireland who would allow a potato and butter-milk to a reputed Tory. Neither is there anything in your countrymen upon this article more than what is common to all other nations, only *quoad magis et minus.* Too much advertency is not your talent, or else you had fled from that text, as from a rock. For, as Don Quixote said to Sancho, What business had you to speak of a halter in a family where one of it was hanged? And your innocence is a protection that wise men are ashamed to rely

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suspected of being a Jacobite, he chose to preach upon that day. The tale was reported to the lieutenant, as was supposed, by Richard Tighe, who appears to have been foremost when any ill offices were to be rendered to persons of Sheridan's party, and who was unfortunately an auditor when the unfortunate text was given forth. The time also was marked; for it was exactly when Dr. Sheridan had gone down to be inducted into his living, the first mark of the lord-lieutenant's favour. It was in vain that he protested the text was chosen by mere inadvertence, that he had forgotten his engagement to preach for Archdeacon Russell of Cork, whose pulpit he occupied upon that unlucky day, and that, being suddenly called upon to fulfil his engagement, he seized the first old sermon that he had by him, without even looking into it. All this profited nothing: Dr. Sheridan was disgraced at the viceroy's court, and his name struck out of the list of chaplains.

This misfortune led to an exemplary act of generosity on the part of Archdeacon Russell, who, though no farther accessory to the blunder than by the loan of his pulpit, conveyed to Sheridan, by irrevocable gift, the valuable manor of Drumlane, in the county of Cavan, a bishop's lease, worth £250 yearly.

on, further than with God. It is indeed against common sense to think that you should choose such a time, when you had received a favour from the lord-lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore sit down and be quiet, and mind your business as you should do, and contract your friendships, and expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of Yahoos more resembling.* You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson. You believe every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal interest; and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind? I believe you value your temporal interest as much as anybody, but you have not the arts of pursuing it. You are mistaken. Domestic evils are no more within a man than others; and he who cannot bear up against the first, will sink under the second; and in my conscience I believe this is your case; for, being of a weak constitution, in an employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with children, *cum uxore neque leni neque commoda*, a man of intent and abstracted thinking, enslaved by mathematics, and complaint of the world, this new weight of party malice had struck you down, like a feather on a horse's back, already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apostle's expression, and say, I will strive to learn in whatever state, &c.

I will hear none of your visions; you shall live at Quilca but three fortnights and a month in the year;

* The Travels of Gulliver appeared in 1726 and 1727; it appears Sheridan had seen the manuscript.

perhaps not so much. You shall make no entertainments but what are necessary to your interests; for your true friends would rather see you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a-quarter; you shall be merry at the expense of others; you shall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night; and laugh with all men, without trusting any; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no further thoughts but to stop your progress, which perhaps they may not compass, unless I am deceived more than is usual. All this you will do, *si mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your sermon,* which is a project abounding with objections unanswerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You say nothing of having preached before the lord-lieutenant, nor whether he is altered towards you; for you speak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. Sheridan down; whereas, it is nothing but a slap in your turn, and away. Lord Oxford once said to me on an occasion, "These fools, because they hear a noise about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it." When I come to town, we will change all this scene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich, and you will have no enemies; go sometimes to the Castle; keep fast Mr. Tickell and Balaguer;† frequent those on the right side, friends to the present powers; drop those who are loud on the wrong party, because they know they can suffer nothing by it.

JON. SWIFT.

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* The unlucky discourse had no reference whatever to politics, which, perhaps, led Sheridan to hope printing it might be some sort of exculpation.

† He was private secretary to Lord Carteret.—H.

FROM MR. POPE.

September 14, 1725.

I NEED not tell you with what real delight I should have done anything you desired, and, in particular, any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets, they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me.* However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean, he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a letter from you, with which, after all, I sit down a gainer, since, to my great pleasure, it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together; not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or vex our own or others' hearts with busy vanities, (such as, perhaps, at one time of life or other, take their tour in every man,) but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases; or, at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your travels† I hear much of; my own, I promise you, shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation‡ of my own terri-

* Dr. James Stopford. See the Dean's letter to him while on his travels, 26th November, 1725.

† Gulliver.—WARBURTON.

‡ The Essay on Man.—WARBURTON.

tories.* I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I will find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess, when I tell you they are my own mother and my own nurse. I can also help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not so old, as yourself; you will be pleased with one another, I will engage, though you do not hear one another: you will converse, like spirits, by intuition. What you will most wonder at is, she is considerable at court, yet no party woman; and lives in court, yet would be easy, and make you easy.

One of those you mention, (and I dare say always will remember,) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be, (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him,) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life is, the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough, in this circumstance, to tell you, he would give you (if he could) such advice as might cure your deafness, but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me,

Yours, &c.

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* This is the first notice he gives Swift of his great work; and is so obscure here, that Swift certainly could not guess at the subject; written 1725.—Dr. WARTON.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 19, 1725.

We have prevailed with Neal, in spite of his harvest, to carry up miss, with your directions; and it is high time, for she was run almost wild, though we have something civilized her since she came among us. You are too short in circumstances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you seen my lord? Who forbade you to preach? Are you no longer chaplain? Do you never go to the Castle? Are you certain of the accuser, that it is Tighe? Do you think my lord acts thus, because he fears it would breed ill humour, if he should openly favour one who is looked on as of a different party? I think that is too mean for him. I do not much disapprove your letter, but I think it a wrong method; pray read over the enclosed twice, and if you do not dislike it, let it be sent (not by a servant of yours, nor from you) to Mr. Tickell. There the case is stated as well as I could do it in generals, for want of knowing particulars. When I come to town, I shall see the lord-lieutenant, and be as free with him as possible. In the meantime I believe it may keep cold; however, advise with Mr. Tickell and Mr. Balaguer. I should fancy that the Bishop of Limerick * could easily satisfy his excellency, and that my lord-lieutenant believes no more of your guilt than I, and therefore it can be nothing but to satisfy the noise of party at this juncture, that he acts as he does; and if so (as I am confident it is) the

* Dr. William Burscough.

effect will cease with the cause. But without doubt, Tighe and others have dinned the words Tory and Jacobite into his excellency's ears, and therefore your text, &c., was only made use of as an opportunity.

Upon the whole matter, you are no loser, but at least have got something. Therefore be not like him who hanged himself, because going into a gaming-house and winning ten thousand pounds, he lost five thousand of it, and came away with only half his winnings. When my lord is in London we may clear a way to him to do you another job, and you are young enough to wait.

We set out to Dublin on Monday the 5th of October, and hope to sup at the deanery the next night, where you will come to us if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad bailiff toward the end of my service. Your hay is well brought in, and better stacked than usual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having some sport soon; I hope it is no sport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to seal the enclosed before you send it.

I send you back your letter to the lord-lieutenant.

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 25, 1725.

YOUR confusion hindered you from giving any rational account of your distress, till this last letter, and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado, we have now a tolerable under-

standing how things stand. We had a paper sent enclosed, subscribed by Mr. Ford, as we suppose; it is in print, and we all approve it, and this I suppose is the sport I was to expect.* I do think it is agreed, that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them, (which is a new and wise remark out of my own head,) and the devil take that animal, who will not offend his enemy when he is provoked, with his proper weapon; and though your old dull horse little values the blows I give him with the butt end of my stick, yet I strike on and make him wince in spite of his dulness; and he shall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do so too to the beast who has kicked against you, and try how far his insensibility will protect him, and you shall have help, and he will be vexed, for so I found your horse this day, though he would not move the faster. I will kill that flea or louse which bites me, though I get no honour by it.

Laudari ab iis, quos omnes laudant, is a maxim; and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the offer of your mare; and how a pox could we come without her? They pulled off her and your horse's shoes for fear of being rid, and then they rode them without shoes, and so I was forced to shoe them again. All the fellows here would be Tighes, if they were but privy-councillors. You will never be at ease for your friend's horses or your own, till you have walked in a park of twenty acres, which I would have done next spring.

You say not a word of the letter I sent you for Mr. Tickell, whether you sent it him or not; and yet it was very material that I should know it. The two devils of inadvertency and forgetfulness have got fast hold on you. I think you need not

* Some satire on Richard Tighe.

quit his and Balaguer's company for the reason I mentioned in that letter, because they are above suspicions, as *whiggissimi* and *unsuspectissimi*. When the lord-lieutenant goes for England, I have a method to set you right with him, I hope, as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not Sheridan it, I mean forget it.

I did a Sheridanism ; I told you I had lost your letter enclosed, which you intended to Lord Carteret, and yet I have it safe here.

END OF VOL. XVI.

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